

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

APRIL, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

X.—A WALK TO WILDBAD.



TIME PASSES.

"A SAW-MILL IN THE BLACK FOREST, May —.

"MY HOHENFELS: I have passed through such vicissitudes that I do not know the day of the month. I have sought in vain to turn my face toward my beloved hearthstone. I have drained the last drops of a bitter cup, which shall never be set to these lips again. I refer to the cup they gave me this

morning for breakfast, the beverage in which was of so vile and wooden a quality that nothing shall tempt me to try its like while beer is to be had: I believe there was sawdust in the grounds. The bread, too, seems to be all bran here, or perhaps there is sawdust in that too. In fact, baron, I write to you this morning in the full disenchantment of a satisfied endeavor. 'Why must I be haunted' (I have always said) 'by this persistent, importunate *Me*? Why cannot Paul Flemming lose himself?' And now I *have* lost myself, and I cannot tell you what a poor triumph it is.

"Too tedious the tale to give you the recital of my repeated failures to meet you at Marly! Since the day when I started to rejoin you, with no greater eccentricity of direction than the characteristic one of going eastward when you and my rendezvous lay westward,—since that fair start there has not been a morning when I have not been rushing to find you, not a night when I have not prepared to throw myself upon you at railway speed. The accursed railway! that and the perfidy of seeming friends have kept us apart. At this moment I do not know where I am, nor have I an

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idea how to get home. I do not know whether Appenweier or Freudenstadt is the nearer town, nor in which of them I want to be, could I get there. I am passing through the Black Forest, desperate and restless, with a motion in my wooden head like the perpetual motion which Wodenblock had in his timber leg, and which made him travel on through distant lands, a never-resting skeleton.

"Freudenstadt was the last village that had its baptismal appellation written up on a guide-post. Since that, I have been stringing village on to village without knowing or caring for their names. Everybody speaks a kind of jargon which is just enough like German for me to get it exquisitely wrong and set myself off on the wildest goose-chases. Yesterday, in a dim and lonely forest road, I was fairly frightened, for methought I heard eleven o'clock strike from twenty steeples at once: I feared my wits had fled. Going on a few steps, I found that the illusion proceeded from a wandering clock-seller, who had seen me first, and had stopped to advertise himself by setting all his mechanism in motion. While I paused to talk with him a cuckoo flew out from his breast, where he had hung his finest timepiece: the ghostly bird, unpleasing even to an unmarried ear,



THE EAR DISPLEASED.

chimed in impertinently with our conversation, and the twenty clocks continued to strike as I asked my way of the fellow. He answered in patois, and the result of the whole chorus was indeed distracting. To make him talk better, I went so far as to buy a clock. He did indeed speak more loudly, and I understood him to say that beds and nourishment could be obtained at a neighboring mill. It has proved to be a saw-mill, and the beds are filled

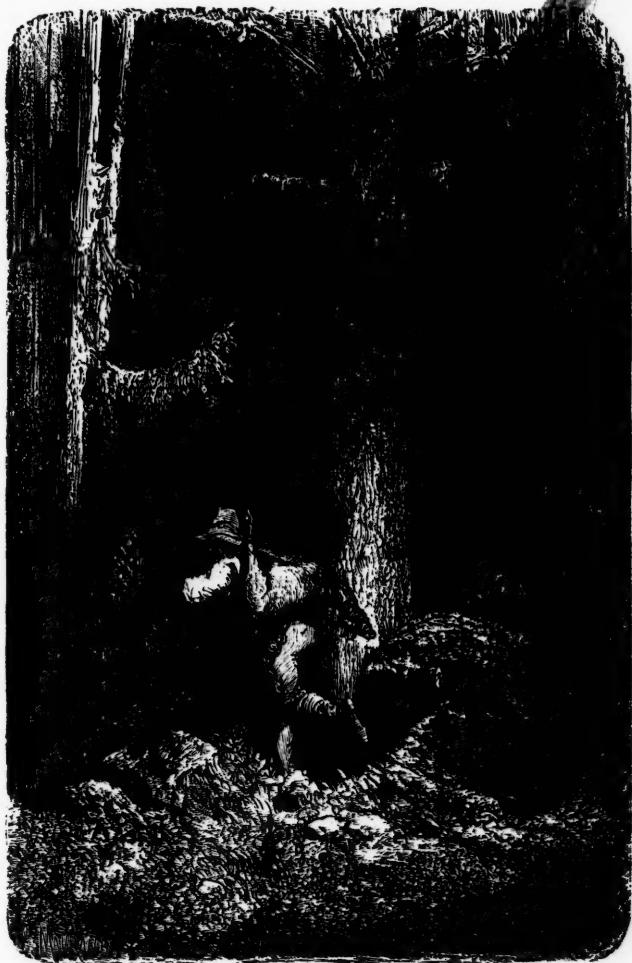
with sawdust. If you can think of any more incongruous and absurd figure than a lost man carefully carrying a clock through the recesses of the Black Forest, you must find it in Arnim's 'Wonder-Horn.' I no sooner had the automaton in my arms—there was a neat glass globe over it, and the utmost delicacy of carriage was required—than my one object in life was to find a place where I could set it down.

"Soon after dismissing my clock-seller—and indeed his prices were moderate—I heard a shot in the thick of the forest. I paused to listen, and directly a shadow was seen, faintly recalling old religious pictures of Saint John in the wilderness bearing the lamb. The Shadow fled at sight of me with extreme rapidity: I could but remark the lusty grace of the poacher as he made off with the goat dangling at his back. The incident was rather reassuring than otherwise, as a poacher argued proprietary rights, even here in the woods, and promised a vague connection with homes and haunts of men; but he was not an available person of whom to ask the way, being more ready to show me his heels than his tongue. The valley which led to Freudenstadt I have called the Valley of Rasselas, for it seems impossible to get out of it, and I believe I am all the while going round in a circle. I often hear, behind the green draperies of the forest, the songs of young girls, or the laughter of women washing clothes around a spring, or the lowing of herds: it is like dreaming. It is an enchanted vale, peopled only by echoes, or by such quaint and picturesque types as my freischütz and my time-bearer. Still, remembering the coffee and the bread, I am far from satisfied, and am convinced that losing the omnipresent Ego is not so fine as German poets have said it would be.

"Here there are no inns. The pilgrim deposits his staff in what corner soever he can. I asked one or two other people for the mill—a stout young woman who walked along braiding some fine and puerile-looking straw lace in her clumsy fingers, and a cowherd. I

pursued this idea of the mill with some eagerness, for how could I forget, my own baron, that charming night we passed together in what we called the enchanted valley of Birkenau, when you

sent the postilion right past the Weinheim landlord, who stood in his door solicitous to bless, and when we sat up at the old mill on the Wechsung, where by the droning wheel we recited Goethe's



A POACHER.

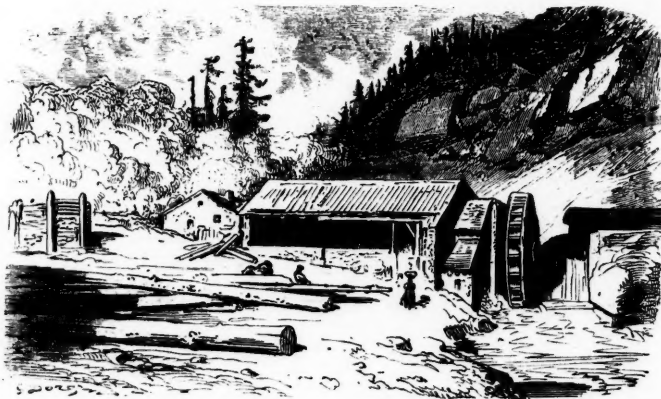
'Youth and the Millbrook'? Ah me! that incident occurred while my life was comparatively unclouded. It was before I had met the Dark Ladie, and before some other and perhaps superior

attractions had impinged on my course. Well-a-day! I hope she is happy; but I am bound to confess that I do not know Mary Ashburton's present name, nor aught of her history since she married

that traveling valet who convinced her that he was the Lord of Burleigh in disguise. I may have changed my views, I may have selected a very different type of female excellence; but time enough for that when we meet.

"The clock-vender's mill proved, as I

have told you, a saw-mill. A pair of honest fellows were playing at draughts inside it, with pieces two inches broad hastily sawn off from sticks of brown and white timber; their table was a plank, rough from the mill, standing upon round and barky legs which had



A SAW-MILL IN THE SCHWARZWALD.

doubtless been trimmed to make the chequers, and rudely chalked over the top in a large chessboard pattern. The mill was stopped for the moment, the hungry teeth of the saw resting fixed in the heart of a pine. I was not put out

too much when I found what kind of a laboratory it was. Have I not somewhere confided to you my notion of writing a poem to match Goethe's, and to be called 'The Song of the Saw-mill'? have I not enlarged to you on the beautiful associations of flood and forest that branch out from the theme?



STRAW-BRAIDING.

At least, I have included, among the lessons of American poetry I have dined into your ears, Bryant's capital translation of Körner's little lyric on the 'Saw-mill.' I accepted the substitute, then, and took shelter under the substitute's roof of long and fresh-made boards.

I am a bird upon whose age you are always insisting, but I am for ever being caught with some variety of sweet-flavored chaff; so I fluttered confidently in to the lure of the two friendly peasants.



THE FLOWER-SPIRIT.

The lure was a bed filled with atoms of wood—as was also the coffee. I have postponed my poem.

"Risen with the sun, I am writing to you, my Hohenfels, upon the primitive

table just described, which is worthy of the patriarchal ages. My wanderings must add immortal facts to my essay on *Progressive Geography*, though it is embarrassing not to be able to find out the names of any of the places I encounter. —But what—what is the agitation which at this moment alarms my senses? The chamber seems to be whirling around me! The table is escaping from my elbows, and grates over the floor in a series of thrills or vibrations! Everything in the room is dancing and leaping, and a tremendous roar has begun to come in at the window! They have started the mill! I must seek elsewhere to finish this scrawl."

The fact of being leagues away from any probable post-office was just the incitement I needed to write to the baron: my letter, which I never took out of my pocket, was but fairly begun when the pair of millers, having cleared away our poor breakfast of coffee and sausages, set the apparatus in motion, as I have said.

As I rose a group of my fellow-pilgrims burst into the chamber, which was still furnished with the row of sawdust beds on which we had passed the night. Grandstone and Fortnoye, finger upon lip, brought me to the window, which looked out on the stream and on a little savage garden. "Now you can surprise the doctor in the very act of administering his peculiar remedies," said the latter.

Poor Somerard, hardly recovered from his accident of the evening before, was to-day put on a regimen of mere abstinence. The influence of poplar-sap being far too drastic, he was restricted entirely to perfumes, and under their control we found him. Planted near the window, and standing up with much spirit to a garden-flower which by his side appeared a giant, he inhaled the fresh odor with all the ardor of a war-horse that breathes the smoke of battle; and Sawney, at his back, was cautioning and restraining him, murmuring scientific formulas whose vile Latin came imperfectly to our ears, and perhaps pointing to his own red nose as a warning

against the reckless stimulation of the smelling organ. The litany took some ten minutes; at the close of which our homœopathist, dropping a grain of sugar out of a tube, administered the same to



CHARLATANRY.

his patient in water, and his surgical operation was for the present ended; the poor patient's back, to the ordinary eye, having much the same profile as before.

"What an invention!" said to Grandstone one of his guests from Épernay, his voice protected by the clatter of the machinery. "This doctor causes his client to drink through the nose—that same nose through which he doubtless makes him pay."

"Mysterious, though," said honest young Grandstone, doubtfully. "You'll find Somerard particularly light and airy this morning: it's the essential oil he gets out of those gilliflowers and things."

"There is a need in humanity," said Fortnoye in his slightly rhetorical way, "to which the race of charlatans responds. They are the parasites of the upper classes, just as the fortune-tellers subsist on our servants. There are metropolitan quacks



THE TRIPOD OF KNOWLEDGE.

and there are provincial quacks. In all the towns, and in the outskirts of great cities too, have we not encountered the same Proteus in his various forms of tooth-puller, pain-killer or corn-doctor? 'Heaven bless you, my fine fellow!' I think as the honest rogue



REFRESHMENT.

cuts his poor flourish with feathers, armor, music and fanfare: 'you are such a satire on the age that I would not part with you. We all have an aching tooth somewhere in the corner of our jaws, and we all try to temporize, instead of submitting to the regular dentist and the excruciating pull. While you are amusing the villagers, monsieur and madame are beguiled just as well with some Mesmer or Cagliostro adapted to their rank in life.'

"And the scientific ranks, too!" added I. "You must not think that learning excludes credulity. Have I not seen, in my own rooms at Passy, grave members of the Institute, in their sacred coats embroidered all round with silver olives, bending their old backs over my card-tables or endeavoring to float up to the ceiling like Mr. Home? But let us leave quackery, and this frightful mill too, where the tables turn from causes more purely rational. It will be delightful to follow that hemlock-tinted brook, which looks like mead or metheglin spilled from the drinking-horns of Valhalla."

"The gentleman is fond of the Northern mythologies," said the German orpheonist, who entered now—the same who had sat up all night with his beer and kirsch in the hotel of the Stag. "I have found something better

than the milk or honey-mead of Valhalla. I encountered, in a cow-yard, the very woman whom we met braiding straw; and I have bought from her all this potful of first-rate kirschwasser."

The good pair of millers would accept nothing for our beds or breakfast: they were offended at the bare hint. But when we passed the kirschwasser round to them in a friendly way, they drank it almost all between them.

I had to take a gibe from Somerard as I left my clock dancing a *pas seul* on the shelf above the quadrille of seven or eight mattresses upon the floor, for the whole frame of the mill was shaken with the revolving wheel. I had no repartee ready for the sarcastic dwarf; and indeed my feeling for him was one of pity when I saw the look of trust and veneration with which he started off on the arm of Doctor MacMurtagh. I could but think of the proverb of the casuist Schupp, as reported by Heinrich Heine: "In this world there are more fools than persons."

My curiosity about Fortnoye being by no means satisfied, I sought occasion to enjoy his society as we walked, but he was the most popular member of the group, the pivotal member about whom the rest revolved in various combinations. He was never alone. I attached myself to him, however, and conversed indifferently amongst the rest while my arm was linked to his. Presently my chance came. The doctor, attracted by an echo, paused



TEACHING THE ECHO.

to hold a dialogue, it being, as he remarked, the only individual in the country that could speak a word of canny

Scotch: the rest, except Fortnoye, were willing to stop and hear the extraordinary duet. I carried off my man while the doctor was executing the song "Green grow the Rushes" for the echo's benefit, and our orpheonist, who could not catch the tune, and could make nothing of the words, added to the confusion by assisting in the chorus.

I made haste to report to Fortnoye the strange things I had heard about him from my fellow-lodgers at Carlsruhe—



THE LURLEIS OF BADEN-BADEN.

that he was at once a sage, a revolutionist, a bankrupt, a tradesman and a poet.

"There is a pennyworth of truth in all that," he answered, laughing. "But as we grow older we grow wiser. If you will but take me as I am to-day, I am no more a Communist than I am a bankrupt. My existence has been rather idle and aimless until lately, and I confess that there are adventures to be told of my after-college days that I do not like to remember. I will tell you a trifling incident. Some few years ago I was at Baden-Baden, sulky, homeless and alone. What does the traditional young man do at Baden-Baden when he is friendless and far from home?"

"He yields to the seductions of the games. The sirens of gambling allure him as they rise from the green expanse; and then the Lurleis sink with him and crunch his bones at their leisure under the—under the table."

"You are very right. One rainy evening I entered the rooms where, beneath a blaze of light, were assembled the roués of the Continent, the blacklegs of



THE DOUBLE ZERO.

England, the miners of Australia and the curious beauties of New York—"

"Of course it was your first visit?"

"No: that would be the proper way of beginning a story, but in fact it was *not* my first visit. I had risked fifty francs every Saturday for some months out of pure ennui, and had lost and won, with, of course, a slight tendency toward sacrifice on the average. I considered that I was paying very cheap for an extraordinarily interesting drama, and thought it would not be honorable to frequent the rooms unless I lost at least as much as I usually did. I laid down that night my fifty francs carelessly upon the O O, the double zero—the dangerous and fascinating spot affected by so many



GOING FORAGING.

players. The indicator went spinning round—in 'its predestined circle rolled,' as your Shelley has it. I lost, and the

lost again, and were left without a hope in the world."

"Not at all, not at all! It was certainly all I had, but my quarter's allowance was coming in on the Monday, or you see I should not have run the risk. I never found any use in losing my head on these occasions. And then I won."

"You won!"

"Won, yes—a whole pocketful. And that was what frightened me. I was really afraid I should be bitten with



THE CROUPIER'S FOREFINGER.

croupier curled his forefinger around my little pile and tucked it in as the elephant absorbs the unregarded apple of the wondering little boy. Nothing could be quicker and cleaner. 'Take the whole of me, then,' I said in a pet, and threw down five hundred francs upon the same cynical double zero."

"Without doubt," I observed, "you

the playing-fever. At home that night I wrote a short memorandum in my pocket-book: '*N. B. Never gamble again.*' Of course, I only had to be reminded of it. I dedicated the sum, every centime, to the next worthy charity that should present: I was not long in finding such a one, and, as it happened, that money, by an odd providence, went



SIGN-LANGUAGE.

to build a little monument in a cemetery—the cemetery of Laaken, in fact."

I did not reveal that I knew anything of the story. The babe, the wretched

mother, the generous young stranger whose blushes I had had painted for me, whose sobbing words had been quoted in my hearing, the days of his tender watching by that poor child's last marble cradle, formed a memory too beautiful and delicate to be exposed. I grasped his hand, warmly enough, no doubt, and only said, "I've been told, too, that you are no stranger to Francine—"

"I should hope not!"

"And that you advanced the funds to start her in business."

"A bit, certainly — at six per centum. Besides, that little affair created a new centre of employment for my wines, and I had guarantees for my capital from old Father Joliet. Since those good fellows of your table choose to see in me a wild-cat speculator, was not this a reasonably good speculation?"

I was enchanted, for the easy commercial tone in which he spoke convinced me that he had never borne any relation toward Francine but that of her wine-agent.

However contented Mac-Murtagh might be with the lessons in Burns he was giving to the echo, the conviction became more and more deeply impressed on us that our lingual relation with the Black Foresters was not satisfactory. The orpheonist, whose nativity was in the Swiss direction, could understand about a word in forty of those which were addressed to us: I myself, with perhaps a broader education, a better knowledge of roots and a more philosophical way of listening, could usually pick up a word in twenty-five. We walked along the road with less and less assurance, until, at the sight of a man dressed in black, whose passage brought up all the little children to his knees and all the women to the

gate-posts or door-sills, Fortnoye quietly left us.

As I drew near I found he was talking to the priest in Latin. I contributed my own tributary stream of erudition, and we held a biblic colloquy in a language strangely varied with the French



ENTRANCE TO THE HÖLLEN PASS.

accent, the German accent and the unreasonable accent that used to be taught at Harvard. From this extraordinary diet the best results came out.

We had been marching quite away from the direction of Strasburg: we were at the village of Wurzbach, between the Lentz Valley and the Negold Valley. To our right was shown the little town of Calw, situated at the extremity of the Black Forest, on its Westphalian side: on our left, at a two hours' march, was

Wildbad, the famous watering-place, from whence we could easily reach a railway-station. These items considerably encouraged the chiefs of the army and revived the spirits of the men. In truth, the whole troop was getting tired

man and his daughter, the only guardians of the place, watched us taking possession with an expression of alarm. In fact, the rain increasing, the cows began to enter, and the strangers were eight in number: it was a large party for so small a place. We were obliged, however, to await the passage of the shower: the storm redoubled, and the interior was a mass of steam. It was noon. We were all hungry, and not a sign from our hosts announced a dinner. We were all ranged, damp and clammy, like frogs on a skewer, along a miserable shelf or bench opposite the empty fireplace. The old man and the girl looked in their laps.

Tired of this, Fortnoye got up and rang upon the table a broad écu of Brabant, ordering the girl, with a quiet and becoming air of authority, to kindle a fire and serve some food. His gestures and his fine manly tones were expressive enough: the damsel, looking to her father for permission, and receiving a nod, filled the oven with wood and quickly sent a volume of smoke rolling up the chimney. Fortnoye was not yet at the end of his resources. He had per-

ceived a rabbit skin amongst the rafters, and, taking it down, he signified, with the assistance of another resonant écu, that we would take rabbit for our luncheon. The old man, when he comprehended this idea, nodded his head, put the two broad pieces slowly into his pocket, buttoned on leather gaiters and a thick felt overcoat, and doggedly vanished into the storm. He was gone an hour, but he did produce a pair of rabbits. Meanwhile, the idea of remaining for perhaps a day in a hovel without a



AMICUT

FREIBURG IN BRISGAU.

of the Rasselas valley, which seemed to have no bound nor limit.

At half an hour from Wurzbach the fog that had accompanied us all the way from the mill condensed into positive rain. We hastened our steps, looking meanwhile to right and left for shelter. A large cowherd's hut, distinguished by a wooden cross and surrounded by whole hillsides of cattle, offered itself to our regards.

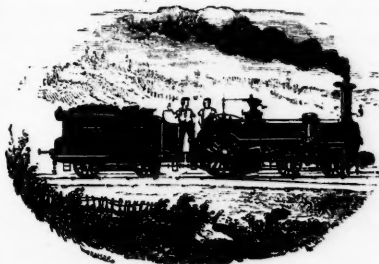
This time the hospitality we received was not effusive or voluntary. An old

larder, and where our Latin was not of the slightest advantage for social intercourse, became so intensely vexatious that we resorted to various expedients for shedding the light of intelligence on the mind of our young female companion. We named her Gretchen.

A kind of comical delirium seized on Somerard. As he desired eggs for dinner, he took to crouching on the ground and crowing like the morning cock in *Hamlet*. Gretchen regarded him with stupefaction. Grandstone upon this, feeling an inclination for mutton-chops, began bleating like a lamb. His Épernay friends had unequal tastes: one took to fishing with an imaginary line, the other to drawing an invisible ox by a rope, and to howling expressively. I, for my part, thought with infinite regret of my faultless cook at Marly. The efforts of all our pantomimists were fruitless, and we starved on until the return of the old proprietor, except when one of us, imitating Alfred in another neatherd's hut, took to toasting brown bread at the cinders—an operation which he continued with patience and great effect—until our friend returned successfully with the rabbits, even as Alfred's henchman with news of the Danish defeat.

Our rude dinner finished, we lost no time in leaving this primitive hotel. The rain had abated, and soon ceased entirely. Before entering Wildbad we judged it necessary to enter a large gasthaus, in the form of a chalet, placed upon the right of the road, in order that the brushing, cleansing and pipe-claying proper to an entrance in form upon the Baths might take place. We had hardly gone in when one of the most familiar choruses of the Allerheiligen concert smote our ears: it came from the throats of a dozen

orpheonists, who, after visiting the ruins and cascades, had plunged like ourselves into the Schwarzwald, and had described a very different circle through its recesses from ours. They had traversed the romantic Hell-vale, the Höllenpass; they had basked in the beautiful Paradise, or Himmelreich; they had touched long enough at Freiburg in the Breisgau to admire its fine cathedral, one of the few



THE MOTIVE.

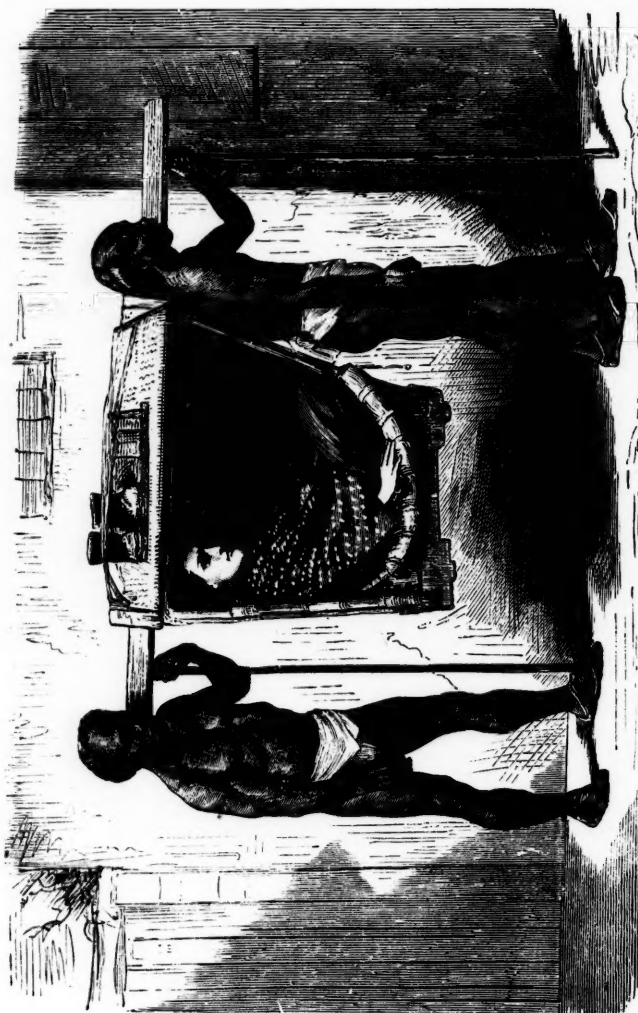
completed edifices of its class in Europe; and here they met us on the outskirts of Wildbad. Our own orpheonist, who I believe was a law-clerk from Geneva, fraternized at once with these artists, and I saw him no more at the waters. Fortnoye determined to do a little stroke of business among the hotel-keepers of this favorite resort. Grandstone, after clucking together his brood of invited guests, busied himself with plans for their entertainment at the baths. I was the only one who wished to depart instantaneously. My motive for such intense haste, need I explain it to the reader?

We, who had been such great friends, dissolved like a summer shower. All were busy and preoccupied: Fortnoye was the only one who grasped my hand at the station. EDWARD STRAHAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WITH THE COUNT DE BEAUVOIR IN JAPAN AND CALIFORNIA.

ON landing at Yokohama, M. de Beauvoir and his companions were struck by the animation of the place, and having secured quarters at a hotel.



THE KAGO, OR JAPANESE CAB.

rushed to the window to admire the costumes, and the want of them, in the active crowd that passed through the street.

The Japanese appeared to be smaller than the Chinese, but their countenances were much more expressive of vivacity

and amiability. The women especially were charming, their ebony-black hair elegantly arranged in three stories with ornamental pins; their faces smiling and rosy—painted a little, it is true—and their teeth, in some instances, stained or gilt. They trotted along upon small wooden shoes, and were wrapped in overcoats, with a thick band of scarlet or green cloth about their waists, tied in a large knot behind, sometimes a foot square and shaped like a cartridge-box.

As for the men, according to their social position they had costumes varying from zero up to half a dozen jackets or tight-fitting trousers, worn one over the other. Here comes an officer with a round hat of a lacquered stuff, upon which are painted in gilt the arms of the daimio in whose service he is. His carriage is majestic: two very long sabres hang from his belt. He wears a coat with sleeves two feet and a half wide, and having an opening in the back which runs almost up to the shoulders, through which the sabres pass. On the back of this garment are embroidered the arms of his lord, hieroglyphics or flowers in red, yellow, blue or green, contained in a circle about a foot in diameter. From his belt hangs suspended the complicated apparatus of a smoker—a pipe with a metallic bowl about the size of a child's thimble, a tobacco-bag of leather-paper, with matches and other appliances. Every two or three minutes he fills his little pipe with a pinch of his tobacco, lights it, takes one or two whiffs, and the pipeful is smoked. On his feet he wears blue stockings, with a separate compartment for the great toe, and over these sandals of plaited straw, held on by two bands which are adroitly held by the great toe as though it were a thumb.

Here comes the escort of some prince—mounted guards, covered with armorial embroideries, and each with two sabres. They ride on decorated saddles, shaking their reins, which are large scarfs of some blue stuff. The crowd divides before them, all the spectators prostrating themselves on the ground.

The costumes are various. Many people wear only a pair of sandals, and

a strip of white cloth about the loins. Many are tattooed from head to foot with all sorts of figures, dragons, warriors, women, in the most brilliant colors, which stand out in striking relief on their yellow skins. Some carry "kagos" or "norimons," a sort of basket, which serves for the Japanese cab, and in which the traveler buries himself. Others push heavy chariots with solid



A BETTŌ OR RUNNING GROOM.

wheels, keeping time with the most incredible cries. Then there are fruit-sellers, carpenters and mechanics of all kinds, clothed generally with only a short jacket of calico, on the back of which is painted in large Japanese characters an inscription indicating either the trade of the wearer or the lord whose serf he is.

The streets of Yokohama are wide and straight. Each house is built of wood, without an atom of paint, and is a real toy-house, a genuine Lilliputian Swiss chalet, built with a taste, a nicety and a neatness which are admirable. The Japanese are wonderful workers in wood,

and it is a pleasure to see the roofs, so light and yet so strong, supported by walls which are made, like the side-scenes in a theatre, of thin strips of wood, over which are pasted sheets of a cottony, transparent paper. In the evenings, when the lanterns dispense their soft light round the inside of these



INARAIA, A JAPANESE YOUNG WOMAN.

white buildings, the spectator seems to be looking at a magic-lantern. During the daytime the sides of the houses are slipped out, as side-scenes are, and the house becomes only a roof resting on the four light corner posts, the whole interior being thus opened to the air. Every part of the house is exposed to view, and everything done in it can be seen, while behind it appear the charming verdure, the cascades and the diminutive plantations of the little gardens situated in the rear.

The great luxury of the Japanese consists in their mats made of plaited straw. They are perfectly rectangular in shape, about three inches thick, and soft to the

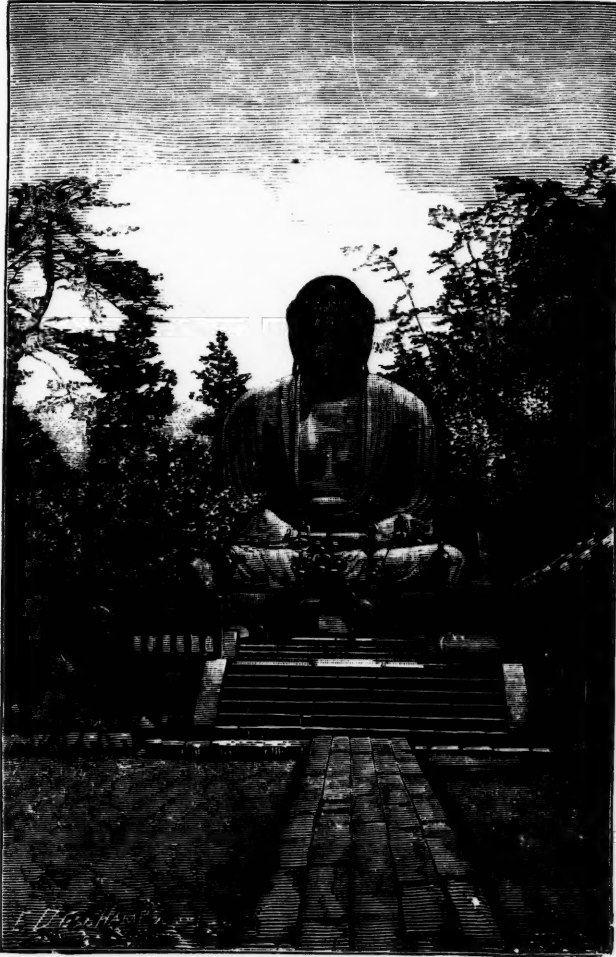
touch. They are never stepped on with shoes, since the Japanese go about their houses always barefooted. Of furniture they have next to nothing: a small furnace in one corner, a closet made of side-scenes like the sides of the house, and intended to contain the mattresses, a small set of shelves on which are arranged the lacquered plates for rice and fish,—this is all the furnishing for these houses, in which they live, as it were, in the open air. In the middle of each house are two articles of general use among all classes—the “chitat” and the “tobacco-bon;” that is, a brazier or the box for tobacco. Being great tea-drinkers, great smokers and great talkers, the Japanese pass their days around the brazier: there they can be seen in groups of seven or eight, seated on their heels around the tea-kettle.

In every shop our travelers visited they were received with a distinction and politeness which surpassed even the proverbial manners of their native country. In walking through the city they passed through the street of baths. In Japan, where every one lives, as it were, in public, the costume of our first parents in no way shocks the sentiments of the people, who in this matter may be considered as still in the Golden Age. This street is filled with bath-houses, to which the population resort, many of them twice or thrice a day. Here all sexes, ages and conditions mingle, fifty to sixty at a time in each bath-house. The passer-by sees them crouched down or dancing on an inclined plane, surrounded by pyramids of small tubs made of copper and filled with hot water. Here they sprinkle and soap each other. Attracted by the sight of the travelers, they come to ask “the noble strangers” politely for a cigarette.

A woman seller of dry goods invited the party to enter her shop and seat themselves upon the mats. This was for her a great honor, and as the party entered she saluted them by bowing until her forehead touched the floor, then offering them tea in small cups, she brought out tobacco for their pipes, and presented lighted coals held between two chop-

sticks. "I cannot hope," writes the count, "to express to you all the elegance of this woman of the people in her slightest movements: her features expressed the most simple womanly affability as her

habitual condition. Well, in whatever house you may enter you will be treated with the same distinction: we were almost stupefied to find it, and confessed that this people can rightly call us barbarians. I



BRONZE STATUE OF DAIBOUTS AT KAMAKOURA.

have not seen a single fight or dispute in the streets: all the men, in saluting each other with profound bows, wear a smile upon their lips; and when we desire to appear amiable we are awkward and ill-

bred in comparison with these Japanese, who are gracious without thinking of being so. Among them a man who gives way to his anger, or shows it in his tone or words, is avoided by his kind as unfit

for society. Thus, when at first our plenipotentiaries in the diplomatic conferences became animated, the Japanese said, 'Let us put off this matter for another day: we cannot treat with those who are not masters of themselves.'"

For a trip into the country ponies were hired, each of which was accom-

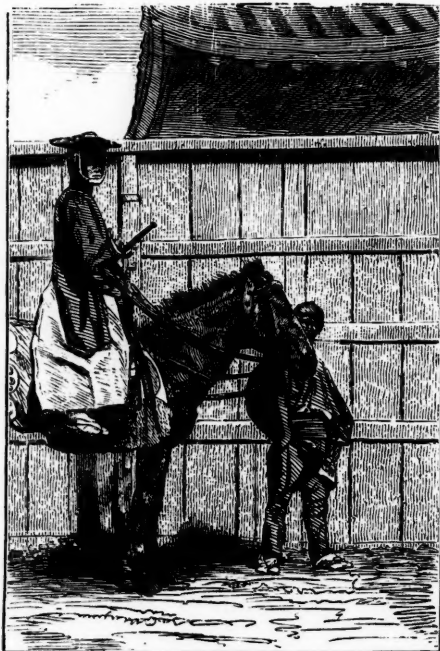
an enormous blue butterfly. Piece by piece, however, as he warmed up with his course, he took off his garments, until he was clothed in only a pair of stockings and his scarlet tattooing, representing a combat between a woman, some large birds and a serpent. The "betto" of the count's companion was even more singularly decorated.

Though absolutely naked, he was clothed. His tattooing represented a blue jacket with white buttons and red seams, with a coat-of-arms in scarlet in the middle of his back, and a pair of trousers in black and white squares.

Ascending to high ground, the view became very fine. On the left, at a distance from the sea, rose the volcano "Vries," with clouds of smoke rolling from it; on the right, Foosiyama (the sacred mountain—the "mountain without an equal"), its top covered with snow. This mountain dominates all Japan, and is revered as a divinity. The perfect regularity of its cone shape is familiar to those of our readers who have examined any specimens of Japanese ware, since it is very frequently represented on all sorts of utensils. Perhaps no people in the world are more sensitive to the beauties of Nature than the Japanese: everywhere throughout the country where there is a fine view, or

where a fine tree offers an opportunity for a retreat in the shade, even in the paths most unfrequented, will be found a tea-house, a light cabin with a thatched roof and paper sides, with soft mats spread round the brazier used for boiling tea or rice. Here there was one, where the daughters offered our travelers tea and rice in small cups, while their mother brought tobacco, and coals in the brazier. Other travelers stopped for refreshment, and here, as all along the road, the party was surprised at the politeness and amiability of the people they met.

The route continued picturesque and



A YAKONINE (JAPANESE OFFICER).

panied by a "betto" or groom, who ran by the side of the horse the whole way. The road ran between rice-fields, the frequent ditches between which were covered with small bridges of bamboo. The "betto" of the count was named "Aramado." During the whole of the journey he kept up on foot with the horse, warning him by a sharp cry of any difficult place in the road. At setting out, Aramado's costume was superb: a bright blue coat with immense sleeves, and a tight pair of pantaloons. As he ran through the rice-fields, his sleeves flying in the wind, he looked like

beautiful along the course of a brook with cascades, and through groups of trees and hedges of camellias, azaleas, and other plants in full flower. Finally, coming to the coast, after a ride along a fine beach the sacred island of Inosima was reached. This is an immense volcanic rock shaped like a gigantic mushroom. There are steps, but no roads, to ascend it, and it is filled with temples, to which crowds of native pilgrims resort carrying wallets and wearing cockle-shells. The priests of the sanctuary dislike foreigners, so that the party was struck with meeting, instead of the smiles of an hour before, the hostile faces of the shaved priests muttering prayers, with the expression of stupidity, insolence and laziness which comes from the conscious possession of an undisputed and undeserved power. To the centre of the island runs a grotto over five hundred feet long, at the foot of which is an altar brilliantly lighted and surrounded with the pious offerings of thousands of visitors.

Returning to Yokohama, they visited on the way the temple of Pleasure near the city of Kamakourà. This is one of the largest temples in Japan, and is visited yearly by thousands of pious pilgrims. Continuing their way through trimmed hedges of camellias and azaleas thirty feet high, they came to the bronze statue known as the Daibouts or Daibutz. This statue is fifty feet high, and represents Booddha sitting, in the Oriental manner, on a lotus. It is ninety-six feet in circumference at the base, and is raised on a pedestal five or six feet high. The intention of the artist was to represent Booddha in Nirvana, or the state of utter annihilation of external consciousness

which is to be gained only through ages of purification by transmigration. The attainment of this condition is the great promise held out to the faithful, and has for more than twenty centuries been the



THE COLONEL OF THE ESCORT.

guiding hope of countless millions of human beings. The face of the statue is of the Hindoo type, and, with the attitude, is in perfect harmony with the artist's conception. All visitors agree that it is an exceptionally fine realization in art of a profoundly abstract religious conception. The small knobs upon the head are intended to represent the snails which, according to tradition, came to protect Booddha from the heat of the sun. The statue was made about six hundred years ago, being cast in sections, and joined so artistically that the seams are hardly to be seen. It is said that a temple formerly enclosed it, but was destroyed by an earthquake. Being hollow, it has a temple inside of it which the party entered, and were offered by a priest for

two cents a copy of the statue, which he guaranteed as a cure for all possible maladies, past, present or future.

In the construction of their houses, the Japanese, unlike most builders, begin with the roof. This is built on the ground, and when framed is covered with small shingles about the size of two fingers, as thin as a sheet of paper. When it is finished they raise it on four corner-posts. The sides are then slipped in grooves, and the house is finished without the use of a single nail. The danger of earthquakes is a reason for not using more solid material. The mats furnish the scale on which the houses are constructed. These mats are always made rectangular, measuring six feet by three: the houses, therefore, are constructed for six, twelve, eighteen or twenty-four mats, and when finished are masterpieces of neatness and elegance.

The Tokaido is a long road which runs along the whole length of Nippon, the chief island of the empire, from Nagasaki, the south-western, to Hakodadi, the north-eastern extremity. On this road specimens of every class of Japanese society are met—princes and princesses traveling in norimons; pilgrims on their way to shrines; tattooed porters bearing burdens hung from each end of a bamboo stick supported on the shoulders; men and women of all ranks and conditions. The post-office is a most flourishing institution: the distribution of the letters is performed by men who go upon a trot, wear nothing to impede their course, and carry their letters tied in a bundle on a stick swung over the shoulder. Relays are stationed at every third village, and the distribution is carried on day and night. The Japanese are great letter-writers, sending polite congratulations to each other from one end of the empire to the other, simply from amiability, and without any pretence of business. It is considered a great accomplishment to write a good hand, as well as to express one's self elegantly. A well-written sentence is frequently admired almost like a work of art.

Having secured a safe-passport and

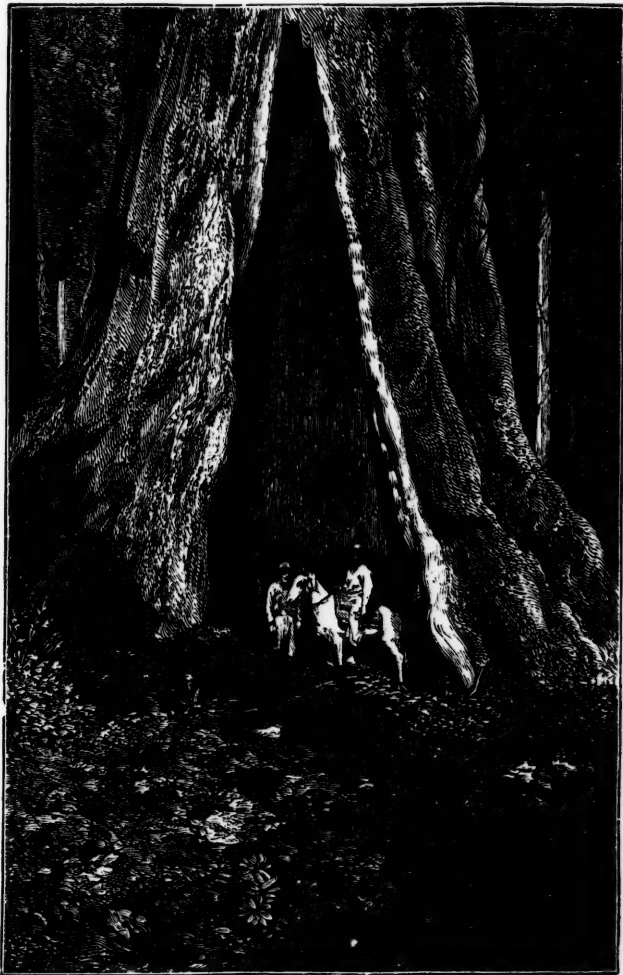
been furnished with a guard, the party set out for Yeddo. The escort consisted of ten "yakonines," wearing flat, round hats of gilt lacquered ware on the top of the head, looking like dessert plates, two sabres passed through their girdles, and the backs of their coats embroidered with the arms of the Taikoon. Their pantaloons were large and made of colored silk, while on their feet they wore straw sandals and long spurs made of bronze. Wide scarfs served as reins for their horses, whose manes were cut short. At the gate of each town was a house decorated with flags, in which were seated four men writing the names of all passers, with the object and extent of their trip, and collecting the duties, which are laid upon everything.

At Meiaski the party rested at a tea-house, where they were served by thirty-six young girls. The decorations of this house were wonders of art, it having just before served as a stopping-place for the Taikoon in one of his visits to the town. The garden in the rear was an admirable specimen of Japanese skill and taste in these matters. It seemed like a fairy park looked down upon from an eminence through a reversed operaglass. Forests of small purple or dark-green trees stretched out their petty branches round ponds of red goldfish; Liliputian paths wound through pigmy lawns, crossing rills and bridges of turf large enough for the comfortable passage of a rat; while towers and summer-houses of proportionate size enlivened the landscape.

In Yeddo the party stayed at the French legation, an immense square building, divided into corridors and chambers by some fifty double lines of such side-scenes as the Japanese use for the partitions and walls of their houses. Yeddo being filled with the nobility, who are hostile to the introduction of foreigners, it was injudicious to leave the legation without the escort. One of the first things done after their arrival at the capital was to visit the temple of Atango-Yahma, which stands on a mountain outside of the city. Having arrived at the top of the hill, a flight of a hundred

granite steps led to a terrace presenting a view of the whole city, which looked like a park so large that the eye could not discern its limits. The sea washes

one side of the city, and a river runs through it, while the undulations of the thirty hills upon which it is built give it a unique appearance.



ONE OF THE GIANT TREES OF THE VALLEY OF CALAVERAS.

Yeddo consists of three cities: "Siro," the palace of the Taikoon; "Soto-Siro," the palaces of the daimios; and "Midzi," the city for trade. Siro, which is about five miles in circumference, appears like

an immense citadel surrounded with terraced lawns, that descend to lakes and circular canals. More than thirty bridges of granite unite this residence of the Taikoon with the city of the daimios,

which contains more than three thousand palaces. Soto-Siro differs also from other Japanese cities in being built entirely of stone. There is not a single wooden house in it. The general style of the architecture is simple and severe, each house being a large rectangle, built of white and black stones, and surrounded like a fortress with a ditch fed from a running stream. The mansions are the official residences of the daimios, who during the continuance of the feudal system were obliged to reside in them one year out of every three when they came to Yeddo to pay their homage to the Taikoon. There were eighteen daimios of divine descent, three hundred and forty-four created by the Taikoons during the last two centuries, and nearly eighty thousand "hattamothos," or great captains and knights. On their visits to Yeddo these daimios were accompanied by their harems, their official suites and their troops. Each of them tried to surround himself with as brilliant a cortège as possible, and brought with him from eight to nine hundred persons in his train. It may be imagined what a display of luxurious ostentation Yeddo afforded on these occasions, especially since it was the purpose of the Taikoon to stimulate each display, in order that he should, by eclipsing all his vassals, maintain his ascendancy over them.

Perhaps no feudal system in Europe was ever more effective than that of Japan in its flourishing days. The land was partitioned out among the daimios, who organized its culture by their serfs. The crops that were raised the daimio bought at a price fixed by himself, and when the serfs required food they bought back from him such quantities as they needed at another price, fixed also by himself. The difference constituted the revenue of the daimios. At present many of the palaces in Soto-Siro are nearly deserted, and the number of resident daimios is by no means what it formerly was. Still, the streets are animated, and our party was greatly interested in passing through them. The view in one of the streets passing from Soto-Siro to the trading portion of Yeddo

was very striking. Rows of granite walls divided the parks of the palaces from the street, and immediately above them rose hedges from six to thirty or forty feet high, admirably trimmed, and formed of camellias, azaleas and laurels in full bloom, while the sacred birds, with their white plumage, made a scene as brilliant as anything in Fairyland. Passing along this road, the party met the escort of a prince. He was preceded by heralds dressed in blue and armed with wooden swords to keep off the crowd. Then came a whole procession of soldiers, with falconers, damsels and pages, escorting the lacquered "norimon" carried by eight men, in which His Highness sat with his legs crossed and a sword sticking about two feet out of the window on each side.

The trading city was full of life and bustle, while the streets were so neat that they looked more like the paths in a park than the thoroughfares of a busy city. Great precautions are taken against fire. At the chief points wooden towers are built, provided with bronze bells to sound the alarm. Almost every house has a pump arranged to work, and about fifty steps apart are hogsheads hooped with copper and filled with water.

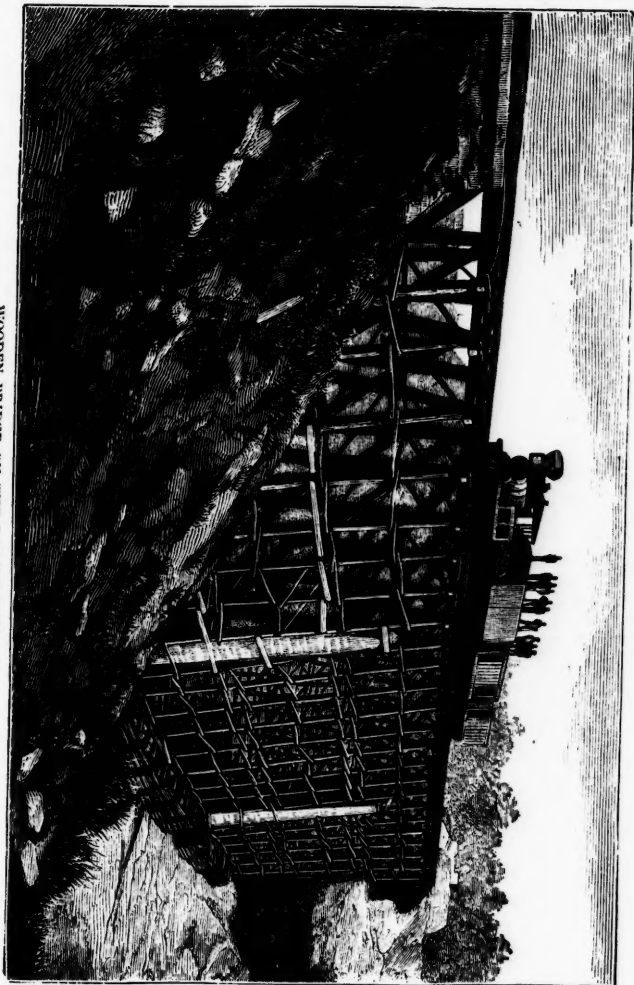
The Japanese government having granted to our party the privilege of visiting the garden of the imperial residence, the opportunity was seized with avidity. This was only the third time that such a favor had been granted to Europeans. The garden was a splendid specimen of Japanese skill and taste. There were walks, ponds filled with brilliantly plumaged aquatic birds, trees with variously colored foliage, kiosques, tea-houses, appliances for hunting, for music and dancing—in short, everything to charm or amuse.

Among the temples of Yeddo, the most striking was one called "The abode of thirty-three thousand three hundred and thirty-three divinities." Another, dedicated to the god of toothache, was remarkable for the rites practiced in it. The sufferer who seeks the agency of the god in his distress pays his contribution and receives a slip of paper. This he

chews assiduously until it becomes in his mouth perfectly plastic, and then, rolling it into a ball between his fingers, he throws it at one of the pictures which hang suspended high on the wall. The

skill of the Japanese enables them more generally to hit their target than our boys do when in country school-houses they engage in a somewhat similar diversion, and the devout worshiper goes away

WOODEN BRIDGE ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.



cured of the pain which brought him there.

At the arsenal our party were astonished to see the rifled cannon and guns made by the natives with machinery of their own construction. M. de Beau-

voir mentions Da-Keda (or Takeda) as the designer. This ingenious officer had studied Dutch, and with the help of a Dutch-Japanese and an English-Dutch dictionary had so mastered Bowditch's *Navigator* as to be able to calcu-

late longitude from an eclipse. Mr. Pumpelly, who was employed by the Japanese government to improve the working of their mines, had this Japanese gentleman attached to his suite, and tells this fact concerning him; adding, "But this knowledge was purely mechanical, and mathematics from a philosophical point of view was a new field to him, though when he took them up in this spirit he exhibited for the study a mental power which I almost envied him."

Returning to Yokohama, the party by special permission was allowed to visit the sacred mountain Foosiyama, and the sacred city Hakoni, situated at its foot. With guides and an escort of yakonines, and provided with passports, they set out on horseback along the Tokaido. Everywhere the country people received them with most amiable politeness, while the views of the country were superb. The hills rose to mountains in the distance, while on the other hand the green valleys lay spread before the eye, with precipices and cascades, rivers and virgin forests, ancient temples, rocks covered with verdure, and the line of the blue sea in the distance. The houses in the country have a slight covering of earth on the higher parts of the roofs, where lilies are planted, from which the oil is made that is used by the Japanese women in dressing their hair. This custom originated in an edict by the Mikado forbidding the use of the "sacred soil" for any plants except such as are useful, but giving permission to plant the lilies on the housetops, "since they give beauty to the hair of women, and will serve as the living hair of the paternal roof."

From Hakoni the party passed on to the baths of Mionoska, the Baden-Baden of the Japanese aristocracy, a village built in a deep valley on the flank of a steep mountain, where the streets are flights of granite steps, and the houses, in the midst of cascades, seem piled on each other. The baths are sulphur ones, and here the peculiar want of conventionality common in Japan was again forced upon the attention of our travelers. The towels offered them after

bathing were small sheets of a cottony paper.

Having spent somewhat more than a month in Japan, our travelers embarked on the Colorado for San Francisco. The Colorado was the first ship placed upon the line between San Francisco and Japan. Her beauty of model, the admirable appointments for the comfort of her passengers, and the fact that though she was a ship of four thousand tons her speed, averaging eleven miles an hour, was obtained with the consumption of only thirty-five tons of coal in twenty-four hours, were matters of surprise. In fact, says the count, "this result it is not possible to attain with our engines."

In crossing the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude, the duplication of the day—it being for two days the third of June—called attention to the fact that the party had circumnavigated the world, and had seen one less sunrise than those who had remained stationary at home. The first sight of San Francisco, for our party so fresh from Japan, was one of disappointment. "The earth, the houses, the sky, all seemed the same color, while the city looked yellow and mean. The hills surrounding it seemed to be engaged in burying it under clouds of dust driven by the wind through the streets." The contrast with the fresh, beautiful green and fairy coasts of Japan, which had been so recently left, produced this impression. A visit to the theatre, however, changed this feeling. "In this hall there was an elegance, a brilliancy, the indescribable perfume of civilization, such as we had no idea of."

Though in haste to return to France, our party lingered long enough to visit the Giant Trees, and before them stood "confounded." "Our most majestic oaks in France, the tallest firs of the Alps or the Pyrenees, the gum trees of Australia, all seem like dwarfs in their shade. Here they are, six hundred and twelve of them, in a single clump, rising like gigantic columns a hundred yards high." A few days were spent in a run through the mining country and to the valley of

Calaveras, where is another group of giant trees, ninety in number, one of which furnished its bark for the Crystal Palace. It is dead, but stands erect, and

without the bark measures eighty-one feet round.

The structures on the Pacific railroad also excited our travelers' admiration for

BLUE TENT HYDRAULIC MINE.



their lightness, solidity and strength. In the mining region of Nevada the process at the Blue Tent Mine was so new as to greatly surprise the party. This is a hydraulic mine, where a mountain-stream, brought down in pipes, is driven with a pressure of two hundred and

seventy-five feet elevation against the mountain-side. So great is the force of the stream that a man struck by it would be killed instantly. The idea of using this force for mining purposes seemed to our party purely American in its boldness. Two or three men suffice for

managing the operation, and in a day will wash down twenty-five hundred tons of gravel. Other methods of this kind, on a larger scale, have been able to wash twenty thousand tons in the same time. Of course the amount of work done varies with the conditions. Sometimes groups of petrified trees are uncovered, and at times the soil is so dense that it comes down in blocks too hard to be broken except by the use of powder. The gravel thus loosened is then carried to a canal, with mercury in troughs placed

in the bottom, and the gold is absorbed by the mercury. Every month the work is stopped, and the amalgam gathered and the gold recovered by a chemical process. A brief visit to New Almaden, where the second richest mercury-mines known are worked, then occupied the party. Returning to San Francisco, they crossed the Isthmus of Panama and proceeded to New York, and thence to France, thus happily completing a journey round the world from east to west.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

MY LOVE CAN HOLD HIS OWN.

HERE is a sad, worn letter, ten years old,
With threatened gaps along each well-pressed fold;
Yet though it tells of illness and of death,
I read it over, now, with tranquil breath.

When first it came, with strength of my despair
I paled and groaned, and turned from even prayer,
Despised what looked like comfort yet was none,
And bade the friends that brought it me begone.

It seemed I better could have spared them all
Than just the one on whom 'twere vain to call:
He was my world, and so the world seemed dead.
Why should all these be living in his stead?

I thank my God that I have learned to bow,
But fain would have submission *only* now:
I fear, sometimes, when on that once I dwell,
That Time in healing does his work too well.

I have a jealous feeling for the dead,
Lest some one else restore what Death has shed:
I wonder at my laugh and careless jest,
When he is dust who could have shared them best.

But in some ill that I can scarcely bear
I read this letter with redoubled care;
And when Pain comes with voiceless prophecy,
Here doth the sweetest comfort wait for me.

I will not fear: my love can hold his own;
So something tells me when my soul's alone:
In tardy joys though now I find content,
Yet after him the *homeward* look is sent!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE OLD CHURCH.

THE next day, the day of the Resurrection, rose glorious from its sepulchre of sea-fog and drizzle. It had poured all night long, but at sunrise the clouds had broken and scattered, and the air was the purer for the cleansing rain, while the earth shone with that peculiar lustre which follows the weeping which has endured its appointed night. The larks were at it again, singing as if their hearts would break for joy as they hovered in brooding exultation over the song of the future; for their nests beneath hoarded a wealth of larks for summers to come. Especially about the old church—half buried in the ancient trees of Lossie House—the birds that day were jubilant; their throats seemed too narrow to let out the joyful air that filled all their hollow bones and quills: they sang as if they must sing, or choke with too much gladness. Beyond the short spire and its shining cock, rose the balls and stars and arrowy vanes of the House, glittering in gold and sunshine.

The inward hush of the Resurrection, broken only by the prophetic birds, the poets of the groaning and travailing creation, held time and space as in a trance; and the centre from which radiated both the hush and the caroling expectation seemed to Alexander Graham to be the churchyard in which he was now walking in the cool of the morning. It was more carefully kept than most Scottish churchyards, and yet was not too trim: Nature had a word in the affair—was allowed her part of mourning, in long grass and moss and the crumbling away of stone. The wholesomeness of decay, which both in nature and humanity is but the miry road back to life, was not unrecognized here; there was nothing of the hideous attempt to hide death in the garments of life. The master

walked about gently, now stopping to read some well-known inscription and ponder for a moment over the words; and now wandering across the stoneless mounds, content to be forgotten by all but those who loved the departed. At length he seated himself on a slab by the side of the mound that rose but yesterday: it was sculptured with symbols of decay—needless surely where the originals lay about the mouth of every newly opened grave, and as surely ill-befitting the precincts of a church whose indwelling gospel is of life victorious over death!

"What are these stones," he said to himself, "but monuments to oblivion? They are not memorials of the dead, but memorials of the forgetfulness of the living. How vain it is to send a poor forsaken name, like the title-page of a lost book, down the careless stream of time! Let me serve my generation, and let God remember me!"

The morning wore on; the sun rose higher and higher. He drew from his pocket the *Nosce Teipsum* of Sir John Davies, and was still reading, in quiet enjoyment of the fine logic of the lawyer-poet, when he heard the church key, in the trembling hand of Jonathan Auld-bird, the sexton, jar feebly battling with the reluctant lock. Soon the people began to gather, mostly in groups and couples. At length came solitary Miss Horn, whom the neighbors, from respect to her sorrow, had left to walk alone. But Mr. Graham went to meet her, and accompanied her into the church.

It was a cruciform building, as old as the vanished monastery, and the burial-place of generations of noble blood; the dust of royalty even lay under its floor. A knight of stone reclined cross-legged in a niche with an arched Norman canopy in one of the walls, the rest of which was nearly encased in large tablets of white marble, for at its foot lay the ashes

of barons and earls whose title was extinct, and whose lands had been inherited by the family of Lossie. Inside as well as outside of the church the ground had risen with the dust of generations, so that the walls were low; and heavy galleries having been erected in parts, the place was filled with shadowy recesses and haunted with glooms. From a window in the square pew where he sat, so small and low that he had to bend his head to look out of it, the schoolmaster could see a rivulet of sunshine, streaming through between two upright gravestones, and glorifying the long grass of a neglected mound that lay close to the wall under the wintry drip from the eaves: when he raised his head, the church looked very dark. The best way there to preach the Resurrection, he thought, would be to contrast the sepulchral gloom of the church, its dreary psalms and drearier sermons, with the sunlight on the graves, the lark-filled sky, and the wind blowing where it listed. But although the minister was a young man of the commonest order, educated to the church that he might eat bread, hence a mere willing slave to the beck of his lord and master, the patron, and but a parrot in the pulpit, the schoolmaster not only endeavored to pour his feelings and desires into the mould of his prayers, but listened to the sermon with a countenance that revealed no distaste for the weak and unsavory broth ladled out to him to nourish his soul withal. When, however, the *service*—though whose purposes the affair could be supposed to *serve* except those of Mr. Cairns himself, would have been a curious question—was over, he did breathe a sigh of relief; and when he stepped out into the sun and wind which had been shining and blowing all the time of the dreary ceremony, he wondered whether the larks might not have had the best of it in the God-praising that had been going on for two slow-paced hours. Yet, having been so long used to the sort of thing, he did not mind it half so much as his friend Malcolm, who found the Sunday observances an unspeakable weariness to both flesh and spirit.

On the present occasion, however, Malcolm did not find the said observances dreary, for he observed nothing but the vision which radiated from the dusk of the small gallery forming the Lossie pew, directly opposite the Norman canopy and stone crusader. Unconventional, careless girl as Lady Florimel had hitherto shown herself to him, he saw her sit that morning like the proudest of her race, alone, and, to all appearance, unaware of a single other person's being in the church besides herself. She manifested no interest in what was going on, nor indeed felt any—how could she?—never parted her lips to sing; sat during the prayer; and throughout the sermon seemed to Malcolm not once to move her eyes from the carved crusader. When all was over, she still sat motionless—sat until the last old woman had hobbled out. Then she rose, walked slowly from the gloom of the church, flashed into the glow of the churchyard, gleamed across it to a private door in the wall, which a servant held for her, and vanished. If, a moment after, the notes of a merry song invaded the ears of those who yet lingered, who could dare suspect that proudly sedate damsel of thus suddenly breaking the ice of her public behavior?

For a mere school-girl she had certainly done the lady's part well. What she wore I do not exactly know; nor would it perhaps be well to describe what might seem grotesque to such prejudiced readers as have no judgment beyond the fashions of the day. But I will not let pass the opportunity of reminding them how sadly old-fashioned we of the present hour also look in the eyes of those equally infallible judges who have been in dread procession toward us ever since we began to be—our posterity—judges who perhaps will doubt with a smile whether we even knew what love was, or ever had a dream of the grandeur they are on the point of grasping. But at least bethink yourselves, dear posterity! we have not ceased because you have begun.

Out of the church the blind Duncan strode with long, confident strides. He had no staff to aid him, for he never car-

ried one when in his best clothes; but he leaned proudly on Malcolm's arm, if one who walked so erect could be said to lean. He had adorned his bonnet the autumn before with a sprig of the large purple heather, but every bell had fallen from it, leaving only the naked spray, pitiful analogue of the whole withered exterior of which it formed part. His sporran, however, hid the stained front of his kilt, and his Sunday coat had been new within ten years—the gift of certain ladies of Portlossie, some of whom, to whose lowland eyes the kilt was obnoxious, would have added a pair of trowsers, had not Miss Horn stoutly opposed them, confident that Duncan would regard the present as an insult. And she was right; for rather than wear anything instead of the philibeg, Duncan would have plaited himself one with his own blind fingers out of an old sack. Indeed, although the *trews* were never at any time unknown in the Highlands, Duncan had always regarded them as effeminate, and especially in his lowland exile would have looked upon the wearing of them as a disgrace to his highland birth.

"Tat wass a ferry coot sairmon to-day, Malcolm," he said, as they stepped from the churchyard upon the road.

Malcolm, knowing well whither conversation on the subject would lead, made no reply. His grandfather, finding him silent; iterated his remark, with the addition—

"Put how could it pe a paad one, you'll pe thinking, my poy, when he'd pe hafing such a text to keep him straight?"

Malcolm continued silent, for a good many people were within hearing, whom he did not wish to see amused with the remarks certain to follow any he could make. But Mr. Graham, who happened to be walking near the old man on the other side, out of pure politeness made a partial response.

"Yes, Mr. MacPhail," he said, "it was a grand text."

"Yes, and it wass 'll pe a cran' sairmon," persisted Duncan. "'Fenfence is mine—I will repay.' Ta Lord loves

fenfence. It's a fine thing, fenfence. To make ta wicked know tat tye 'll pe peing put men! Yes; ta Lord will slay ta wicked. Ta Lord will gif ta honest man fenfence upon his enemies. It wass a cran' sairmon!"

"Don't you think vengeance a very dreadful thing, Mr. MacPhail?" said the schoolmaster.

"Yes, for ta von tat 'll pe in ta wrong.—I wish ta fenfence wass mine!" he added with a loud sigh.

"But the Lord doesn't think any of us fit to be trusted with it, and so keeps it to himself, you see."

"Yes; and tat 'll pe because it 'll pe too coot to be gifing to another. And some people would be waik of heart, and be letting teir enemies co."

"I suspect it's for the opposite reason, Mr. MacPhail:—we would go much too far, making no allowances, causing the innocent to suffer along with the guilty, neither giving fair play nor avoiding cruelty—and indeed—"

"No fear!" interrupted Duncan eagerly—"no fear, when ta wrong wass as larch as Morven!"

In the sermon there had not been one word as to Saint Paul's design in quoting the text. It had been but a theatrical setting forth of the vengeance of God upon sin, illustrated with several common tales of the discovery of murder by strange means—a sermon after Duncan's own heart; and nothing but the way in which he now snuffed the wind with head thrown back and nostrils dilated, could have given an adequate idea of how much he enjoyed the recollection of it.

Mr. Graham had for many years believed that he must have some personal wrongs to brood over—wrongs, probably, to which were to be attributed his loneliness and exile; but of such Duncan had never spoken, uttering no maledictions except against the real or imagined foes of his family.*

*What added to the likelihood of Mr. Graham's conjecture was the fact, well enough known to him, though to few lowlanders besides, that revenge is not a characteristic of the Gael. Whatever instances of it may have appeared, and however strikingly they may have been worked up in fiction, such belong to the individual and not to the race. A remarkable

The master placed so little value on any possible results of mere argument, and had indeed so little faith in any words except such as came hot from the heart, that he said no more, but, with an invitation to Malcolm to visit him in the evening, wished them good-day, and turned in at his own door.

The two went slowly on toward the sea-town. The road was speckled with home-goers, single and in groups, holding a quiet Sunday pace to their dinners. Suddenly Duncan grasped Malcolm's arm with the energy of perturbation, almost of fright, and said in a loud whisper:

"Tere'll pe something efil not far from her, Malcolm, my son! Look apout, look apout, and take care how you'll pe leading her."

Malcolm looked about, and replied, pressing Duncan's arm, and speaking in a low voice, far less audible than his whisper,

"There's naeboddy near, daddy—naeboddy but the howdie-wife."

"What howdie-wife do you mean, Malcolm?"

"Hoot! Mistress Catanach, ye ken. Dinna lat her hear ye."

"I had a feeshion, Malcolm—one moment, and no more; ta darkness closed around it: I saw a ped, Malcolm, and—"

"Wheesht, wheesht, daddy!" pleaded Malcolm importunately. "She hears ilka word ye're sayin'. She's awfu' gleg, an' she's as poozhonous as an edder. Haud yer tongue, daddy; for guid-sake haud yer tongue."

The old man yielded, grasping Malcolm's arm, and quickening his pace,

proof of this occurs in the history of the family of Glenco itself. What remained of it after the massacre in 1689, rose in 1745, and joined the forces of Prince Charles Edward. Arriving in the neighborhood of the residence of Lord Stair, whose grandfather had been one of the chief instigators of the massacre, the prince took special precautions lest the people of Glenco should wreak inherited vengeance on the earl. But they were so indignant at being supposed capable of visiting on the innocent the guilt of their ancestors, that it was with much difficulty they were prevented from forsaking the standard of the prince and returning at once to their homes. Perhaps a yet stronger proof is the fact, fully asserted by one Gaelic scholar at least, that their literature contains nothing to foster feelings of revenge.

though his breath came hard, as through the gathering folds of asthma. Mrs. Catanach also quickened her pace and came gliding along the grass by the side of the road, noiseless as the adder to which Malcolm had likened her, and going much faster than she seemed. Her great round body looked a persistent type of her calling, and her arms seemed to rest in front of her as upon a ledge. In one hand she carried a small Bible, round which was folded her pocket-handkerchief, and in the other a bunch of southern-wood and rosemary. She wore a black silk gown, a white shawl, and a great straw bonnet with yellow ribbons in huge bows, and looked the very pattern of Sunday respectability; but her black eyebrows gloomed ominous, and an evil smile shadowed about the corners of her mouth as she passed without turning her head or taking the least notice of them. Duncan shuddered, and breathed yet harder, but seemed to recover as she increased the distance between them. They walked the rest of the way in silence, however; and even after they reached home, Duncan made no allusion to his late discomposure.

"What was't ye thocht ye saw, as we cam frae the kirk, daddy?" asked Malcolm when they were seated at their dinner of broiled mackerel and boiled potatoes.

"In other times she'll pe hafing such feeshions often, Malcolm, my son," he returned, avoiding an answer. "Like other pards of her race she would pe seeing—in the speerit, where old Tuncan can see. And she'll pe telling you, Malcolm—peware of tat voman; for ta voman was thinking pad thoughts; and tat will pe what make her shutter and shake, my son, as she'll be coing py."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CHURCHYARD.

ON Sundays, Malcolm was always more or less annoyed by the obtrusive presence of his arms and legs, accompanied by a vague feeling that, at any moment, and no warning given, they

might, with some insane and irrepressible flourish, break the Sabbath on their own account, and degrade him in the eyes of his fellow-townsmen, who seemed all silently watching how he bore the restraints of the holy day. It must be conceded, however, that the discomfort had quite as much to do with his Sunday clothes as with the Sabbath-day, and that it interfered but little with an altogether peculiar calm which appeared to him to belong in its own right to the Sunday, whether its light flowed in the sunny cataracts of June, or oozed through the spongy clouds of November. As he walked again to the Alton, or Old Town in the evening, the filmy floats of white in the lofty blue, the droop of the long dark grass by the side of the short bright corn, the shadows pointing like all lengthening shadows toward the quarter of hope, the yellow glory filling the air and paling the green below, the unseen larks hanging aloft—like air-pitcher-plants that overflowed in song—like electric jars emptying themselves of the sweet thunder of bliss in the flashing of wings and the trembling of melodious throats; these were indeed of the summer, but the cup of rest had been poured out upon them; the Sabbath brooded like an embodied peace over the earth, and under its wings they grew sevenfold peaceful—with a peace that might be felt, like the hand of a mother pressed upon the half-sleeping child. The rusted iron cross on the eastern gable of the old church stood glowing lustreless in the westering sun; while the gilded vane, whose business was the wind, creaked radiantly this way and that, in the flaws from the region of the sunset: its shadow flickered soft on the new grave, where the grass of the wounded sod was drooping. Again seated on a neighbor stone, Malcolm found his friend.

"See," said the schoolmaster as the fisherman sat down beside him, "how the shadow from one grave stretches like an arm to embrace another! In this light the churchyard seems the very birthplace of shadows: see them flowing out of the tombs as from fountains, to

overflow the world!—Does the morning or the evening light suit such a place best, Malcolm?"

The pupil thought for a while.

"The evenin' licht, sir," he answered at length; "for ye see the sun's deein' like, an' deith's like a fa'in' asleep, an' the grave's the bed, an' the sod's the bed-claes, an' there's a lang nicht to the fore."

"Are ye sure o' that, Malcolm?"

"It's the wye folk thinks an' says about it, sir."

"Or maybe doesna think, an' only says?"

"Maybe, sir; I dinna ken."

"Come here, Malcolm," said Mr. Graham, and took him by the arm, and led him toward the east end of the church, where a few tombstones were crowded against the wall, as if they would press close to a place they might not enter.

"Read that," he said, pointing to a flat stone, where every hollow letter was shown in high relief by the growth in it of a lovely moss. The rest of the stone was rich in gray and green and brown lichens, but only in the letters grew the bright moss: the inscription stood as it were in the hand of Nature herself—"He is not here; he is risen."

While Malcolm gazed, trying to think what his master would have him think, the latter resumed:

"If he is risen—if the sun is up, Malcolm—then the morning and not the evening is the season for the place of tombs; the morning when the shadows are shortening and separating, not the evening when they are growing all into one. I used to love the churchyard best in the evening, when the past was more to me than the future; now I visit it almost every bright summer morning, and only occasionally at night."

"But, sir, isna deith a dreadfu' thing?" said Malcolm.

"That depends on whether a man regards it as his fate, or as the will of a perfect God. Its obscurity is its dread; but if God be light, then death itself must be full of splendor—a splendor probably too keen for our eyes to receive."

"But there's the deein' itsel': isna that

fearsome? It's that I wad be fleyed at."

"I don't see why it should be. It's the want of a God that makes it dreadful, and *you* will be greatly to blame, Malcolm, if you haven't found your God by the time you have to die."

They were startled by a gruff voice near them. The speaker was hidden by a corner of the church.

"Ay, she's weel happit (*covered*)," it said. "But a grave never luiks richt wantin' a stane, an' her auld cousin wad hear o' nane bein' laid ower *her*. I said it micht be set up at her heid, whaur she wad never fin' the weicht o' 't; but na, na! nane o' 't for *her*! She's ane 'at maun tak her ain gait, say the ither thing wha likes."

It was Wattie Witherspail who spoke—a thin shaving of a man, with a deep, harsh, indeed startling voice.

"An' what ailed her at a stane?" returned the voice of Jonathan Auldbuid, the sexton. "—Na doobt it wad be the expense?"

"Amna I tellin' ye what it was? Deil a bit o' the expense cam intil the calculation! The auld maiden's nane sae close as fowk 'at disna ken her wad mak her oot. I ken her weel. She wadna hae a stane laid upon her as gien she wanted to haud her doon, puir thing! She said, says she, 'The yerd's eneuch upo' the tap o' her, wantin' that!'"

"It micht be some sair, she wad be thinkin' doobtless, for sic a waik worn cratur to lift whan the trump was blawn," said the sexton, with the feeble laugh of one who doubts the reception of his wit.

"Weel, I div whiles think," responded Wattie,—but it was impossible from his tone to tell whether or not he spoke in earnest,—"*at maybe my boxies is a wheen ower weel made for the use they're pitten till. They sudna be that ill to rive—gien a' be true 'at the minister says. Ye see, we dinna ken whan that day may come, an' there may na be time for the wat an' the worm to ca (drive) the boords apart.*"

"Hoots, man! it's no *your* lang nails nor yet yer heidit crews 'll haud doon the redeemt, gien the jeedgement war

the morn's mornin'," said the sexton; "an' for the lave, they wad be glaid eneuch to bide whaur they are; but they'll a' be howkit oot,—fear na ye that."

"The Lord grant a blessed uprisin' to you an' me, Jonathan, at that day!" said Wattie, in the tone of one who felt himself uttering a more than ordinarily religious sentiment; and on the word followed the sound of their retreating footsteps.

"How close together may come the solemn and the grotesque! the ludicrous and the majestic!" said the schoolmaster. "Here, to us lingering in awe about the doors beyond which lie the gulfs of the unknown—to our very side come the wright and the grave-digger with their talk of the strength of coffins and the judgment of the living God!"

"I hae whiles thought mysel', sir," said Malcolm, "it was gey strange-like to hae a wuman o' the mak o' Mistress Catanach sittin' at the receipt o' bairns, like the gate-keeper o' the ither warl', wi' the hasp o' 't in her han': it doesna promise ower weel for them 'at she lats in. An' noo ye hae pitten't intil my heid that there's Wattie Witherspail an' Jonathan Auldbuid for the porters to open an' lat a' that's left o' 's oot again! Think o' sic-like haein' sic a han' in sic solemn matters!"

"Indeed some of us have strange porters," said Mr. Graham, with a smile, "both to open to us and to close behind us; yet even in them lies the human nature, which, itself the embodiment of the unknown, wanders out through the gates of mystery, to wander back, it may be, in a manner not altogether unlike that by which it came."

In contemplative moods, the schoolmaster spoke in a calm and loftily sustained style of book-English—quite another language from that he used when he sought to rouse the consciences of his pupils, and strangely contrasted with that in which Malcolm kept up his side of the dialogue.

"I houp, sir," said the latter, "it 'll be nae sort o' a celestial Mistress Catanach 'at 'll be waiting for me o' the ither

side; nor yet for my puir daddy, wha cud ill bide bein' wamled aboot upo' *her* knee."

Mr. Graham laughed outright.

"If there be one to act the nurse," he answered, "I presume there will be one to take the mother's part too."

"But speakin' o' the grave, sir," pursued Malcolm, "I wiss ye cud drop a word 'at micht be o' some comfort to my daddy. It's plain to me, frae words he lats fa' noo an' than, that, instead o' lea'in' the warl' ahint him whan he dees, he thinks to lie smorin' an' smocherin' i' the mools, clammy an' weet, but a' there, an' trimlin' at the thoct o' the sudden awfu' roor an' dirl o' the brazen trumpet o' the archangel. I wiss ye wad luik in an' say something till him some nicht. It's nae guid mentionin' 't to the minister; he wad only gie a lauch an' gang awa'. An' gien ye cud jist slide in a word aboot forgiein' his enemies, sir! I made licht o' the maitter to Mistress Courthope, 'cause she only maks him waur. She does weel wi' what the minister pits intill her, but she has little o' her ain to mix't up wi', an' sae has sma' weicht wi' the likes o' my gran'-father. Only ye winna lat him think ye called on purpose."

They walked about the churchyard until the sun went down in what Mr. Graham called the grave of his endless resurrection—the clouds on the one side bearing all the pomp of his funeral, the clouds on the other all the glory of his uprising; and when now the twilight trembled filmy on the borders of the dark, the master once more seated himself beside the new grave, and motioned to Malcolm to take his place beside him: there they talked and dreamed together of the life to come, with many wanderings and returns; and little as the boy knew of the ocean-depths of sorrowful experience in the bosom of his companion whence floated up the breaking bubbles of rainbow-hued thought, his words fell upon his heart—not to be provender for the birds of flitting fancy and airy speculation, but the seed—it might be decades ere it ripened—of a coming harvest of hope. At length the master rose and said—

"Malcolm, I'm going in: I should like you to stay here half an hour alone, and then go straight home to bed."

For the master believed in solitude and silence. Say rather, he believed in God. What the youth might think, feel, or judge, he could not tell; but he believed that when the human is still, the Divine speaks to it, because it is its own.

Malcolm consented willingly. The darkness had deepened, the graves all but vanished; an old setting moon appeared, boat-like, over a great cloudy chasm, into which it slowly sank; blocks of cloud, with stars between, possessed the sky; all nature seemed thinking about death; a listless wind began to blow, and Malcolm began to feel as if he were awake too long, and *ought* to be asleep—as if he were out in a dream—a dead man that had risen too soon or lingered too late—so lonely, so forsaken! The wind, soft as it was, seemed to blow through his very soul. Yet something held him, and his half hour was long over when he left the churchyard.

As he walked home, the words of a German poem, a version of which Mr. Graham had often repeated to him, and once more that same night, kept ringing in his heart:

Uplifted is the stone,
And all mankind arisen!
We men remain thine own,
And vanished is our prison!
What bitterest grief can stay
Before thy golden cup,
When earth and life give way,
And with our Lord we sup?

To the marriage Death doth call,
The maidens are not slack:
The lamps are burning all—
Of oil there is no lack.
Afair I hear the walking
Of thy great marriage-throng!
And hark! the stars are talking
With human tone and tongue!

Courage! for life is hasting
To endless life away:
The inner fire, unwasting,
Transfigures our dull clay!
See the stars melting, sinking,
In life-wine, golden-bright!
We, of the splendor drinking,
Shall grow to stars of light.

Lost, lost are all our losses;
Love set for ever free;
The full life heaves and tosses
Like an eternal sea!

One endless living story!
One poem spread abroad!
And the sun of all our glory
Is the countenance of God.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MARQUIS OF LOSSIE.

THE next morning rose as lovely as if the mantle of the departing Resurrection-day had fallen upon it. Malcolm rose with it, hastened to his boat, and pulled out into the bay for an hour or two's fishing. Nearly opposite the great conglomerate rock at the western end of the dune, called the Bored Craig (*Perforated Crag*) because of a large hole that went right through it, he began to draw in his line. Glancing shoreward as he leaned over the gunwale, he spied at the foot of the rock, near the opening, a figure in white, seated, with bowed head. It was of course the mysterious lady, whom he had twice before seen thereabout at this unlikely if not untimely hour; but with yesterday fresh in his mind, how could he fail to see in her an angel of the resurrection waiting at the sepulchre to tell the glad news that the Lord was risen?

Many were the glances he cast shoreward as he rebaited his line, and, having thrown it again into the water, sat waiting until it should be time to fire the swivel. Still the lady sat on, in her whiteness a creature of the dawn, without even lifting her head. At length, having added a few more fishes to the little heap in the bottom of his boat, and finding his watch bear witness that the hour was at hand, he seated himself on his thwart, and rowed lustily to the shore, his bosom filled with the hope of yet another sight of the lovely face, and another hearing of the sweet English voice and speech. But the very first time he turned his head to look, he saw but the sloping foot of the rock sink bare into the shore. No white-robed angel sat at the gate of the resurrection; no moving thing was visible on the far-vacant sands. When he reached the top of the dune, there was no living creature beyond but a few sheep feeding on the thin grass.

He fired the gun, rowed back to the Seaton, ate his breakfast, and set out to carry the best of his fish to the House.

The moment he turned the corner of her street, he saw Mrs. Catanach standing on her threshold with her arms akimbo: although she was always tidy, and her house spotlessly trim, she yet seemed for ever about the door, on the outlook at least, if not on the watch.

"What hae ye in yer bit basket the day, Ma'colm?" she said, with a peculiar smile, which was not sweet enough to restore vanished confidence.

"Naething guid for dogs," answered Malcolm, and was walking past.

But she made a step forward and, with a laugh meant to indicate friendly amusement, said,

"Lat's see what's intill't ony gait (*anyhow*). The doggie's awa' on' 's traivels the day."

"Deed, Mistress Catanach," persisted Malcolm, "I canna say I like to hae my ain fish flung i' my face, nor yet to see ill-faured tykes rin awa' wi' 't afore my verra een."

After the warning given him by Miss Horn, and the strange influence her presence had had on his grandfather, Malcolm preferred keeping up a negative quarrel with the woman.

"Dinna ca' ill names," she returned: "my dog wad tak it waur to be ca'd an ill-faured tyke, nor to hae fish flung in *his* face. Lat's see what's i' yer basket, I say."

As she spoke, she laid her hand on the basket, but Malcolm drew back, and turned away toward the gate.

"Lord safe us!" she cried, with a yelling laugh; "ye're no feared at an auld wife like me?"

"I dinna ken; maybe ay an' maybe no—I wadna say. But I dinna want to hae onything to du wi' ye, mem."

"Ma'colm MacPhail," said Mrs. Catanach, lowering her voice to a hoarse whisper, while every trace of laughter vanished from her countenance, "ye hae had mair to du wi' me nor ye ken, an' aiblins ye'll hae mair yet nor ye can weel help. Sae caw canny, my man."

"Ye may hae the layin' o' me oot,"

said Malcolm, "but it sanna be wi' my wull; an' gien I hae ony life left i' me, I s' gie ye a fleg (*fright*)."

"Ye may get a waur yersel': I hae frichtit the deid afore noo. Sae gang yer wa's to Mistress Coorhoup, wi' a flech (*flea*) i' yer lug (*ear*). I wuss ye luck—sic luck as I wad wuss ye!"

Her last words sounded so like a curse, that to overcome a *cauld creep*, Malcolm had to force a laugh.

The cook at the House bought all his fish, for they had had none for the last few days, because of the storm; and he was turning to go home by the river-side, when he heard a tap on a window, and saw Mrs. Courthope beckoning him to another door.

"His lordship desired me to send you to him, Malcolm, the next time you called," she said.

"Weel, mem, here I am," answered the youth.

"You'll find him in the flower-garden," she said. "He's up early to-day, for a wonder."

He left his basket at the top of the stairs that led down the rock to the level of the burn, and walked up the valley of the stream.

The garden was a curious old-fashioned place, with high hedges, and close alleys of trees, where two might have wandered long without meeting, and it was some time before he found any hint of the presence of the marquis. At length, however, he heard voices, and following the sound, walked along one of the alleys till he came to a little arbor, where he discovered the marquis seated, and, to his surprise, the white-robed lady of the sands beside him. A great deer-hound at his master's feet was bristling his mane, and baring his eye-teeth with a growl, but the girl had a hold of his collar.

"Who are *you*?" asked the marquis rather gruffly, as if he had never seen him before.

"I beg yer lordship's pardon," said Malcolm, "but they telled me yer lordship wantit to see me, and sent me to the flooer-gairden. Will I gang, or will I bide?"

The marquis looked at him for a moment, frowningly, and made no reply. But the frown gradually relaxed before Malcolm's modest but unflinching gaze, and the shadow of a smile slowly usurped its place. He still kept silent, however.

"Am I to gang or bide, my lord?" repeated Malcolm.

"Can't you wait for an answer?"

"As lang's yer lordship likes.—Will I gang an' walk aboot, mem—my lady—till his lordship's made up his min'? Wad that please him, duv ye think?" he said, in the tone of one who seeks advice.

But the girl only smiled, and the marquis said, "Go to the devil."

"I maun luik to yer lordship for the necessar' directions," rejoined Malcolm.

"Your tongue's long enough to inquire as you go," said the marquis.

A reply in the same strain rushed to Malcolm's lips, but he checked himself in time, and stood silent, with his bonnet in his hand, fronting the two. The marquis sat gazing as if he had nothing to say to him, but after a few moments the lady spoke—not to Malcolm, however.

"Is there any danger in boating here, papa?" she said.

"Not more, I dare say, than there ought to be," replied the marquis listlessly. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I should so like a row! I want to see how the shore looks to the mermaids."

"Well, I will take you some day, if we can find a proper boat."

"Is yours a proper boat?" she asked, turning to Malcolm with a sparkle of fun in her eyes.

"That depen's on my lord's definition o' *proper*."

"Definition!" repeated the marquis.

"Is 't ower lang a word, my lord?" asked Malcolm.

The marquis only smiled.

"I ken what ye mean. It's a strange word in a fisher-lad's mou', ye think. But what for should na a fisher-lad hae a smatterin' o' loagic, my lord? For Greek or Laitin there's but sma' opportunity o' exerceese in oor pairts; but for

loagic, a fisher-body may aye haud his han' in i' that. He can aye be tryin' 't upo' 's wife, or 's guid-mither, or upo' 's boat, or upo' the fish whan they winna tak. Loagic wad save a heap o' cursin' an' ill words—amo' the fisher-fowk, I mean, my lord."

"Have you been to college?"

"Na, my lord—the mair's the pity! But I've been to the school sin' ever I can min'."

"Do they teach logic there?"

"A kin' o' 't. Mr. Graham sets us to try oor han' whiles—jist to mak' 's a bit gleg (*quick and keen*), ye ken."

"You don't mean you go to school still?"

"I dinna gang reg'lar; but I gang as aften as Mr. Graham wants me to help him, an' I aye gether something."

"So it's schoolmaster you are as well as fisherman? Two strings to your bow!—Who pays you for teaching?"

"Ow! naebody. Wha wad pay me for that?"

"Why, the schoolmaster."

"Na, but that wad be an affront, my lord!"

"How can you afford the time for nothing?"

"The time comes to little, compairt wi' what Mr. Graham gies me i' the lang forenichts—i' the winter time, ye ken, my lord, whan the sea's whiles ower contumahcious to be meddlet muckle wi'."

"But you have to support your grandfather."

"My gran'father wad be ill pleased to hear ye say 't, my lord. He's terrible independent; an' what wi' his pipes, an' his lamps, an' his shop, he could keep 's baith. It's no muckle the likes o' us wants. He winna let me gang far to the fishin', so that I hae the mair time to read an' gang to Mr. Graham."

As the youth spoke, the marquis eyed him with apparently growing interest.

"But you haven't told me whether your boat is a proper one," said the lady.

"Proper eneuch, mem, for what's required o' her. She taks guid fish."

"But is it a proper boat for me to have a row in?"

"No wi' that goon on, mem, as I telled ye afore."

"The water won't get in, will it?"

"No more than's easy gotten oot again."

"Do you ever put up a sail?"

"Whiles—a wee bit o' a lug-sail."

"Nonsense, Flory!" said the marquis.

"I'll see about it." Then turning to Malcolm—

"You may go," he said. "When I want you I will send for you."

Malcolm thought with himself that he had sent for him this time before he wanted him; but he made his bow, and departed—not without disappointment, for he had expected the marquis to say something about his grandfather going to the House with his pipes, a request he would fain have carried to the old man to gladden his heart withal.

Lord Lossie had been one of the boon companions of the prince of Wales—considerably higher in type, it is true, yet low enough to accept usage for law, and measure his obligation by the custom of his peers: duty merely amounted to what was expected of him, and honor, the fitting shadow of the garment of truth, was his sole divinity. Still, he had a heart, and it would speak—so long at least as the object affecting it was present. But, alas! it had no memory. Like the unjust judge, he might redress a wrong that cried to him, but out of sight and hearing it had for him no existence. To a man he would not have told a deliberate lie—except, indeed, a woman was in the case; but to women he had lied enough to sink the whole ship of fools. Nevertheless, had the accusing angel himself called him a liar, he would have instantly offered him his choice of weapons.

There was in him by nature, however, a certain generosity which all the vice he had shared in had not quenched. Overbearing, he was not yet too overbearing to appreciate a manly carriage, and had been pleased with what some would have considered the boorishness of Malcolm's behavior—such not perceiving that it had the same source as the true aristocratic bearing—namely, a certain un-

selfish confidence which is the mother of dignity.

He had of course been a spendthrift—and so much the better, being otherwise what he was; for a cautious and frugal voluptuary is about the lowest style of man. Hence he had never been out of difficulties, and when, a year or so ago, he succeeded to his brother's marquise, he was, notwithstanding his enlarged income, far too much involved to hope any immediate rescue from them. His new property, however, would afford him a refuge from troublesome creditors; there he might also avoid expenditure for a season, and perhaps rally the forces of a dissolute life; the place was not new to him, having, some twenty years before, spent nearly twelve months there, of which time the recollections were not altogether unpleasant: weighing all these things he had made up his mind, and here he was at Lossie House.

The marquis was about fifty years of age, more worn than his years would account for, yet younger than his years in expression, for his conscience had never bitten him very deep. He was middle-sized, broad-shouldered, but rather thin, with fine features of the aquiline Greek type, light-blue hazy eyes, and fair hair, slightly curling and streaked with gray. His manners were those of one polite for his own sake. To his remote inferiors he was kind—would even encourage them to liberties, but might in turn take greater with them than they might find agreeable. He was fond of animals—would sit for an hour stroking the head of Demon, his great Irish deerhound; but at other times would tease him to a wrath which touched the verge of dangerous. He was fond of practical jokes, and would not hesitate to indulge himself even in such as were incompatible with any genuine refinement: the sort had been in vogue in his merrier days, and Lord Lossie had ever been one of the most fertile in inventing and loudest in enjoying them. For the rest, if he was easily enraged, he was readily appeased; could drink a great deal, but was no drunkard; and held as his creed that a God had probably made the world

and set it going, but that he did not care a brass farthing, as he phrased it, how it went on, or what such an insignificant being as a man did or left undone in it. Perhaps he might amuse himself with it, he said, but he doubted it. As to men, he believed every man loved himself supremely, and therefore was in natural warfare with every other man. Concerning women he professed himself unable to give a definite utterance of any sort—and yet, he would add, he had had opportunities.

The mother of Florimel had died when she was a mere child, and from that time she had been at school until her father brought her away to share his fresh honors. She knew little, that little was not correct, and had it been, would have yet been of small value. At school she had been under many laws, and had felt their slavery: she was now in the third heaven of delight with her liberty. But the worst of foolish laws is, that when the insurgent spirit casts them off, it is but too ready to cast away with them the genial self-restraint which these fretting trammels have smothered beneath them.

Her father regarded her as a child, of whom it was enough to require that she should keep out of mischief. He said to himself now and then that he must find a governess for her; but as yet he had not begun to look for one. Meantime he neither exercised the needful authority over her, nor treated her as a companion. His was a shallow nature, never very pleasantly conscious of itself except in the whirl of excitement and the glitter of crossing lights: with a lovely daughter by his side, he neither sought to search into her being, nor to aid its unfolding, but sat brooding over past pleasures, or fancying others yet in store for him—lost in the dull flow of life along the lazy reach to whose mire its once tumultuous torrent had now descended. But, indeed, what could such a man have done for the education of a young girl? How many of the qualities he understood and enjoyed in women could he desire to see developed in his daughter? There was yet enough of the

father in him to expect those qualities in her to which in other women he had been an insidious foe; but had he not done what in him lay to destroy his right of claiming such from her?

So Lady Florimel was running wild, and enjoying it. As long as she made her appearance at meals, and looked happy, her father would give himself no trouble about her. How he himself managed to live in those first days without company—what he thought about or speculated upon, it were hard to say. All he could be said to do was to ride here and there over the estate with his steward, Mr. Crathie, knowing little and caring less about farming, or crops, or cattle. He had by this time, however, invited a few friends to visit him, and expected their arrival before long.

"How do you like this dull life, Flory?" he said, as they walked up the garden to breakfast.

"Dull, papa!" she returned. "You never were at a girls' school, or you wouldn't call this dull. It is the merriest life in the world. To go where you like, and have miles of room! And such room! It's the loveliest place in the world, papa!"

He smiled a small, satisfied smile, and stooping stroked his Demon.

CHAPTER XIV.

MEG PARTAN'S LAMP.

MALCOLM went down the river-side, not over pleased with the marquis; for, although unconscious of it as such, he had a strong feeling of personal dignity.

As he threaded the tortuous ways of the Seaton toward his own door, he met sounds of mingled abuse and apology. Such were not infrequent in that quarter, for one of the women who lived there was a termagant, and the door of her cottage was generally open. She was known as Meg Partan. Her husband's real name was of as little consequence in life as it is in my history, for almost everybody in the fishing villages of that coast was and is known by his *to-name*, or nickname, a device for distinction

rendered absolutely necessary by the paucity of surnames occasioned by the persistent intermarriage of the fisher-folk. *Partan* is the Scotch for *crab*, but the immediate recipient of the name was one of the gentlest creatures in the place, and hence it had been surmised by some that, the gray mare being the better horse, the man was thus designated from the crabbedness of his wife; but the probability is he brought the agnomen with him from school, where many such apparently misfitting names are unaccountably generated.

In the present case, however, the apologies were not issuing as usual from the mouth of Davy Partan, but from that of the blind piper. Malcolm stood for a moment at the door to understand the matter of contention, and prepare himself to interfere judiciously.

"Gien ye suppose, piper, 'at ye're peyed to drive fowk oot o' their beds at sic hoors as yon, it's time the toon-cooncil was informed o' yer mistak," said Meg Partan, with emphasis on the last syllable.

"Ta coot peoples up in ta town are not half so hart upon her as you, Mistress Partan," insinuated poor Duncan, who, knowing himself in fault, was humble; "and it's tere taf she's paid," he added, with a bridling motion, "and not town here below."

"Dinna ye gloriffee yersel' to suppose there's a fisher, lat alane a fisher's wife, in a' the haille Seaton 'at wad lippen (*trust*) till an auld haiveril like you to hae them up i' the morning'! Haith! I was oot o' my bed hoors or I hard the skirlin' o' *your* pipes. Troth! I ken weel hoo muckle ower ear' yer was! But what fowk taks in han', fowk sud put oot o' han' in a proper mainner, and no misguggle 't a'thegither like yon. An' for what they say i' the toon, there's Mistress Catanach—"

"Mistress Catanach is a paad 'oman," said Duncan.

"I wad advise *you*, piper, to haud a quaiet sough about *her*. *She's* no to be meddlet wi', Mistress Catanach, I can tell ye. Gien ye anger her, it'll be the waur for ye. The neist time ye hae a lyin' in, she'll be raxin' (*reaching*) ye a

hairless pup, or, 'deed, maybe a stan' o' bagpipes, as the produck."

"Her nain sel' will not pe requiring her sairvices, Mistress Partan; she'll pe leafing tat to you, if you'll excuse me," said Duncan.

"'Deed, ye're richt there! An auld speldin' (*dried haddock*) like you! Ha! ha! ha!"

Malcolm judged it time to interfere, and stepped into the cottage. Duncan was seated in the darkest corner of the room, with an apron over his knees, occupied with a tin lamp. He had taken out the wick and laid its flat tube on the hearth, had emptied the oil into a saucer, and was now rubbing the lamp vigorously: cleanliness rather than brightness must have been what he sought to produce.

Malcolm's instinct taught him to side so far with the dame concerning Mrs. Catanach, and thereby turn the torrent away from his grandfather.

"'Deed ye're richt there, Mistress Findlay!" he said. "She's no to be meddlet wi'. She's no mowse (*safe*)."

Malcolm was a favorite with Meg, as with all the women of the place; hence she did not even start in resentment at his sudden appearance, but, turning to Duncan, exclaimed victoriously—

"Hear till yer ain oye! He's a laad o' sense!"

"Ay, hear to him!" rejoined the old man with pride. "My Malcolm will always pe speaking tat which will pe worth ta hearing with ta ears. Poth of you and me will pe knowing ta Mistress Catanach pretty well—eh, Malcolm, my son? We'll not pe trusting her ferry too much—will we, my son?"

"No a hair, daddy," returned Malcolm.

"She's a dooms clever wife, though; an' ane 'at ye may lippen till i' the w'y o' her ain callin'," said Meg Partan, whose temper had improved a little under the influence of the handsome youth's presence and cheery speech.

"She'll not pe toubting it," responded Duncan; "put, ach! ta voman 'll be hafing a crim feesage and a fearsome eye!"

Like all the blind, he spoke as if he saw perfectly.

"Weel, I hae hard fowk say 'at ye bude (*behoved*) to hae the second sicht," said Mrs. Findlay, laughing rudely; "but wow! it stan's ye in sma' service gien that be a' it comes till. She's a guid-natur'd, sonsy-luikin' wife as ye wad see; an' for her een, they're jist sic likes mine ain.—Haena ye near dune wi' that lamp yet?"

"The week of it 'll pe shust a leetle out of orte," answered the old man. "Ta pairns has been pulling it up with a peen from ta top, and not putting it in at ta hole for ta purpose. And she'll pe thinking you'll pe cleaning off ta purnt part with a peen yourself, ma'am, and not with ta pair of scissors she tolt you of, Mistress Partan."

"Gae 'wa' wi' yer nonsense!" cried Meg. "Daur ye say I dinna ken hoo to trim an uilyie lamp wi' the best blin' piper ever cam frae the bare-leggit Heelans?"

"A choke's a choke, ma'am," said Duncan, rising with dignity; "put for a laty to make a choke of a man's pare leks is not ta propriety!"

"Oot o' my hoose wi' ye!" screamed the she-Partan. "Wad ye threep (*insist*) upo' me onything I said was less nor proaper. 'At I sud say what wadna stan' the licht as weel's the bare houghs o' only heelan rascal 'at ever lap a lawlan' dyke!"

"Hoot toot! Mistress Findlay," interposed Malcolm, as his grandfather strode from the door; "ye maunna forget 'at he's auld an' blin'; an' a' heelan' fowk's some kittle (*touchy*) aboot their legs."

"Deil shochle them!" exclaimed the Partaness; "what care I for 's legs?"

Duncan had brought the germ of this ministry of light from his native Highlands, where he had practiced it in his own house, no one but himself being permitted to clean, or fill, or indeed, trim the lamp. How first this came about, I do not believe the old man himself knew. But he must have had some feeling of a call to the work; for he had not been a month in Portlossie, before he had installed himself in several

families as the genius of their lamps, and he gradually extended the relation until it comprehended almost all the houses in the village.

It was strange and touching to see the sightless man thus busy about light for others. A marvelous symbol of faith he was—not only believing in sight, but in the mysterious, and to him altogether unintelligible, means by which others saw! In thus lending his aid to a faculty in which he had no share, he himself followed the trail of the garments of Light, stooping ever and anon to lift and bear her skirts. He haunted the steps of the unknown Power, and flitted about the walls of her temple, as we mortals haunt the borders of the immortal land, knowing nothing of what lies behind the unseen veil, yet believing in an unrevealed grandeur. Or shall we say he stood like the forsaken merman, who, having no soul to be saved, yet lingered and listened outside the prayer-echoing church? Only old Duncan had got farther: though he saw not a glimmer of the glory, he yet asserted his part and lot in it, by the aiding of his fellows to that of which he lacked the very conception himself. He was a doorkeeper in the house, yea, by faith the blind man became even a priest in the temple of Light.

Even when his grandchild was the merest baby, he would never allow the gloaming to deepen into night without kindling for his behoof the brightest and cleanest of train-oil lamps. The women who at first looked in to offer their services, would marvel at the trio of blind man, babe, and burning lamp, and some would expostulate with him on the needless waste. But neither would he listen to their words, nor accept their offered assistance in dressing or undressing the child. The sole manner in which he would consent to avail himself of their willingness to help him, was to leave the baby in charge of this or that neighbor while he went his rounds with the bagpipes: when he went lamp-cleaning he always took him along with him.

By this change of guardians Malcolm was a great gainer, for thus he came to be surreptitiously nursed by a baker's

dozen of mothers, who had a fund of not very wicked amusement in the lamentations of the old man over his baby's refusal of nourishment, and his fears that he was pining away. But while they honestly declared that a healthier child had never been seen in Portlossie, they were compelled to conceal the too satisfactory reasons of the child's fastidiousness; for they were persuaded that the truth would only make Duncan terribly jealous, and set him on contriving how at once to play his pipes and carry his baby.

He had certain days for visiting certain houses, and cleaning the lamps in them. The housewives had at first granted him as a privilege the indulgence of his whim, and as such alone had Duncan regarded it; but by and by, when they found their lamps burn so much better from being properly attended to, they began to make him some small return; and at length it became the custom with every housewife who accepted his services, to pay him a half-penny a week during the winter months for cleaning her lamp. He never asked for it; if payment was omitted, never even hinted at it; received what was given him thankfully; and was regarded with kindness, and, indeed, respect, by all. Even Mrs. Partan, as he alone called her, was his true friend: no intensity of friendship could have kept her from scolding. I believe if we could thoroughly dissect the natures of scolding women, we should find them in general not at all so unfriendly as they are unpleasant.

A small trade in oil arose from his connection with the lamps, and was added to the list of his general dealings. The fisher-folk made their own oil, but sometimes it would run short, and then recourse was had to Duncan's little store, prepared by himself of the best, chiefly, now, from the livers of fish caught by his grandson. With so many sources of income, no one wondered at his getting on. Indeed, no one would have been surprised to hear, long before Malcolm had begun to earn anything, that the old man had already laid by a trifle.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SLOPE OF THE DUNE.

LOOKING at Malcolm's life from the point of his own consciousness, and not from that of the so-called world, it was surely pleasant enough! Innocence, devotion to another, health, pleasant labor, with an occasional shadow of danger to arouse the energies, leisure, love of reading, a lofty-minded friend, and, above all, a supreme presence, visible to his heart in the meeting of vaulted sky and outspread sea, and felt at moments in any waking wind that cooled his glowing cheek and breathed into him anew of the breath of life,—lapped in such conditions, bathed in such influences, the youth's heart was swelling like a rosebud ready to burst into blossom.

But he had never yet felt the immediate presence of woman in any of her closer relations. He had never known mother or sister; and, although his voice always assumed a different tone and his manner grew more gentle in the presence of a woman, old or young, he had found little individually attractive amongst the fisher-girls. There was not much in their circumstances to bring out the finer influences of womankind in them: they had rough usage, hard work at the curing and carrying of fish and the drying of nets, little education, and but poor religious instruction. At the same time any failure in what has come to be specially called *virtue* was all but unknown amongst them; and the profound faith in women, and corresponding worship of everything essential to womanhood which essentially belonged to a nature touched to fine issues, had as yet met with no check. It had never come into Malcolm's thought that there were live women capable of impurity. Mrs. Catanach was the only woman he had ever looked upon with dislike—and that dislike had generated no more than the vaguest suspicion. Let a woman's faults be all that he had ever known in woman, he yet could look on her with reverence—and the very heart of reverence is love; whence it may be plainly seen that Malcolm's nature was at once prepared for much delight, and exposed

to much suffering. It followed that all the women of his class loved and trusted him; and hence in part it came that, absolutely free of arrogance, he was yet confident in the presence of women. The tradesmen's daughters in the upper town took pains to show him how high above him they were, and women of better position spoke to him with a kind condescension that made him feel the gulf that separated them; but to one and all he spoke with the frankness of manly freedom.

But he had now arrived at that season when, in the order of things, a man is compelled to have at least a glimmer of the life which consists in sharing life with another. When once, through the thousand unknown paths of creation, the human being is so far divided from God that his individuality is secured, it has become yet more needful that the crust gathered around him in the process should be broken; and the love between man and woman, arising from a difference deep in the heart of God, and essential to the very being of each—for by no words can I express my scorn of the evil fancy that the distinction between them is solely or even primarily physical—is one of His most powerful forces for blasting the wall of separation, and, first step toward the universal harmony, of twain making one. That love should be capable of ending in such vermiculate results as too often appear, is no more against the loveliness of the divine idea, than that the forms of man and woman, the spirit gone from them, should degenerate to such things as may not be looked upon. There is no plainer sign of the need of a God, than the possible fate of Love. The celestial Cupido may soar aloft on seraph wings that assert his origin, or fall down on the belly of a snake and creep to hell.

But Malcolm was not of the stuff of which coxcombs are made, and had not begun to think even of the abyss that separated Lady Florimel and himself—an abyss like that between star and star, across which stretches no mediating air—a blank and blind space. He felt her presence only as that of a being to be

worshiped, to be heard with rapture, and yet addressed without fear.

Though not greatly prejudiced in favor of books, Lady Florimel had burrowed a little in the old library at Lossie House, and had chanced on the *Faerie Queene*. She had often come upon the name of the author in books of extracts, and now, turning over its leaves, she found her own. Indeed, where else could her mother have found the name *Florimel*? Her curiosity was roused, and she resolved—an no light undertaking—to read the poem through, and see who and what the lady, Florimel, was. Notwithstanding the difficulty she met with at first, she had persevered, and by this time it had become easy enough. The copy she had found was in small volumes, of which she now carried one about with her wherever she wandered; and making her first acquaintance with the sea and the poem together, she soon came to fancy that she could not fix her attention on the book without the sound of the waves for an accompaniment to the verse—although the gentler noise of an ever-flowing stream would have better suited the nature of Spenser's rhythm; for indeed, he had composed the greater part of the poem with such a sound in his ears, and there are indications in the poem itself that he consciously took the river as his chosen analogue after which to model the flow of his verse.

It was a sultry afternoon, and Florimel lay on the seaward side of the dune, buried in her book. The sky was foggy with heat, and the sea lay dull, as if oppressed by the superincumbent air, and leaden in hue, as if its color had been destroyed by the sun. The tide was rising slowly, with a muffled and sleepy murmur on the sand; for here were no pebbles to impart a hiss to the wave as it rushed up the bank, or to go softly hurtling down the slope with it as it sank. As she read, Malcolm was walking toward her along the top of the dune, but not until he came almost above where she lay, did she hear his step in the soft quenching sand.

She nodded kindly, and he descended, approaching her.

"Did ye want me, my leddy?" he asked.

"No," she answered.

"I wasna sure whether ye noddit 'cause ye wantit me, or no," said Malcolm, and turned to reascend the dune.

"Where are you going now?" she asked.

"Ow! nae gait in particular. I jist cam oot to see hoo things war luikin'."

"What things?"

"Ow! jist the lift (*sky*), an' the sea, an' sic generals."

That Malcolm's delight in the presences of Nature—I say *presences*, as distinguished from forms and colors and all analyzed sources of her influences—should have already become a conscious thing to himself, requires to account for it the fact that his master, Graham, was already under the influences of Wordsworth, whom he had hailed as a Crabbe that had burst his shell and spread the wings of an eagle: the virtue passed from him to his pupil.

"I won't detain you from such important business," said Lady Florimel, and dropped her eyes on her book.

"Gien ye want my company, my leddy, I can luik aboot me jist as weel here as ony ither gait," said Malcolm.

And as he spoke, he gently stretched himself on the dune, about three yards aside and lower down. Florimel looked half amused and half annoyed, but she had brought it on herself, and would punish him only by dropping her eyes again on her book, and keeping silent. She had come to the Florimel of snow.

Malcolm lay and looked at her for a few moments pondering; then fancying he had found the cause of her offence, rose, and, passing to the other side of her, again lay down, but at a still more respectful distance.

"Why do you move?" she asked, without looking up.

"'Cause there's jist a possible air o' win' frae the nor'-east."

"And you want me to shelter you from it?" said Lady Florimel.

"Na, na, my leddy," returned Malcolm, laughing; "for as bonny's ye are, ye wad be but sima' scoug (*shelter*)."

"Why did you move, then," persisted the girl, who understood what he said just about half.

"Weel, my leddy, ye see it's het, an' I'm aye among the fish mair or less, an' I didna ken 'at I was to hae the honor o' sittin' doon aside ye; sae I thoct ye was maybe smellin' the fish. It's healthy eneuch, but some fowk disna like it; an' for a' that I ken, you gran' fowk's senses may be mair ready to scunner (*take offence*) than oors. 'Deed, my leddy, we wadna need to be particular whiles, or it wad be the waur for s'."

Simple as it was, the explanation served to restore her equanimity, disturbed by what had seemed his presumption in lying down in her presence: she saw that she had mistaken the action. The fact was, that, concluding from her behavior she had something to say to him, but was not yet at leisure for him, he had lain down, as a loving dog might, to await her time. It was devotion, not coolness. To remain standing before her would have seemed a demand on her attention; to lie down was to withdraw and wait. But Florimel, although pleased, was only the more inclined to torment—a peculiarity of disposition which she inherited from her father: she bowed her face once more over her book, and read through three whole stanzas, without, however, understanding a single phrase in them, before she spoke. Then looking up, and regarding for a moment the youth who lay watching her with the eyes of the servants in the psalm, she said—

"Well? What are you waiting for?"

"I thoct ye wantit me, my leddy! I beg yer pardon," answered Malcolm, springing to his feet, and turning to go.

"Do you ever read?" she asked.

"After that," replied Malcolm, turning again, and standing stock-still. "An' I like best to read jest as yer leddyship's readin' the noo, lyin' o' the san'-hill, wi' the haill sea afore me, an' nothing atween me an' the icebergs but the water an' the stars an' a wheen islands. It's like readin' wi' fower een, that?"

"And what do you read on such occa-

sions?" carelessly drawled his persecutor.

"Whiles ae thing an' whiles anither—whiles onything I can lay my han's upo'. I like traivels an' sic like weel eneuch; an' history, gien it be na ower dry-like. I div *not* like sermons, an' there's mair o' them in Portlossie than onything ither. Mr. Graham—that's the schoolmaister—has a gran' library, but its maist Laitin an' Greek, an' though I like the Laitin weel, it's no what I wad read i' the face o' the sea. When ye 're in dreid o' wantin' a dictionar', that spiles a'."

"Can you read Latin, then?"

"Ay: what for no, my leddy? I can read Virgil middlin'; and Horace's *Ars Poetica*, the whilk Mr. Graham says is no its richt name ava, but jist *Epistola ad Pisones*; for gien they bude to gie 't anither, it sud ha' been *Ars Dramatica*. But leddies dinna care about sic things."

"You gentlemen give us no chance. You won't teach us."

"Noo, my leddy, dinna begin to mak' ghem o' me, like my lord. I cud ill bide it frae him, an' gien ye tak till 't as weel, I maun jist haud oot o' yer gait. I'm nae gentleman, an' hae ower muckle respect for what becomes a gentleman to be pleased at being ca'd ane. But as for the Laitin, I'll be prood to instruct her leddyship whan ye please."

"I'm afraid I've no great wish to learn," said Florimel.

"I daur say not," said Malcolm quietly, and again addressed himself to go.

"Do you like novels?" asked the girl.

"I never saw a novelle. There's no ane amo' a' Mr. Graham's buiks, an' I s' warran' there's full twa hunner o' *them*. I dinna believe there's a single novelle in a' Portlossie."

"Don't be too sure: there are a good many in our library."

"I hadna the presumption, my leddy, to coont the Hoose in Portlossie.—Ye 'll hae a sicht o' buiks up there, no?"

"Have you never been in the library?"

"I never set fut i' the hoose—'cep' i' the kitchie, an' ance or twice steppin' across the ha' frae the ae door to the tither. I wad fain see what kin' o' a place great fowk like you bides in, an'

what kin' o' things, buiks an' a', ye hae about ye. It's no easy for the like o' huz 'at has but a but an' a ben (*outer and inner room*), to unnerstan' hoo ye fill sic a muckle place as yon. I wad be aye i' the library, I think. But," he went on, glancing involuntarily at the dainty little foot that peered from under her dress, "yer leddyship's sae licht-fittit, ye'll be ower the haill dwellin', like a wee bird in a muckle cage. Whan I want room, I like it wantin' wa's."

Once more he was on the point of going, but once more a word detained him.

"Do you ever read poetry?"

"Ay, sometimes—whan it's auld."

"One would think you were talking about wine! Does age improve poetry as well?"

"I ken naething about wine, my leddy. Miss Horn gae me a glaiss the ither day, an' it tastit weel, but whether it was *merum* or *mixtum*, I couldna tell mair nor a haddick. Doobtless age does gar poetry smack a wee better; but I said *auld* only 'cause there's sae little new poetry that I care about comes my gait. Mr. Graham's unco ta'en wi Maister Wordsworth—no an ill name for a poet: do ye ken onything about *him*, my leddy?"

"I never heard of him."

"I wadna gie an auld Scots ballant for a barrowfu' o' his. There's gran' bits here an' there, nae doobt, but it's ower mim-mou'ed for me."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It's ower saft an' sliddery-like i' yer mou', my leddy."

"What sort do you like, then?"

"I like Milton weel. Ye get a fine mou'fu' o' *him*. I dinna like the verse 'at ye can murle (*crumble*) oot atween yer lips an' yer teeth. I like the verse 'at ye maun open yer mou' weel to lat gang. Syne it's worth yer while, whether ye unnerstan' 't or no."

"I don't see how you can say that."

"Jist hear, my leddy! Here's a bit I cam upo' last nicht:

His volant touch,
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.

Hear till 't! It's gran'—even though ye dinna ken what it means a bit."

"I do know what it means," said Florimel. "Let me see: *volant* means—what does *volant* mean?"

"It means *fleein'*, I suppose."

"Well, he means some musician or other."

"Of coorse; it maun be Jubal.—I ken a' the words but *fugue*; though I canna tell what business *instinct* an' *proportions* hae there."

"It's describing how the man's fingers, playing a fugue—on the organ, I suppose—"

"A *fugue* 'll be some kin' o' a tune, than? That casts a heap o' licht on't, my leddy.—I never saw an organ: what is 't like?"

"Something like a pianoforte."

"But I never saw ane o' them, either. It's ill makin' things a'thegither oot o' yer ain heid."

"Well, it's played with the fingers—like this," said Florimel. "And the fugue is a kind of piece where one part pursues the other—"

"An' syne," cried Malcolm eagerly, "that ane turns roon' an' rins efter the first;—that 'll be '*fled and pursued transverse*.' I hae't! I hae't! See, my leddy, what it is to hae sic schoolin', wi' music an' a'! The *proportions*—that's the relation o' the notes to ane anither; an' *fugue*—that comes frae *fugere*, to *flee*—'*fled and pursued transverse*' the resonant fugue'—the tane rinnin' efter the tither, roon' an' roon'. Ay, I hae't noo!—*Resonant*—that's *echoing* or *resounding*. But what's *instinct*, my leddy? It maun be an adjective, I'm thinkin'."

Although the modesty of Malcolm had led him to conclude the girl immeasurably his superior in learning because she could tell him what a fugue was, he soon found she could help him no further, for she understood scarcely anything about grammar, and her vocabulary was limited enough. Not a doubt interfered, however, with her acceptance of the imputed superiority; for it is as easy for some to assume as it is for others to yield.

"I hae't! It is an adjective," cried Malcolm, after a short pause of thought.

"It's the *touch* that's *instinct*. But I fancy there sud be a comma efter *instinct*.—His fingers were sae used till 't that they could 'maist do the thing o' them-sel's.—Isna 't lucky, my leddy, that I thoct o' sayin' 't ower to *you*? I'll read the buik frae the beginnin'—it's the neist to the last, I think—jist to come upo' the twa lines i' their ain place, ohn their expectin' me like, an' see hoo gran' they soon' whan a body unnerstan's them. Thank ye, my leddy."

"I suppose you read Milton to your grandfather?"

"Ay, sometimes—i' the lang fore-nichts."

"What do you mean by the *fore-nights*?"

"I mean efter it's dark an' afore ye gang to yer bed.—He likes the battles o' the angels best. As sune 's it comes to ony fechtin', up he gets, an' gangs stridin' about the flure; an' whiles he maks a claucht at 's claymore; an' faith! ance he maist cawed aff my heid wi' 't, for he had made a mistak about whaur I was sittin'."

"What's a *claymore*?"

"A muckle heelan' braidswoord, my leddy. *Clay* frae *gladius*, verra likly; an' *more*'s the Gaelic for *great*: *claymore*, great sword. Blin' as my gran' father is, ye wad sweer he had fochten in 's day, gien ye hard hoo he'll gar 't whurr an' whistle about 's heid as gien 't was a bit lath o' wud."

"But that's very dangerous," said Florimel, something aghast at the recital.

"Ow, ay!" assented Malcolm, indifferently.—"Gien ye wad luik in, my leddy, I wad lat ye see his claymore, an' his dirk, an' his skene dhu, an' a'."

"I don't think I could venture. He's too dreadfu! I should be terrified at him."

"Dreidfu! my leddy? He's the quietest, kin'liest auld man!—that is, providit ye say naething for a Cawmill, or *agen* ony ither hielanman. Ye see he comes o' Glenco, an' the Cawmills are jist a hate till him—specially Cawmill o' Glenlyon, wha was the warst o' them a'. Ye sud hear him tell the story till 's pipes, my leddy! It's gran' to hear him! An' the poetry a' his ain!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE STORM.

THERE came a blinding flash and a roar through the leaden air, followed by heavy drops mixed with huge hailstones. At the flash, Florimel gave a cry and half rose to her feet, but at the thunder, fell, as if stunned by the noise, on the sand. As if with a bound, Malcolm was by her side, but when she perceived his terror, she smiled, and laying hold of his hand, sprung to her feet.

"Come, come," she cried; and still holding his hand, hurried up the dune, and down the other side of it. Malcolm accompanied her step for step, strongly tempted, however, to snatch her up, and run for the bored craig: he could not think why she made for the road—high on an unscalable embankment, with the park-wall on the other side. But she ran straight for a door in the embankment itself, dark between two buttresses, which, never having seen it open, he had not thought of. For a moment she stood panting before it, while with trembling hand she put a key in the lock; the next she pushed open the creaking door and entered. As she turned to take out the key, she saw Malcolm yards away in the middle of the road and in a cataract of rain, which seemed to have with difficulty suspended itself only until the lady should be under cover. He stood with his bonnet in his hand, watching for a farewell glance.

"Why don't you come in?" she said impatiently.

He was beside her in a moment.

"I didna ken ye wad let me in," he said.

"I wouldn't have you drowned," she returned, shutting the door.

"Droont!" he repeated. "It wad tak a hantle (*great deal*) to droon me. I stack to the boddom o' a whumled boat a hail night when I was but fifteen."

They stood in a tunnel which passed under the road, affording immediate communication between the park and the shore. The farther end of it was dark with trees. The upper half of the door by which they had entered was a wooden grating, for the admission of

light, and through it they were now gazing, though they could see little but the straight lines of almost perpendicular rain that scratched out the colors of the landscape. The sea was troubled, although no wind blew; it heaved as with an inward unrest. But suddenly there was a great broken sound somewhere in the air; and the next moment a storm came tearing over the face of the sea, covering it with blackness innumerable rent into spots of white. Presently it struck the shore, and a great rude blast came roaring through the grating, carrying with it a sheet of rain, and, catching Florimel's hair, sent it streaming wildly out behind her.

"Dinna ye think, my leddy," said Malcolm, "ye had better mak for the hoose? What wi' the win' an' the weat thegither, ye'll be gettin' yer deith o' cauld. I s' gang wi' ye sae far, gien ye'll alloo me, jist to haud it ohn blawn ye awa'."

The wind suddenly fell, and his last words echoed loud in the vaulted way. For a moment it grew darker in the silence, and then a great flash carried the world away with it, and left nothing but blackness behind. A roar of thunder followed, and even while it yet belled, a white face flitted athwart the grating, and a voice of agony shrieked aloud:

"I dinna ken whaur it comes frae!"

Florimel grasped Malcolm's arm: the face had passed close to hers—only the grating between, and the cry cut through the thunder like a knife.

Instinctively, almost unconsciously, he threw his arm around her, to shield her from her own terror.

"Dinna be fleyt, my leddy," he said. "It's naething but the mad laird. He's a quaiet cratur eneuch, only he disna ken whaur he comes frae—he disna ken whaur onything comes frae—an' he canna bide it. But he wadna hurt leevin' cratur, the laird."

"What a dreadful face!" said the girl, shuddering.

"It's no an ill-faured face," said Malcolm, "only the storm's frichtit him by ord'nar, an' it's unco ghaistly the noo."

"Is there nothing to be done for him?" she said compassionately.

"No upo' this side the grave, I doobt, my leddy," answered Malcolm.

Here, coming to herself, the girl became aware of her support, and laid her hand on Malcolm's to remove his arm. He obeyed instantly, and she said nothing.

"There was some speech," he went on hurriedly, with a quaver in his voice, "o' pittin' him intill the asylum at Aberdeen, an' noo lattin' him scoor the queentry this gait, they said; but it wad hae been sheer cruelty, for the cratur likes naething sae weel as rinnin' aboot, an' does no mainner o' hurt. A verra bairn can guide him. An' he has jist as guid a richt to the leeberty God gies him as ony man alive, an' mair nor a hantle (*more than many*)."

"Is nothing known about him?"

"A' thing's known aboot him, my leddy, 'at 's known aboot the lave (*rest*) o' 's. His father was the laird o' Gerssefell—an' for that maitter he's laird himsel' noo. But they say he's taen sic a scunner (*disgust*) at his mither, that he canna bide the verra word o' *mither*: he jist cries oot whan he hears 't."

"It seems clearing," said Florimel.

"I doobt it's only haudin' up for a wee," returned Malcolm, after surveying as much of the sky as was visible through the bars; "but I do think ye had better rin for the hoose, my leddy. I s' jist follow ye, a feow yaids ahin', till I see ye safe. Dinna ye be feared—I s' tak guid care: I wadna hae ye seen i' the company o' a fisher-lad like me."

There was no doubting the perfect simplicity with which this was said, and the girl took no exception. They left the tunnel, and skirting the bottom of the little hill on which stood the temple of the winds, were presently in the midst of a young wood, through which a gravelled path led toward the House. But they had not gone far ere a blast of wind, more violent than any that had preceded it, smote the wood, and the trees, young larches and birches and sycamores, bent streaming before it. Lady Florimel turned to see where Mal-

colm was, and her hair went from her like a Maenad's, while her garments flew fluttering and straining, as if struggling to carry her off. She had never in her life before been out in a storm, and she found the battle joyously exciting. The roaring of the wind in the trees was grand; and what seemed their terrified struggles while they bowed and writhed and rose but to bow again, as in mad effort to unfix their earth-bound roots and escape, took such sympathetic hold of her imagination, that she flung out her arms, and began to dance and whirl as if herself the genius of the storm. Malcolm, who had been some thirty paces behind, was with her in a moment.

"Isn't it splendid?" she cried.

"It blows weel—verra near as weel 's my daddy," said Malcolm, enjoying it quite as much as the girl.

"How dare you make game of such a grand uproar?" said Florimel with superiority.

"Mak ghem o' a blast o' win' by comparin' 't to my gran'father!" exclaimed Malcolm. "Hoot, my leddy! it's a coomplement to the biggest blast 'at ever blew to be compairt till an auld man like *him*. I'm ower used to them to min' them muckle mysel', 'cep' to fecht wi' them. But whan I watch the sea-goos dartin' like arrow-heids throu' the win', I sometimes think it maun be gran' for the angels to caw aboot great flags o' wings in a mortal warstle wi' sic a hurricane as this."

"I don't understand you one bit," said Lady Florimel petulantly.

As she spoke, she went on, but the blast having abated, Malcolm lingered, to place a proper distance between them.

"You needn't keep so far behind," said Florimel, looking back.

"As yer leddyship pleases," answered Malcolm, and was at once by her side. "I'll gang till ye tell me to stan'.—Eh, sae different 's ye luik frae the ither mornin'!"

"What morning?"

"Whan ye was sittin' at the fut o' the bored craig."

"Bored craig! What's that?"

"The rock wi' a hole throu' 't. Ye

ken the rock weel eneuch, my leddy. Ye was sittin' at the fut o' 't, readin' yer buik, as white's gien ye had been made o' snaw. It cam to me that the rock was the sepulchre, the hole the open door o' 't, an' yersel' ane o' the angels that had fauldit his wings an' was waitin' for somebody to tell the guid news till, that He was up an' awa'."

"And what do I look like to-day?" she asked.

"Ow! the day, ye luik like some cratur o' the storm; or the storm itsel' takin' a leevin' shape, an' the bonniest it could; or maybe, like Ahriel, gaein' afore the win', wi' the blast in 's feathers, rufflin' them a' gaits at ance."

"Who's Ahriel?"

"Ow, the fleein' cratur i' *The Tempest*! But in your bonny southern speech, I daur say ye wad ca' him—or her, I dinna ken whilk the cratur was—ye wad ca' 't Ayriel?"

"I don't know anything about him or her or it," said Lady Florimel.

"Ye'll hae a' aboot him up i' the library there, though," said Malcolm. "*The Tempest*'s the only ane o' Shakspeare's plays 'at I hae read, but it's a gran' ane, as Maister Graham has empowered me to see."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Florimel, "I've lost my book!"

"I'll gang back an' luik for 't, this meenute, my leddy," said Malcolm. "I ken ilka fit o' the road we've come, an' it's no possible but I fa' in wi' 't.—Ye'll sune be hame noo, an' it'll hardly be on again afore ye win in," he added, looking up at the clouds.

"But how am I to get it? I want it very much."

"I'll jist fess 't up to the Hoose, an' say 'at I fan' 't whaur I will fin' 't. But I wiss ye wad len' me yer pocket-nepkin to row 't in, for I'm feared for blaudin' 't afore I get it back to ye."

Florimel gave him her handkerchief, and Malcolm took his leave, saying—

"I'll be up i' the coorse o' a half hoor at the farthest."

The humble devotion and absolute service of the youth, resembling that of a noble dog, however unlikely to move

admiration in Lady Florimel's heart, could not fail to give her a quiet and welcome pleasure. He was an inferior who could be depended upon, and his worship was acceptable. Not a fear of his attentions becoming troublesome ever crossed her mind. The wider and more impassable the distinctions of rank, the more possible they make it for artificial minds to enter into simply human relations; the easier for the oneness of the race to assert itself in the offering and acceptance of a devoted service. There is more of the genuine human in the relationship between some men and their servants, than between those men and their own sons.

With eyes intent, and keen as those of a gazehound, Malcolm retraced every step, up to the grated door. But no volume was to be seen. Turning from the door of the tunnel, for which he had no *Sesame*, he climbed to the foot of the wall that crossed it above, and with a bound, a clutch at the top, a pull and a scramble, was in the high road in a moment. From the road to the links was an easy drop, where, starting from the grated door, he retraced their path from the dune. Lady Florimel had dropped the book when she rose, and Malcolm found it lying on the sand, little the worse. He wrapped it in its owner's handkerchief, and set out for the gate at the mouth of the river.

As he came up to it, the keeper, an ill-conditioned, snarling fellow, who, in the phrase of the Seaton-folk, "rade on the riggin (*ridge*) o' 's authority," rushed out of the lodge, and just as Malcolm was entering, shoved the gate in his face.

"Ye comena in wi'oot the leave o' me," he cried with a vengeful expression.

"What's that for?" said Malcolm, who had already interposed his great boot, so that the spring-bolt could not reach its catch.

"There s' nae lan'-loupin' rascals come in here," said Bykes, setting his shoulder to the gate.

That instant he went staggering back to the wall of the lodge, with the gate after him.

"Stick to the wa' there," said Malcolm, as he strode in.

The keeper pursued him with frantic abuse, but he never turned his head. Arrived at the House, he committed the volume to the cook, with a brief account of where he had picked it up, begging her to inquire whether it belonged to the House. The cook sent a maid with it to Lady Florimel, and Malcolm waited until she returned—with thanks and a half crown. He took the money, and returned by the upper gate through the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

WHEN I first became a resident of Florence, some three-and-thirty years ago, Landor had ceased to live there, and my personal acquaintance with him dated from the period, many years subsequently, when circumstances that made the nine days' wonder of the time when they happened caused him to return to his old home in the "City of Lilies." But such a man could not have

been a member of the English colony on the banks of the Arno in those days, when everybody knew everybody, without leaving a very abiding mark; and the name of Walter Savage Landor was a household word among us, and all sorts of stories were current about the violent-tempered and eccentric but genial and large-hearted old man. When one stood on the "top of Fiesole" scanning

the thousand details of the unmatched scene below, the eye never failed to rest with interest on the home among the cypresses, a little to the left of and below the convent of San Domenico, which he had loved so well; and when any one of us had taken a visitor or new-comer to the terraced brow of the wondrous old Etruscan city, to show the stranger that unequaled Pisgah-sight of the Val d'Arno and all that it inherits—the river, the city-studded vale, the opposite range of sun-gilded hills, and beautiful Florence, with that surrounding of villas which caused Ariosto to say, when looking at the scene from the same point of view, that "if the villas around Florence could be collected within walls, there was wherewithal to make three Romes,"—when all this was being pointed out, he who was doing the honors of the scene never failed to indicate "Landor's villa"—"To the left there; the house surrounded by those fine cypresses; that with the little tower or belvedere in the middle of the roof, about halfway down between the height on which we stand and the level of the city."

And then would follow the current gossip; and the new-comer would be told how the hot-headed poet, impetuous as ever at sixty years of age, conceiving some disgust in consequence of certain domestic disagreements, had left his Tuscan home with absolute suddenness, making over to the wife and family he left behind him all his fortune, save a bare sufficiency to support himself in bachelor seclusion, and gone to live at Bath. And then other tales would be told—some baseless, some true enough—as, for example, this: how, having knocked a Florentine down for some offence which riled him, he was brought before the tribunal, and how, having been sentenced to pay a fine of a sequin, he threw down two, stating as he did so that as he meant to knock the "scoondrel" down again as soon as he left the court (that was Landor's constant pronunciation of the offensive word), perhaps it might save trouble to take the money for both assaults at once!

Landor's pronunciation was peculiar

in many respects, as all readers will remember that his spelling was. The latter specialty, however, was adopted in accordance with certain theories held by the great writer on the subject; but the former was, I suspect, unconsciously practiced. "Wonderful" was a very favorite word with Landor, and he invariably pronounced it "woonderful." It was his habit—or at least it was during the years of my acquaintance with him—always to use violent and hyperbolic language. All his opinions were so strongly and undoubtingly held, all his impressions were so vivid and intense, that it seemed as if ordinary language were too weak to express them. The strongest adjectives and adverbs to be found in the vocabulary were called into requisition by him on all subjects. It was a part of the native vigor and intensity of the man's nature. And the eager violence with which he would tell you that such a man was *woonderfully* clever, or such a flower *woonderfully* lovely, was truly something "woonderful"! Another more disagreeable peculiarity of Landor's conversation was the inveterate habit he had of dropping his "h's." I know that some of our American cousins, who themselves are never guilty of the fault, and who are frequently offended by it in the old country, imagine that it is nearly, if not quite, universal among us. But I hope to be believed when I assure them that Landor was the only gentleman, in the full acceptation of the word, whom I ever in my life knew to be guilty of this fault. It was very singular that it should have been so, for Landor was to all intents and purposes, in the narrowest as well as in the broadest sense of the word, a gentleman. He was a gentleman by birth, by association, by his tastes and habits; and not only a gentleman, but a refined, elegant and classical scholar by education. Yet he was one of the most determined *h*-murderers that I ever heard speak. He talked always of his 'ouse, his 'orse and his 'ome. I do not think that he went upon the compensation principle of introducing the unfortunate letter where it ought not to be heard.

It would serve no good purpose to go over again the disagreeable story of the circumstances which caused Landor to abandon his retreat at Bath and once more seek a home beneath the hill of Fiesole. The whole history was only too much the property of every newspaper-reader on either side of the Atlantic at the time. Suffice it to put once more on record the truth that Landor honestly and entirely believed that he was acting justly and generously in doing as he did. He imagined, with more or less of reason—and he was very apt to be most violently precipitate in such judgments—that a young girl had been unjustly and unworthily treated by a schoolmistress. Whereupon, without pausing to give an instant's thought either to the consequences or the abstract morality of the act, he rushed, Quixote-like, to the defence of innocence, and, not contented with more legitimate means of open warfare, supplemented them by a libel of so classically gross a character (for his Martial-fed notions of epigram may be considered to have made the offence somewhat more excusable in him than it would have been in a more modern-minded man) that, being prosecuted for it, he was cast in damages which his means, diminished as they were by the making over of nearly the whole of his fortune to his family, as has been mentioned, were entirely unable to meet. He left England, and came to end his long life among the cypresses and olives beneath which so many years of it had been passed.

It was on his return to Florence that I first knew him, a closer and more immediate intimacy having sprung up between us than might otherwise possibly have been the case, from the fact of my first wife, Theodosia, the daughter of Joseph Garrow, Esq., having known him well as an old friend of her father's during his residence at Bath. Theodosia Garrow was at that time making the first essays of her wing as a poetess, with an amount of success and applause that justifies me in saying that the larger world would have recognized her powers if her life had not been all too quickly

cut short. Her poems were appearing from time to time in Lady Blessington's *Book of Beauty* and other similar publications; and it would seem, from a number of Landor's letters which are before me, that few of these youthful effusions were sent forth into the world without having first been submitted to the criticism of the young poetess's aged friend. Some extracts from the letters in which this criticism, as well as much other friendly gossip, was conveyed, will not be uninteresting. The letters in question are not among the portions of Landor's correspondence which have been published; and there are passages in them which are well worth preserving, as showing the delicacy and finish of his criticism, as well as the genialness of his friendship.

After a long pageful of minute verbal criticism on a little piece, of which he writes, "this poem is of *wonderful beauty*," occurs the following passage: "It is remarkable that the noblest ode of Horace has a word in it which might be better exchanged for its opposite:

Cælo tonantem credidimus Jovem
Regnare: præsens divus habebitur
Augustus, adjectis Britannis
Imperio *gravibusque* Persis.

Now, *levibus* is more appropriate than *gravibus*.* Remember, I am trying with mind preposse to *find* faults; and dogs often quest who cannot find. I hesitate at the verse, 'Her sweet mate forth to play,' because it sounds too like *sweet-meat*, particularly as we must lay a stress on *sweet*."

On the phrase, "the spangled sky," he remarks: "Perhaps I am fastidious, but I avow my distaste for *spangled, velvet*, and every word translated from milliners and tailors to the earth and sky. I cannot even bear 'gild.' All these expressions remind me of something less and viler than the objects to which they are applied."

On the phrase, "One would have thought," he observes: "*One* is unpoetical and French. It suits only light

* [It is passing strange that Landor should not have apprehended the sense in which the latter epithet is used, and the inappropriateness of the former in connection with the eulogy of Augustus.—ED.]

things. *Monotonous* is liable to the same remark. These words belong to conversation, and to the worst conversation of all, that of the drawing-rooms."

This criticism on the word "monotonous" is curious, as indicating how rapidly in the speech and literature of a nation whose life moves fast the more delicate and subtle shades in the meanings of words, and the modes of using them, become changed. Surely, nobody at the present day would say of the word "monotonous" that it is specially unpoetical or French, or properly applicable only to "light things."

Here is the beginning of a gossiping letter, not to the poetess herself, but to her father: "Let me hope that before this time you are on your legs again." [A fit of the gout seems to be alluded to.] "If you are, you have the advantage of me. I cannot speak of *them* in the plural number. To-day I had a letter from Lady Blessington. She tells me that the *Book of Beauty* is not yet come out. When it is, a copy will be sent to Miss Garrow, to whom it owes its greatest value. Is it not *wonderful* . . ." Here a part of the sheet has been torn away. On the other side he continues as follows: "Ménage tells a story of a wife being carried on her bier through a briery lane: a brier scratched her, so that she awakened from a trance which had been mistaken for death. Some years afterward, when the same ceremony was to be performed again, the husband took especial care to have the briers well clipped."

The absence of the part of the sheet which has been torn makes it impossible to guess what was the application of this story. The letter continues: "I have been reading, with all the malignity of a critic's and a poet's eye, over and over again, your daughter's most beautiful compositions. In the 'Very Heart' I find

* Their bright eyes beam on me with scorn."

I doubt whether anything *beams* in scorn. The word *beam* implies . . ." Here again the torn paper deprives us of Landor's definition of the word. But I am disposed to think that his observation is

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a just one. On the opposite page he continues: "In the 'Sweet Brier' I find '*surpasseth*' before another *th*. The word in a different case would be better than *surpasses*, which is too sibilant. But my practice is never to put one *th* close to a following one."

" 'Pineth ere she can die
For the love of the pale soft evening sky.'"

I think the *can* might be omitted, for we can imagine here no passionate desire for death. And the verse to my ear is more harmonious without it. God grant my amiable friend not only to excel in purity and freshness and pathos of poetry all now living (for that she does already), but that . . . *lth* and those spirits without . . . there is no enjoyment of . . . tion or fame. Yours ever, W. S. L."

Here are some passages from another letter, dated "Bath, December 6, 1839:—" "Dear Miss Garrow, I have been reading over and over again your verses in the *Book of Beauty*. But I am not quite certain whether I should admire those on the Portrait at all less if the two last were omitted. You perceive I am rather fond of finding fault. Pray make a distinction, if you please, between finding fault and censuring. For the first requires a great deal of ingenuity, at least in the track I am taking, and the other is a common trick which every fool is expert enough to play. . . . Are you acquainted with the works of Cino da Pistoia, the lover of Selvaggia? I cannot tell at what period of his life he wrote the poem of which I send you a translation, or who the ladies were; but surely one of them ought to be Selvaggia.* Tell me what is more important than this idle question, which nobody can solve—when we shall see a volume of your poems. I have been crying in the wilderness about them. Believe me,

* Cino da Pistoia was a celebrated lawyer and poet, born at Pistoia, a little city in the Val d'Arno, in 1270. He was a friend of Dante. Selvaggia, the lady-love of his poem, died young. The pretended translation from the old Tuscan poet was, as the reader will see from the next letter quoted, the production of Landor himself. Little jests and tricks of this kind were continually passing between the recluse at Bath and the little circle of his friends at Torquay, the then residence of Mr. Garrow.

my dear Miss Garrow, with kindest regards to all your friends, yours very sincerely,
W. S. LANDOR."

Then follows on the opposite page the following :

DREAM OF CINO DA PISTOIA.

A voice in sleep came over me, and said,
Seest thou him yonder ? At the voice I raised
My eyes : it was an angel's ; but he veiled
His face from me with both his hands, then held
One finger forth, and sternly said again,
Seest thou him yonder ?—On a grassy slope
Slippery with flowers, above a precipice,
A slumbrous man I saw : methought I knew
A visage not unlike it, whence the more
It troubled and perplexed me. "*Can it be
My own ?*" said I. Scarce had the word escaped
When there arose two other forms, each fair,
And each spake fairest words, and blamed me not,
But blest me for the tears they shedd * with me
Upon that only world where tears are shedd.
Another now came forth, with eye askance :
That she was of the earth too well I knew ;
And that she hated those for loving me
(Had she not told me) I had soon divined.
Of earth was yet another, but more like
The heavenly twain in gentleness and love :
She from afar brought pity, and her eyes
Filled with the tears she feared must swell from mine :
Humanest thoughts with strongest impulses
Heaved her fair bosom, and her hand was raised
To shelter me from that sad blight, which fell
Damp on my heart : it could not : but a blast
Sweeping the southern sky, blew from beyond
And threw me on the icebeds of the north.

The mystification was not permitted to endure very long, for another letter, bearing date the 14th of December, 1839—only eight days later than the preceding one, that is—begins thus :

"DEAR MISS GARROW: If you have bought the Poems of Cino da Pistoia, you have a right to bring an action of damages against me. I never saw any volume of them. All I have seen are two or three at the commencement of a *Scelta* containing specimens of Italian poetry, and beginning with the Sicilians before Dante. I myself am guilty both of the verses and the fraud. I am the *slumbrous man* as well as the pickpocket. But I am not the commentator. Here I stop.† Let me exhort you to give the world a volume of true poetry. I myself will review it—a thing I swore I never would do. But lovers of poetry are as pardonable for their perjuries as

* Landorian orthography.

† Allusions which, for want of the other part of the correspondence, I have no means of explaining.

other lovers are ; and you remember 'Perjuria ridet amantum Jupiter.' You will never know more about it than from the poets. Do not believe that Lady Blessington is at all offended or displeased at your opinion of the prints (*i. e.*, the engravings in the *Book of Beauty*). She has heard the very same observations from me and many others. When I saw one of those disparaging representations I struck my forehead with rage. And yet it was the one on which I know the most pains were taken. Part of the fault is the painter's, who also fell under my objurgations. It was negligent in Lady Blessington to omit or defer an answer to your letter. But she is so incessantly occupied that she writes as few letters as possible. Nevertheless, I can venture to declare to you that I know her mind in regard to you, and that she estimates most highly not only your poetry, but your opinions. When I write to her again I will desire her to remove all uneasiness from your mind in respect of inattention, though I am afraid it may pain her to be reminded that there has been the appearance of it. I will transcribe three (what the Greeks would call) epigrams :

TO SOPHY.

Directed by the hand of Fate,
May Love inscribe your lot !
And, Sophy, be your wedded state
All that my own is not !

TO ANOTHER.

The jewel that is absent in the ring
We, after long entreaty, may supply ;
But who, enfolded in his breast, shall bring
A word once fallen, a long-wanting sigh ?—
Such word, such sigh as must perforce have burst
From him who placed it, or who saw it placed,
And lookt between those eyelashes when first
A tender smile his little gift had graced.

TO THE SAME.

If when I die you shed a tear,
Oh why should I linger here ?
But if my parting costs you two,
Alas ! I shall be loath to go.

"And now, with kindest regards to papa, mamma and sister, believe me, dear Miss Garrow, yours very sincerely,
"W. S. LANDOR."

I have one more letter, which I will give the reader the whole of. It bears

the date—that is, the post-mark, for none of these letters are dated by Landor—of April 8, 1840. Very soon after that date Mr. Garrow and his family left Torquay and came to Florence, thus bringing to my acquaintance her whom, after seventeen years of married life, I had to lay beneath the cypresses in the beautiful Protestant cemetery of Florence, near Mrs. Browning, who as Miss Barrett had been the friend of her girlhood at Torquay. The letter in question was as follows:

"DEAR MISS GARROW: I ought to have answered your letter a long while ago, but I took such particular care of it that for the soul of me I cannot find it anywhere, nor the noble verses it contains. It was my intention to have told you that I should have thought the ode more Pindaric if it had begun with the moral reflections, and if you could have summoned up courage enough to sacrifice a good deal of what is grand and costly. But I entreat of you to let no false delicacy deprive the world of those tender thoughts which filled me with such admiration at Torquay. They must always be the better part of what women write, and more exquisitely felt and more deliciously expressed than what we men attempt on the same subject. Dickens and Forster have been spending a few days with me. Dickens of course you know. Forster has written the lives of those statesmen who flourished in the age of the Commonwealth, ending with Cromwell. To these he has just now added a very short introduction to the study of the great civil war. Nothing can be better in its way. So put two and sixpence into your reticule, and mind how you walk down the steps" [an allusion to some rather steep stairs which formed part of the communication between "The Braddons," Mr. Garrow's residence, and the seaside town of Torquay], "and order it forthwith. Both of my friends were smitten by Miss Rose Paynter" [afterward Lady Caldwell]. "See my reproof:

Now, Dickens! By the saints! if you
Pretend to . . . what I truly do,
I cannot chuse but run you through!
And then myself. Quick! swords for two!

He said, 'It will be a lucky fellow who gathers *that* Rose.'

RONDEAU.

Under the Rose, my hearty Dickens,
What gamecock would not rear his chickens,
And glance at them with brighter eye
To see them bask or scamper by
Under the Rose!

Under the Rose lay thou thy bays!
There mine are laid for all my days!
Thou praisest them! For this alone
Praise them henceforth that they have grown
Under the Rose!

"I have turned out my coat pockets—mind, I happen now to have four coats, double my complement!—and find your letter and verses. What I meant is, that Pindar would have begun with 'Through man's race.' There is one bad line. He would be a more ingenious man than I am who could find *two* in all your writings. The one is

Calls a blessing on thee down.

Show this to Mr. Garrow, and he will say forthwith, 'Oh, never mind, Theodosia! he has sent you a fair dozen of the same fashion!'"

And there the letter is left, without signature of any kind.

On returning to Florence upon the occasion which has been above referred to, Landor went immediately to the old villa, which had during all this time never ceased to be the residence of his family. But he did not remain there long. He had led the life of a bachelor recluse too long to find himself at ease in the midst of a family, even though that family was his own. So one day he came down into the city to his old friend Browning, and told him that he must find a lodging for him in the city. It was not the easiest commission in the world to execute, for Landor's means were, for the reasons which have been explained in the earlier portion of this article, very small; and he required those comforts and attentions and that looking after which are necessary to old age, and especially so to one who, though his habits and tastes were of the simplest, had always been used to have kindly and careful attendants about him—requirements, in short, which were very little

likely to be supplied by the generality of Florentine landladies, especially of apartments within Landor's restricted means. After some search, however, Browning succeeded in locating him in a small apartment admirably suited to all the requirements of the case. It was situated in a small street turning off from the Via de' Serragli to the right: the Via della Chiesa I think the name is, but, often as I have been there, I am not sure of the name. It was a small house, kept by a very decent and 'sponsible English woman, who, not insensible to the honor of having such a man for the tenant of her small apartment, did everything in her power during the last years of his life to make him comfortable and take care of him. The situation is not far from that Casa Guidi which was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Browning, and which the well-known poems of the latter have rendered famous wherever the English language is spoken; and thus his kind friends in Casa Guidi were able to assist in looking after his comfort.

In the first floor of that little house, pleasantly looking out on the garden of the well-known sculptor Santarelli, celebrated for its collection of camellias, Landor passed the latest years of his long life, and died. And there, with all the perfect courtesy of the school and day to which he belonged—a little elaborate perhaps for the taste of the present more rough-and-ready generation—he received, and seemed to take pleasure in receiving, the visits of all the English and Americans who came to Florence with any such title, either from private introduction or from their standing in the world of letters, as could justify them in presenting themselves as pilgrims to such a shrine. During the first part of the time he was able to go about without inconvenience, and used often to come to my house in a little pony chaise from the Villa Landor, with one of his sons to drive and take care of him. And here he would sit by the hour on the middle of a sofa, with his legs stretched out at length before him, and that noble head of his, with its silver locks somewhat shaggy-looking, sometimes thrown back,

and sometimes, but less often, bent thoughtfully forward on his breast. And so he would talk always in a loud, cheery, vibrating voice of a quality which would make glasses ring on a table, and with a headlong impetuosity, of men, of criticism, of pictures, of books—much of pictures, but most of books—expressing often—more often than not, I think—the most heterodox and startling opinions, and often interrupting himself with a huge and hearty "Ho! ho! ho!" which resounded out of the caverns of his mighty chest like the laugh of a Titan whenever he said anything particularly calculated to startle the conventionalities of the Philistines.

But these visits, and other similar ones to his friends, did not last long. After his eightieth year had been passed he began to fail rapidly, and the failing was mental as well as bodily. Not that he fell into any state that could be called dotage or imbecility, but his mind seemed to become commonplace. It was curious to observe that as an ordinary mind, in those cases in which it seems to wear out with the body, becomes imbecile as its powers decay, his powerful and robust intellect appeared to become such as the minds of the generality of men are in their prime. Upon several occasions of visiting him quite in his last years—in his last months, I might say—I found him reading the forgotten novels of G. P. R. James; books which, although decidedly successful in their day, are undeniably of the jog-trot order, and neither as examples of literary art nor as analytical studies of character such as could have interested Landor in the days when he was writing the *Imaginary Conversations*. But now he was reading the innumerable and very monochrome pages of those old novels with the greatest relish, and was open-mouthed, quite in the old impetuous and hyperbolic style, in praise of the author: "A woonderful man, James! Really quite woonderful! Finest novels in the world!"

Toward the end the high vivacity and effervescing spirits which had always so markedly characterized the man began

to flag. His power of hearing also became very imperfect, and he was often querulous and complaining—often in the old hyperbolical phrases, that assorted strangely in the minds of those who had known him in the time of his exceptional vigor with the senility that had fallen on him. I remember on one occasion—not the last by several times of my visits to him, but toward the end—that as I took my seat by his side on the sofa he asked after my mother, within a few years his contemporary. I replied that she was well, but had become very deaf. "Dead! is she? I wish I was!" shouted he in answer. After I had corrected him, he asked whether she could sleep at night. I said yes, she had the comfort of being a very good sleeper. "Ah! it is a comfort! I can't sleep! I wish I could! But I shall sleep soon—sleep all the four-and-twenty hours round! Ho! ho! ho!"

The old vivacity of temperament, and irascibility, taking never malignant forms, but very often ludicrous ones, remained to the last. I remember a terrible scene of consternation in the little house in the Via della Chiesa. Landor had had his dinner, and having finished had rung for the maid who waited on him to take away the dinner things. He had taught the good people of the house that it was expedient that that which they did for him should be done quickly; but on this unfortunate occasion the girl did not answer his summons as immediately as his impatience thought she ought to have done; and when he had waited for her appearance as long as he thought the most angelic patience could be expected to wait—*i. e.*, about two minutes—he bustled up from his chair, and gathering together the four corners of the tablecloth, flung it, together with all that had been on it, but was now *in* it, out of the window into the street! Plates, dishes, decanters, glasses, forks, spoons, knives, bottles, all came down with a crash in one fell swoop. The street-boys thought that Heaven had inaugurated a new and far-improved dispensation, while the dismay and terror of the landlady inhabiting the room below may be imagined,

but not described. And this was the "vivacity" of an old gentleman considerably past eighty!

There is one subject upon which those who think that what I have to say on it is of the nature of speaking ill of a friend will consider that it were better to be silent. I should think so with them, and should abstain from touching the matter I allude to, if I agreed with them in the first proposition. But differing from them on this point, and feeling strongly that it is absolutely due to any honest profession of opinion to allow such profession to have and to exercise all such authority and influence as it may be capable of exercising, and as he who courageously professed it would have wished it to have, I do not hesitate to say that Landor was no believer in any of the creeds which are founded on the belief in a written revelation. Were there any possibility of doubt upon the subject, I should not make this statement. But it was not in his nature to conceal any sentiment or opinion, and his own utterances on the subject were of the frankest. I remember to have seen many years ago—a long time before I had ever known him—a long letter from him in which he maintained the superiority of the old classical paganism to any of the forms of faith which have superseded it. In fact, in this respect, as in many others, he was the most antique-minded man I have ever met with. Without being a profound or exact classical scholar according to the standard of a day subsequent to his own, his mind and taste had been fed and nurtured on classical studies, and especially on classical poetry, from his youth upward. In his tastes and sympathies he was essentially pagan. In his modes of thinking and feeling respecting the most important of all the questions that can occupy the mind of man he was professedly equally so. It is not for me to say, or to guess even, how far such feelings and opinions in his case were the result of temperament, and how far they proceeded from examination and reflection. That he had thought much was sufficiently shown, if by nothing else, by

the letter I have above spoken of. But Landor was to a remarkable degree one of those men whose thinking processes upon every subject are inextricably intermingled with and influenced by their emotional processes.

That he would have fully agreed with me in the feeling which I have above expressed as to the duty of speaking the plain truth on these matters with regard to those who have "joined the majority" before us, is curiously indicated by a little manifestation of his own feeling in a similar case. I happened to possess a copy of Charles Lamb's letters, which had belonged to Landor, and was enriched by many very characteristic manuscript notes on the margin in his handwriting. On a passage in which Judge Talfourd, the editor, is speaking of Lamb's religious convictions, Landor annotates indignantly, "Lamb believed nothing of the sort, and Talfourd knew it!" In fact, Landor was most conspicuously the last man on earth to conceal his own opinions on any subject, small or great, or to desire or approve of the concealment of them by others.

Landor had, as has been said, various crotchets on the subject of orthography and pronunciation. But his written style was simply perfect. We English-speaking folk have permitted our literature to develop itself unconfined and unhedged around by such recognized academies as have been in some other countries entrusted with the duty of preserving the so-called "purity" of the language. And the consequence is, that it has become, in the opinion of so impartial and so undeniably competent a judge as Jacob Grimm, the German lexicographer, the richest language which the world knows or has ever known. And Landor writing at the period of its complete development is perhaps the most perfect master of the magnificent instrument who ever used it. There have been great masters of style before his day, but it is not necessary to consider Landor as coming into competition with them. Our language has been always a growing one, and its progress, like that of the world generally, has been specially rapid of late years.

So that the language which Landor fashioned to the vehicle of his thoughts was a richer, a more powerful and a more complex one than that which our fathers had at their command. And, regarding him as an employer of the English tongue at its apogee, I think he may be regarded as the greatest master of style we have. The singular power he exhibits of bending the language to his purposes with an iron strength of grasp, which makes it malleable and plastic as clay in his hands, is all the more remarkable by reason of the eminently classical and pagan idiosyncrasies of his mind. The subjects of the *Imaginary Conversations* are, as we all know, of the most varied character, but they may be largely divided into three categories—those which deal with classical subjects; those which represent Italian persons and scenes; and lastly those concerned with English character; though it is not intended to be asserted that this account of the *Conversations* is an entirely exhaustive one. But in each of these divisions the specialties—not only superficial, but the most subtle, intimate and profound—which characterize them are felt by the reader to be indicated to him with surprising vigor and fidelity. The man most deeply steeped in classical lore will feel that the true flavor of the old pagan life was never offered to his mental palate before in so highly condensed and at the same time delicate a form. He who is well versed in the old Italian history and ways and thoughts will recognize the absolute exactitude and truthfulness of the presentation of these which is offered him. And the English reader whose interest is mainly concerned with the things and people of his own history will find himself in an atmosphere of thoroughly English ideas, manners and character. But the marvel is, that throughout the style, the language used to put before the reader so diversified a phantasmagoria of subjects, is essentially choice, terse, nervous Saxon English; and this while the local coloring is most markedly other than English.

There is one of the *Conversations*, or

rather a batch of them, which I would especially point out to the reader as exemplifying what I have here said, and at the same time evidencing in a very charming manner Landor's intense love for and appreciation of Italy. I do this the more readily because this series of five conversations, though perhaps the most perfect and finished gem that Landor ever produced, is less widely known than the rest of his works, from having been published, not in the general collection of the *Imaginary Conversations*, but in a volume by itself, under the title of *The Pentameron*. The volume consists of five conversations, supposed to have taken place on five successive days, between Boccaccio and Petrarch. The scene of them is Boccaccio's house at Certaldo, where Petrarch visited him. Certaldo is a miniature little town once surrounded by its own walls, and, trusting to them and to its situation on the top of a steep isolated hill, like so many other of the mediæval towns of Central Italy, it showed itself a hard nut to crack by any who climbed its hill with hostile intent. It is situated in the valley of the Elsa, and is a station on the railway between Florence and Siena, easily visited, therefore, in the course of a day from Florence. The excursion is one which the visitor who has a day's leisure, and has read the *Pentameron*, will hardly refrain from making. The house which belonged to Boccaccio is still extant, and almost unchanged in its old place in the main street of the little town. It is a tiny tenement, and one can hardly imagine how room was found for the poet to receive his brother bard, and at the same time supply accommodation for Assuntina, the poet's maid and sole attendant, duly immortalized by Landor. When the stranger shall have performed this little pilgrimage, and spent an hour or two in making himself acquainted with some of the simple and good-natured *paesani* of the little town of either sex, whom he will find indulging in the *dolce far niente*, and who will insist on constituting themselves his amateur guides, he will agree with me that it is

impossible to conceive a morsel of writing more instinct with truth of local coloring and delicate appreciation of national characteristics than Landor's *Pentameron*. A hundred volumes of travels and a thousand biographical and antiquarian dissertations would not place so vividly or graphically before the reader, with their appropriate framing of local scenery, the Tuscan peasant and the Tuscan priest as they were, and with small changes are still, and the Tuscan man of letters as he was in the Middle Ages. It is impossible to doubt that Landor had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the locality. But he has erred, or more probably has chosen to modify the real facts in his treatment of his fiction, in representing Boccaccio's house to have been a "*villetta* hard by Certaldo," and in that delicious account of Ser Francisco's ride to his Sunday's morning mass at the church of Certaldo. For the house is, as has been said, in the main street of the town, and within a hundred yards of the church. If, however, a more accurate accordance with the particulars of the locality had been the means of depriving us of the "crowned martyr's" ride, and of the saddling of the canonico's nag by the joint efforts of himself and Assuntina, we should have lost infinitely more than we could have gained in minuteness of matter-of-fact information.

But I am straying from recollections of Landor to recollections of the scenes in which his memory will henceforth mingle for all English-speaking nations with the memories of those who commended them to his sympathies. Such a course might carry one through a not badly-imagined succession of scenes, but would lead us too far afield for our present space. I must content myself, therefore, with bringing my recollections of Landor to a conclusion by recommending all visitors to Italy to make such of his *Conversations* as treat of Italian subjects, and especially the *Pentameron*, a part of the reading by which they prepare themselves to enjoy their trip.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

MRS. BURNET'S STORY,

AS TOLD ME BY MY WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

WE live in the quietest possible way, my wife and I. We have nothing to disturb us, having no children, and a comfortable income securely invested. Banks may collapse, argosies may sink at sea: we have no calamity to dread short of the paying off of the national debt.

I don't say that we could not make annoyances for ourselves. We have a young man, for instance, hired to superintend a horse and phaeton and to help in the garden, who might be a source of perpetual anxiety; or our female servants—but, knowing them to be human, we shut our eyes to their follies; only when the strawberries disappeared mysteriously between night and morning my wife took an opportunity of remarking on the circumstance to the household corps, and was unanimously referred to the birds for an account of the missing fruit. "That's all very well," she quietly said, "but you know birds don't wear shoes." On an average we must have gone round the garden at least once every day all the season with one or more visitors, and on each occasion my wife repeated this little anecdote with a humorous appearance of unconsciousness. I listened with a smile of appreciation, and our visitors were amused—as they had every right to be.

Although the main stream of time runs quickly enough with us, I must acknowledge the feeders are apt to lag: the years flow rapidly past, but the hours and minutes dally a little sometimes. On the Tuesday mornings we rouse ourselves with considerable alacrity, that being the day I always walk to a neighboring village to settle our weekly account for butcher's meat. (We have a butcher in our own village, but good reasons, which I need not detail, prevent us dealing with him.) If it is a fine day my wife accompanies me, and we get home to dinner with an appetite, and a

feeling that we have earned it. On Saturdays I always wind up two clocks and three timepieces, and my wife squares her household book. We give a small dinner-party some half dozen times a year, and otherwise are on good terms with the people of the neighborhood. Our village is most strictly exclusive and genteel: it is five miles from a railway-station, and as pretty a place as you could see. The houses are old-fashioned, but good and commodious, with well-stocked, well-grown gardens, while the rents are miraculously low; the consequence of which is that the inhabitants are ultra-genteel, mostly retired medical, military and naval men, with sons scattered over every land and sea, and with daughters collected at home of all ages, with very aristocratic manners and high, distinguished noses. There is one house at the end of the village which has even had the privilege of being occupied by a succession of indigent noblemen—repeatedly I have given his lordship a seat in my phaeton—and we all enjoy the title and work it diligently.

When dinner, the event of the day, is over, my wife takes an easy-chair on one side of the fire, and I take an easy-chair on the other: she furnishes herself with a volume of some kind, and I produce my note-book and pencil to note down any thought that may suggest itself or anything striking that has occurred—only nothing striking ever occurs. Her book slips from her hand into her lap, my pencil falls quietly on the carpet, the world recedes—probably the fire seizes the opportunity and recedes too—and the next thing we are aware of is the clatter of the tea things as they are brought in.

We don't always fall asleep, however. One afternoon lately my wife got interested and excited over her book, and finally shut it with a bang, causing a sudden dispersion of my ideas.

"What is it, my dear?" I asked. "You have put to flight a train of thought which was just shaping itself into words in my mind."

"I am sorry for it. If I had fifty children, not one of them should have a governess!"

"Indeed!" I rejoined. "That's an energetic resolution: what's at the bottom of it?"

"Bottom of it!" she exclaimed. "Fancy a young, impulsive and at the same time demure-looking girl given to keeping a diary or journal, or something, and writing for the press, coming into this house? Why, she'd have you down with your note-book, and me with my goloshes and constitutional walks round the garden on a wet day: the very servants would be stuck in in some way, and our village, sleepy and picturesque as it is, she might make a good thing of it. Then if she chanced to die, her biographer would weave us all into an artistic web in which we should flutter through the length and breadth of the land like so many helpless flies. Preserve us from such a fate!"

"Well, it would not be the most agreeable thing possible," returned I, musingly (I did not say it was well we had no need of a governess). "Do you know, it is said the colonel's daughter, Miss McTavish—the one with the very hooked nose—writes for periodicals?"

"You don't say so? *That* is the reason, then, she is always so anxious to get chapter and verse for everything. Only the other day I took her round to see the poultry: one of the Dorkings had dropsy, and she asked me 'to sketch the origin, progress and issue of the disease as exhibited in the domestic fowl;' as if I stood at the creature's ear all day and took notes."

"Well, you see, you have a chance of immortality, even without the governess."

"Do you know, Robert, I was surprised the other day by being told that Mrs. Burnet of Oatlands was a governess before she married?"

"Indeed!" I said, a good deal interested, for I rank among Mrs. Burnet's warmest admirers. "One would hardly

guess that: she has none of the speak-and-act-by-ruleishness that often betrays the members of that profession."

"Well, if you like, I'll tell you her history as it was told to me. I hope it will not reach Miss McTavish's ears, or she will be spicing it up for the public: one would need to be on one's guard with her."

"Is there anything remarkable about Mrs. Burnet's history?" I asked.

"Wait a little, and you'll hear. Her grandfather—"

"Spare me the grandfather, Clara, if you please: I have no doubt he was a most respectable, worthy man, but just be good enough to come to herself at once."

"I am not going to say much about him, but I must give the story as I got it: I am not good at either adding or paring. Her grandfather was an English clergyman—not a bishop, as you may suppose, but a curate—"

"With a delicate wife and an only daughter?"

"Yes," replied my wife. "I see you have heard the story already: well, what do you think of it?"

"No: I have not heard it. Go on: I don't know any more of it."

"Ah, you were guessing: that is a trick of yours. Yes, an only daughter and an only son. The daughter was very pretty, and it chanced that a detachment of soldiers was quartered in their neighborhood."

"Ah! I see now. She married the lieutenant against her father's will, the regiment was ordered to Sierra Leone, he died of climate, she of grief, leaving another only daughter."

"Now, you are right this time, Robert, except that the marriage was not against her father's will, that the regiment was not ordered to Sierra Leone, that he did not die of climate nor she of grief. While the only daughter was still an infant, Lieutenant Jerpoint was killed by a fall from his horse: Mrs. Jerpoint, his widow, lived till within these three years. Don't you remember the Burnets being in deep mourning about that time?"

"No, I can't say I do."

"Well, then, you remember last season seeing a thin old gentleman in church with them?—he wore a black velvet cap always close to his head."

"I do not remember him, either."

"He was Mrs. Burnet's uncle, a clergyman, as his father was. Mrs. Jerpoint lived with him up to the time of her death. The lieutenant did not leave a fortune, so the widow educated her daughter to be a governess. And, by the way, if Miss McTavish does hear the story, she'll hardly set herself to do it up: governess-heroines are pretty threadbare now."

"That would depend entirely on how she got it up: in good hands a world of interest might be squeezed out of the governess yet."

"Then to go on. Through some channel Miss Jerpoint got a situation in the family of Sir Francis Butler of Middleton Hall. Down came the young lady to Scotland—not certainly one of the ordinary kind of governesses that figure in books, moping, melancholy and fancying slights where none were intended, but genial and free, and at an age when the volume of life lay open before her at the bright page of hope. It was true she was sorry to leave her mother and uncle, and they would miss her much; but they were still comparatively young, and had their time filled up by duties which were a pleasure to them, while round them was a circle of chosen and intimate friends; and then her constant letters would go far to make up for her absence. And they did: they were the genuine overflow of the gladness of a young animated creature, happy in herself and in her circumstances, upon whom Care had not laid the weight of his little finger."

"Clara," said I, "I'll lend you my pencil—or pen, rather—and without doubt you will rival Miss McTavish in her own line."

"Don't talk nonsense: I'm just telling you the story as it was told to me."

"Well, go on: what next? Mr. Burnet would be a tenant of Sir Francis Butler's, and catch glimpses of the governess when he went to pay his rent."

"Mr. Burnet never was a tenant of Sir Francis's. Miss Jerpoint was an exceedingly suitable companion as well as teacher for Miss Butler, and both Sir Francis and Lady Butler soon saw this, and valued her accordingly. Although she never could have been good-looking, as a girl Mrs. Burnet must have been very charming."

"Not good-looking! I beg to differ with you there, and she is very charming now, mellowed and brought to perfection by some kind of discipline, as I think: a woman is hardly a woman without that."

"Indeed! then I can hardly be a woman, having had no discipline."

"No discipline! Have I not been hard at work for I'll not say how many years disciplining you? and is not each moment as it passes a chisel clipping off here and bringing out line by line there till the work is perfect? But I am eager to hear about Miss Jerpoint and Mr. Burnet. How could they misunderstand each other? They have too much good sense, surely, to have made themselves miserable about nothing."

"Just have patience. Although I do not write, I have sense enough not to blurt out the end of my story before the right time. Where was I? Yes. Miss Jerpoint young, happy, esteemed and beloved, was treated almost as a daughter of the house. No freezing politeness chilled her warm blood—no coming in with the dessert, and then disappearing to the solitude of her own room, to sit and listen to the sounds of gayety from above and below, feeling that for neither circle was she an eligible guest. No morbid musings, nor crushed aspirations, nor bitter and desponding entries in diaries: indeed, Miss Jerpoint was not guilty of keeping a journal. She did not sit in a dark corner watching the sunshine in which she might not bask, and jealously noting all the dust and motes that floated in its beams. No, she breathed in a generous atmosphere, and soul and body were in sound and perfect health."

"What *did* happen?" I interrupted. "Did Mr. Bur—"

"Oh, the impatience of mankind!

Mr. Burnet, indeed! Do you suppose that Miss Jerpoint never had but one lover?"

"Ah, I see!"

"The clergyman of the parish—"

"Ah, the minister, was it? Well, Satan could have gone to Paradise as an angel of light as easily as a reptile, or as a Presbyterian minister as easily as either."

"The minister of the parish," continued my wife, "was a venerable old man—"

"Whew!"

"—And highly respected: he was unmarried, and had a niece who kept house for him. Occasionally a brother of hers resided with them, and—"

"That will do now, surely."

"—And his wife. On the death of the old man they all left together, and the house stood empty. A little Eden it was, and so Miss Jerpoint often thought as she and her pupil passed it in their daily walks and drives."

CHAPTER II.

"At length the new minister came. He was the choice of the people, and a most popular man and preacher he was. He had been assistant in one parish and minister in another before he was presented to this living, and he had a gold watch and appendages and a service of plate given him by the bereaved people of his former charge."

"And I'll engage, Clara, that he was well supplied with embroidered caps and braces and bands and slippers and purses and pen-wipers worked by fair fingers and scented like 'Araby the blest.'"

"Yes, he was; and, more than that, there was one widow lady of independent means who, on each translation, translated herself along with him. No sooner was it fixed that he was going than she had a house taken in the new locality, and herself settled ready to receive him, before you could say Jack Robinson."

"Capital! And did the widow grow jealous of Miss Jerpoint, and mix a cup of cold poison for her?"

"Robert, how absurd! There was nothing of that kind: the widow was old enough to be his mother. It was his ministrations she valued so highly; and as he had no one in his house but servants, she said she liked to be near him to see after his little comforts and give him an occasional word of advice."

"What a delightful style of woman she must have been!—positively Minerva and Telemachus over again. I should not wonder if the archbishop of Cambray took the idea from some similar experience of his own."

"Certainly, there are kinds and degrees of silliness with which it is difficult to sympathize. I could not imagine myself running about the country after a clergyman, however highly I might esteem him."

"You are not a widow in independent circumstances."

"No; but to go on. Mr. Sandilands—that was the new minister's name—frequently visited at the hall. Hitherto, with perhaps pardonable vanity, he had been impressed with the idea that the entire female world was at his feet; and so that part of it that circled round him was: the slipper-and-pen-wiper-young-lady world has a very susceptible heart in its bosom, and a trick of writing scented notes about that delightful sermon, and that dear man Mr. Sandilands, and how crowded the church was, and how the people hung upon his lips, etc. A totally different phase of things opened on Mr. Sandilands at the hall. Sir Francis and Lady Butler went to church not 'to hear' this or that man preach, but to worship and gather instruction, and they did not altogether approve of Mr. Sandilands' style of preaching."

"Miss Jerpoint, on her part, had rather a prejudice against popular preachers: her grandfather and her uncle were both holy, erudite, laborious men, but neither of them had ever drawn crowded houses, which she had known done by a person with a deep voice and florid elocution, or even by a man with a black skin. It was something new to Mr. Sandilands. He missed the adulation and fuss that surrounded him elsewhere: his host and

hostess showed him much quiet and friendly politeness, but no one mentioned his sermons, nor the crowded church, nor that sweet address to the children. Lady Butler did not ask if his throat were properly wrapped up, nor suggest how much care he should take of himself; and Miss Jerpoint expressed neither alarm nor compassion when told what a pitiless storm he had encountered in prosecuting one of his pastoral visitations. Indeed, it never occurred to her that a man in robust health ought to be at all chary of exposing himself to the weather."

"I don't know what the upshot is to be, Clara, but, Miss Jerpoint's opinion notwithstanding, I am inclined to think that the preacher who draws crowded audiences, and continues to draw them, has something about him more than mere accessories — some vital points, something different from charlatanism — that he can put and keep himself *en rapport* with so many of his fellow-creatures. It's all very well for people to sneer at the fickle waves of popular favor who never ran any risk of being exposed to them."

"Mr. Sandilands, you see, had been in some measure exposed to them, but he found sudden and unexpected shelter at the hall, although no doubt he would have enjoyed them rolling that length. However, it was what you, Robert, would call a kind of discipline, and of a salutary nature too: he improved under it. The calm good sense of the auditors sitting opposite him in the crimson-clad gallery stared him in the face in his study also, and moulded his sermons, while in the pulpit his speech and action grew gradually more natural. It had been remarked by cynical people that when Mr. Sandilands pressed his hand to his forehead in an impassioned manner he did not forget not to derange his hair. He forgot his hair now—he even forgot himself, and the impression he made was not less, but greater, especially on the better class of his audience. Miss Jerpoint's chair gradually veered nearer the front of the gallery, till she had the preacher full in view. I have not told

you what he was like, Robert, have I? for I must not forget that."

"Certainly not. He would be a slight, boyish-looking man, with a lot of long hair which he would fling back off his forehead at every appropriate place."

"You think that is a 'vital point'? Did you not hear me say that he took care not to disturb his hair? It was dark and wavy; his eyes were dark and lustrous; his nose might have been stolen from a Greek statue, and he had the cleft chin of Apollo: set this head on the top of a handsome, well-knit body six feet high, and you will acknowledge that his popularity in some quarters was at least not altogether unaccountable."

"Really, Clara, your talent for description is creeping out of its napkin: let Miss McTavish look to her laurels."

"I tell you, Robert, I am only giving you the story as nearly as I can in the words I heard it. I thought I got some insight myself into the character of the man, but I don't know if I can convey it to you. I should be glad if you could reconcile his strange inconsistencies to my satisfaction."

"I doubt if I can help you there, Clara. I have thought of various people that I knew enough of them to be able to count upon what they were likely to do in given circumstances, but I found I might as well have been a child playing at hide-and-seek; and yet, if one could see closely enough, there is a thread of consistency running through every character; just as in the members of a family, who seen separately all look different and distinct, yet seen together there is a very strong resemblance among them."

"When I have done, then, you must pick out this thread in Mr. Sandilands' character and let me see it. There was much that was good about him, and even a grain or two of what was great, but it had been choked by his vanity, which had been well nursed. It was somewhat to his surprise that he found his interest in Miss Jerpoint and his admiration of her growing apace in spite of himself, for he had never intended to throw himself away upon a penniless

governess. Before very long, however, he began to feel that his fate was bound up with hers."

"The puppy! I hope she knew she was too good for him."

"From the first he had been struck with her as something different from and superior to the ordinary world of young-ladyism: he admired the clear good sense with which she always spoke to the point—the more perhaps as he had been a good deal accustomed to feminine maundering—the total absence of all kinds of smallness, the wide scope of enjoyment she had, and her entire freedom from every tinge of affectation,—all qualities which we know she has as fresh as ever, not a bit the worse for wear and tear. In her presence he felt ashamed of the minor quackeries in which he indulged, and began to shed them one by one, and come out a truer man. (No, don't pick me up, and say if a thing is true it can't be truer.) His first easy come-see-and-conquer kind of manner wore off, and a sort of diffidence took its place. He must have loved her, really loved her, for he began to doubt whether he would succeed in winning her: he did not seem to have advanced an inch nearer her, so far as he could judge, than the first time they met.

"But he had. Miss Jerpoint had begun to enjoy the homage he paid her; and when once or twice he betrayed what she thought genuine feeling toward herself, she grew interested, and admitted the idea that popularity was not incompatible with the possession of great qualities—that a man might have a fine presence and a musical voice, and a talent for putting things new and old in a striking light, and yet not be destitute of what was noble, high and holy."

"Now, Clara, don't say it: you don't mean to say that Miss Jerpoint allowed herself to fall in love with this piece of Birmingham coinage?"

"But, Robert, he was not all Birmingham. I have said, or I meant to say, that there was pure gold in him, if—"

"Ah, if! I doubt I must cut down my estimate of Miss Jerpoint."

"No, don't! Remember that she was

only a woman, or, I should say, a girl; and besides, it is unfair to judge either man or woman by the kind of article they marry. If they marry for love, as they ought to do, they are not in full possession of their senses at the time."

"Oh ho, Clara! That doctrine knocks the responsibility off one's shoulders with a vengeance; but I can give you an instance to the contrary. I married for love, and I knew as well what I was about as I do at this moment."

"You thought you did, but I might have been a vixen or virago, for all you knew."

"I am not so blind. Do you think I had not taken my own observations?"

"I have no doubt you had, but if I had been a vixen wanting to impose on you, I could have been as sweet—oh, as sweet as honey. People who are most amiable in public sometimes throw off the mask behind the scenes."

"That's true, I must allow. Well, if you had turned out a vixen on my hands, it would have been good exciting employment, the taming of the shrew."

"Ay, it's easy to make Petruchio conquer on paper, but I have known Kates that even he would have had to give in to."

"After all, then, I believe I must be thankful for my wife just as she is."

"You have every reason. You were saying you hoped that Miss Jerpoint did not fall in love. She did, and hers was not a nature to do a thing of that kind by halves. One can fancy how exquisite her reveries would be, just at the time of life as she was to enjoy to the full that dreamy delight. One can suppose it possible, when her chair drew back again from the front of the gallery, as it did when she began to feel conscious of a glowing interest in the preacher, till she could see nothing of him but the dark wavy hair, that then and there she worshiped the creature more than the Creator."

"Go on, Clara, and launch out. I should like to hear your version of how a young girl thinks and feels in a brown study of that kind, for, after all that novelists have said and poets sung,

the theme remains as fresh as ever, like the gush of delicate and ethereal flowers that comes with the young year: we gaze at them time after time with wonder and awe, and fear that a speck should sully their holy beauty."

"Robert, it is not thinking or feeling, it is floating—actual floating in as pure an ether as this world knows of—for a little, you know, only for a little while. How soon it passes, never to come again!"

"You don't mean, Clara, that Miss Jerpoint loved Mr. Sandilands, and that something coming between them—although when you mean to tell me what, I don't know—she married Mr. Burnet without loving him?"

"No, I do not mean that at all. Her love for Mr. Burnet, I don't doubt, was and is fervent and deep, but different in kind. You have spoken of spring flowers. The feelings with which she regarded Mr. Sandilands were the spring flowers of her life: they came with the season, and went with it: delicate, unrevealing, simple and childlike they were. When she married Mr. Burnet she was six years older, and the fruit of time is most certainly the knowledge of good and evil. Besides, what an experience was shut into those six years of her life! I should call her first love the snowdrop, her second the rose: it had the deep coloring and fragrance of midsummer."

"If I had to choose between them, I would have the rose, but it's all taste."

"Ah," said Clara, "perhaps I had better tell you the rest of the story another time?"

"As you please: indeed, I begin to suspect there is nothing particular to tell."

"Then, to punish you for such a suspicion, I shall make you sit still and here and now listen to the end."

CHAPTER III.

"MISS JERPOINT and Mr. Sandilands were engaged to be married, and the latter himself communicated the fact to Sir Francis Butler, who, together with Lady Butler, was heartily rejoiced to

hear it. They valued Miss Jerpoint, and were pleased that she should be permanently settled near them, and they were glad for her sake that she should be so well settled, for they believed she was the very person to supply or reform anything that was deficient or amiss in Mr. Sandilands; and most likely they were correct in thinking so. I can fancy, if the marriage had taken place, that the wife with her serene nature and rare good sense would have had the happiest effect in drawing forth what was best in her husband: each would have impressed the other, and as the years went on their lives would have blended—they would have lived for noble ends. They might have filled in Tennyson's picture:

And so these twain upon the skirts of time
Sit side by side, full summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other, even as those who love."

"Really, Clara, you are too tantalizing: leave reflection and Tennyson, and say what happened. They were engaged, you say, and not married. He did not die, and she did not die: what on earth was it?"

"Oh, I could give you the bare facts in five words, but you would prefer getting the outs and ins, would you not?"

"Well, as I am not very busy at this moment, I'll hang up my curiosity for a little and let you take your own way; and a roundabout way it is, but pleasant enough too in the gloaming."

"In December they plighted their troth to each other. That circumstance crowned the year with gladness for them: the date was an epoch, and the next year dawned upon Miss Jerpoint as what was to be the happiest of her life. The dull leaden skies and cutting winds of spring passed all unheeded by her. A tremendous storm of wind—a cyclone on its travels, probably—one night made all the woods of Middleton Hall rock and creak and strain like the masts of a storm-tossed vessel, and next day the poor people got a harvest of fallen branches to gather. Miss Jerpoint met one of them in her usual walk—an old

woman with whom she was well acquainted—who hailed her by saying, 'Eh, what a nicht o' wind it was yestreen! I never shut an e'e the hale nicht.'

"'I am sorry for that,' Miss Jerpoint rejoined, 'but I never heard the wind: I slept through it all like a top.'

"'I wad hae done that too when I was like you, but auld folk canna sleep so sound. Mony a time I lie waken for hours. Yestreen between the blasts I diverted mysel' thinking ower the minister's sermon on Sabbath: it was unco gude. I wad hae thought, frae some bits o' it, that he was a married man.'

"'Indeed! I did not observe anything that would have made me think that.'

"'I daur say, but by the time ye've toiled through the warld for sixty years ye'll see heaps o' things ye canna see where ye're standing the now: things just come to ye bit by-bit. A minister, to my thinking, should aye be a married man. Since the Irish began to come here there's a priest comes round among them ilka week; but what can he ken o' their trials or their cares or their joys? Just naething at a'.'

"'Do you not think it is possible for one man to imagine himself in the place of another, and feel accordingly?'

"'It's no possible to very mony o' us: that's a gift that's no gi'en unco often. Na, na: we can sympathize best wi' what we've felt oursel's. But hae ye noticed what a sair hoast the minister has? I was vext to hear it, for it just brought me in mind o' our Sandy's the simmer afore he de'ed.'

"'I did not notice that, either,' said Miss Jerpoint. 'Any person will cough at times;' and she walked on, and in a little met the widow lady of independent means of whom I have spoken, who dashed into the subject of the minister's cough with all the sympathy and vigor she generally brought to bear upon anything connected with him.

"'I am so anxious about Mr. Sandilands,' she said: 'such a severe cough as he has got in some way, probably by rashly exposing himself.'

"'I don't think he would do that,' said

Miss Jerpoint simply. 'I remember when he came first I used to think he took very good care of himself. I have not noticed it of late, but it is a great comfort to think that he does so. There is my uncle at home, a much older man than Mr. Sandilands: he goes out at all hours and in all weather, and never thinks of wrapping up his throat, or wearing goloshes either.'

"'Well, I can't say. That may do for your uncle: he may be made of iron, but Mr. Sandilands is not. I would not wish it to reach his ears, of course, for in a case of this kind to keep up the spirits is half the battle, but I may say it frankly to you—I do not like that cough.'

"'Oh, I should hope it's nothing more than an ordinary cold.'

"'Have you been in the habit of listening to coughs, Miss Jerpoint?'

"Miss Jerpoint had to allow that she had not.

"'Then I have,' continued the widow solemnly. 'I repeat, I do not like Mr. Sandilands' cough. One of his servants tells me that she hears him coughing for an hour after he is in bed. It really is most distressing: he ought to have change of air at once, and if I have any influence he will.'

"'But Mr. Sandilands himself says it is only a slight cold he has got.'

"'Miss Jerpoint, did you ever hear a young man allow he was ill as long as he could crawl?'

"Miss Jerpoint said nothing, for her experience in this line was very limited, and if she had ventured a reply the widow would have had a complete induction of facts to meet her with.

"'But it can't be,' she said at length—'surely it can't be that Mr. Sandilands is seriously ill?'

"'Time will tell,' said the widow oracularly.

"And they parted, Miss Jerpoint thinking, 'Certainly, it is nothing serious.' She had never sat placidly by with a smile on her face while life grew chilled within her as her anxious ear took in the cough of a much-loved one, which said as plainly as words could have said it, 'Destined to die.' And it seemed both

her acquaintances had a knowledge of coughs, and they thought alike; so she went in from her walk stricken for the first time in her life with that mortal anxiety those know when one dear to them as life is threatened with peril. Yes, she would exert herself to induce Mr. Sandilands to try change of air."

"Then he did die of lung disease, Clara?" said I. "Well, it was melancholy enough, but unhappily not remarkable: one has not to look far for apparently robust people cut down in that way."

"But he was not cut down in that way."

CHAPTER IV.

"MR. SANDILANDS had said his cold was a mere trifle, but as he wished to pay his father a visit, he made arrangements for spending six weeks with his family, who lived some fifty miles southward: that would be change and relaxation enough."

"Clara, did not the widow want him despatched to Malaga or Mentone, and offer to accompany him?"

"I don't know whether she did or not. Miss Jerpoint and her lover met and parted in the garden. It was the spring season, and they were young and lovers, and to be married in about two months: you can easily imagine the kind of interview they had, and I may spare you details."

"Now, Clara, you are too provoking! After giving me the grandfather and the father and the uncle and the widow and fifty tiresome things, to say that you will deliberately skip the most interesting part—that can't be permitted."

"Well, it was everything you or any one could wish, this love-scene. I was not told the particulars myself, and I am not equal to filling them in out of my head. They were to meet once more, to interchange speech never again. Mr. Sandilands stood a minute and looked through the gate as Miss Jerpoint disappeared from his sight: was he conscious that in her person his good angel was retreating? On her part, Miss Jerpoint

was hardly aware of anything but her own exceeding happiness. She had dismissed all fear for the health of Mr. Sandilands, for he had said he was quite well, and looked so. Peering out into the blessed vista of the future, she walked up through the gardens as if she had been treading on air, and went right to her own room, where she shut herself in to clasp her great happiness and feel that it was secure.

"When Mr. Sandilands got home he found lying for him a small parcel containing a respirator of peculiar virtues: an accompanying note from the widow earnestly requested 'that he would never expose himself to the night air without it, if he would persist in acting in such a suicidal way: but she hoped and trusted that he would make it matter for serious consideration whether it was his duty in his circumstances to go out at all after sunset.'

"What will the woman send next, I wonder?" he said as with a laugh he tossed the note into the fire and pushed the article sent into the far corner of a drawer. Next morning he started on his journey.

"And now, Robert," said my wife, "comes a gap in the history which I cannot fill up. I can only give you the bare fact. I should have liked to know how Mr. Sandilands thought and felt during those six weeks—by what steps—they must have been few and short—he reached the extraordinary act which concluded them. If a year had elapsed, or even six months, but six weeks!"

"Why, what in the world did he do? He did not commit forgery, did he? When Miss McTavish comes out with her version of your story, you'll see she'll bridge the gap in style."

"Very likely. She would either make him appear entirely blameless, or hold him up as little short of a fiend in human form. He was neither—only a weak, erring man.

"He had been gone these six weeks, when one morning, as the family at Middleton Hall were at breakfast, Sir Francis, as usual, was running his eye over the newspaper when he uttered a hasty

exclamation, which made the others look up; but no more came of it, only, instead of, as was his custom, laying aside the paper after a first cursory glance at it, he kept hold of it or set his plate on it, as if afraid it should get into other hands than his own. No sooner had Miss Jerpoint and her pupil left the room than he turned to his wife and said, 'What can possibly be the meaning of this?' and he read aloud to this effect: 'At Queenswood House, Queenswood, on the 31st, by the Rev. Josiah Porteous, the Rev. Walter Sandilands, minister of Middleton, to Louisa Adelaide, only child of John McQueen, Esq., of Queenswood.'

"It must be either a mistake or an odd coincidence of name, or a hoax," said Lady Butler.

"I doubt it," said Sir Francis. "It would be a pitiful hoax indeed, and it is not like a mistake—all distinct enough—and I am not aware that there are two Walter Sandilands, minister of parishes called Middleton."

"It is very extraordinary certainly," said her ladyship.

"We shall soon know the truth of it, although I have no doubt of it now. Base scoundrel! he is a disgrace to his cloth," said Sir Francis, his passion rising, as it was apt to do on occasion.

"Disgrace, indeed!" echoed her ladyship. "What can have been his motive? I thought he was really attached to Miss Jerpoint."

"Oh, money," answered her husband: "I have no doubt it was money. I know something of McQueen, and he is a very wealthy man."

"Will he mean to come back here and sit down beside us as if all were as it should be?"

"Goodness only knows what he means, but he shall not come if I can prevent him, or if there is law in the land. I look upon Miss Jerpoint as a member of my family: it is under my roof she has been thus grossly insulted. His conduct shall be published to the world. She must prosecute him: we can only reach the feelings of such a miscreant through his purse."

"But Miss Jerpoint—" put in her ladyship. "Any true woman would shrink from such exposure."

"It can't be helped: the man must be punished. If she were my own daughter I would insist on it." The lady said no more: she knew that her husband must have time to cool down.

"Before long they had various confirmations of the fact, which Sir Francis had never doubted, and Lady Butler took on herself the difficult and trying business of telling Miss Jerpoint what had taken place, rather than it should come upon her unprepared from any chance quarter. She went to the school-room, and finding her daughter and Miss Jerpoint preparing to go out, she accompanied them. As it happened, they strolled into the garden, to the seat where Miss Jerpoint and her lover had parted so recently. Lady Butler proposed to sit a little, and Miss Butler starting off to look at a bird's nest, she took the opportunity of stating to Miss Jerpoint a case something like her own, and asking how she thought she would feel under such circumstances.

"I really do not know how I should feel," she said, "but I should not like to be so tried." She was speaking absently, for the remembrance of that last meeting in this very spot was creeping over her.

"No one would," said Lady Butler: she could think of no other way of beginning at a distance and bringing the thing gradually to dawn on the young girl. "Sir Francis," she began again, "was speaking to me this morning of a case of the kind that has occurred among his acquaintance. He is excessively indignant: the lady is a particular friend of his own."

"I am very sorry," said Miss Jerpoint. "I suppose she will just have to suffer in silence: that's all that women can do."

"Do you think she will suffer much?" Lady Butler asked anxiously: "will she not think it a good escape? The man must be most unworthy."

"Well, Lady Butler, for you and me, standing outside and merely looking on, it is easy so to speak and so to feel, but

I doubt it would be different if we were in that unhappy lady's circumstances.'

"'I have heard,' said her ladyship, 'of women dying of broken hearts: do you believe that probable?'

"'I think so,' replied Miss Jerpoint: 'at least mental distress may so affect the body as to make it more liable to attacks of disease, and less able to throw them off, and the end may be death; but, as far as I know myself, I don't think I should die from such a cause: I don't think I should even allow myself to be ill.'

"'I am glad to hear you say so,' Lady Butler said: 'you have relieved me greatly.'

"'Do you think I am likely to have my strength tried in that direction?' asked Miss Jerpoint, while a radiant smile overspread her face: where she was sitting she seemed to hear Mr. Sandilands' last words linger in her ear.

"'We never know what is before us or what we may have to bear,' said Lady Butler hurriedly. 'Would you just read this?' and she took the newspaper from her bag, thinking, 'She will never see what I am driving at, and she must know it some time.'

"She pointed out the announcement. Miss Jerpoint read: then looking in her friend's face, she said, faintly but firmly, 'It is not true.'

"'I thought that, and said it, but Sir Francis has been making inquiries—'

"'And it is all a mistake,' said Miss Jerpoint, turning deadly pale. 'Say it is all a mistake!' she again exclaimed, almost fiercely.

"'I wish I could say so, but it is too true. Stay here a little: I will walk round with Nelly, and come back for you. You have my keenest sympathy;' and delicately she withdrew, that the first agony of spirit might pass unvisited.

"Miss Jerpoint scarcely heard her; she felt suddenly stupid and idiotic; she grew very cold and shivered. When Lady Butler returned she found her sitting exactly where she had left her.

"'I think,' she said, 'we had better go in: I have sent Nelly on before.'

"'Go in? Yes, certainly: I am quite ready;' and she rose quickly."

CHAPTER V.

"THERE was a great change in Miss Jerpoint's appearance, but none in her manner: the one she could command, the other she could not. She said to Lady Butler, 'I shall go home at the time fixed: would you be kind enough to write to my mother and prepare her for what has occurred? I cannot put it into words myself.'

"Lady Butler undertook to do this, and in the mildest terms she could think of stated what had taken place to overturn Miss Jerpoint's plans; and she did not insist on her remaining at Middleton only because she thought that it would be decidedly for her benefit that she should go home.

"Sir Francis took an opportunity of urging Miss Jerpoint to bring a suit against Mr. Sandilands. 'He deserves exposure the most thorough,' he said, 'and punishment; and at whatever expense to your own feelings it is your duty to the public. Just consent, and my lawyer shall see to everything. We can only get at him through his purse, it seems, and there is no doubt any jury would award large damages.'

"'Sir Francis, do you think for an instant that if his whole fortune were handed to me I would touch a penny of it?'

"'Quite right,' said Sir Francis. 'I can appreciate that part of it, but we could divide the money among public charities.'

"'Or found a new one for applying a golden salve to the souls of jilted women,' she said with bitter sarcasm.

"Sir Francis was awed somewhat: he felt he was in the presence of a spirit at bay, hunted and hemmed in by a whole troop of castaway hopes, seared by loss of faith, and crushed by the fall from the pedestal of impossible perfection on which she had placed him of the man whom she had delighted to honor.

"'Poor thing! poor thing!' he said to himself, 'she cannot help seeing his un-

worthiness, and yet she'll not consent to punish him.'

"'No,' she said, as if answering his thoughts, 'I could not do it; yet, if I have not been altogether mistaken in him, he will not escape punishment. Besides, we do not know how he may have been tempted. When he told me how he loved me, I thought it impossible any one could regard me so. It seems I was right, and he may never have realized how he could be loved: he could not mean to inflict such suffering.'

"'Not he,' said Sir, Francis, growing angry again. 'I have no doubt he only meant kindness, to save you from an unhappy marriage possibly, and you should be thankful to him accordingly. Women will be women to the end of time, I fancy. I may admire your forgiving temper, Miss Jerpoint, but I am not sorry to say that I cannot imitate it. If there is anything I can do to punish him, it shall be done; and if I can't turn him out of this parish, it will be strange, and high time the law should be altered.'

"What do you think, Robert?" said my wife. "Could a minister be ousted for such a cause? Or have you been listening? You have made no remark for some time?"

"I was interested, and I did not want to interrupt you. Could he be ousted? Really, I am not learned enough in ecclesiastical law to say, but I should think not. It is not generally thought a deadly sin that a man should change his mind, and marry one lady while another expects him to marry her. Miss Jerpoint's case was very aggravated, I allow; but you know women often take these things into their heads with no reasonable foundation, and—"

"Robert, stop there! Don't speak lightly of a thing like this. There are silly women, plenty of them, but that is no excuse for wicked men playing with the best and holiest feelings of others. I know that in such cases women get both the scath and the scorn."

"Still," said I, "Miss Jerpoint could attempt to excuse the guilty man, which surprises me. Isn't there some poet who

says, 'Hell has no fury like a woman scorned'? I should not have expected any circumstance to transform Miss J. into a fury, yet I should have expected her to show some degree of pride and indignation. But to excuse him—actually to make excuses for such dastardly conduct—I confess it was carrying the angelic a shade too far for my taste."

"That was one mood, Robert, but would she keep to one mood or ten in a day? Can you not fancy the dark wild surging of conflicting feelings within her? In any case, it is hard to find out that one we have loved and trusted is unworthy, but in hers it must have been fearful: one would need to be in her position to realize it. She hastened her departure from Middleton Hall, at which I don't wonder. Sir Francis arranged to accompany her home, for in her state of mind he could not think of her traveling alone, neither could he propose sending a servant with her, and he was not the man to fail in attention to the humblest of womankind. But he was saved the trouble, if such he would have thought it, for Miss Jerpoint's uncle arrived to take her home.

"No sooner was she gone than Sir Francis sat down and opened a safety-valve for his excited feelings by writing a full-grown letter to Mr. Sandilands, giving not merely a bit but the whole of his mind upon the affair, and fully detailing his conversation with Miss Jerpoint. 'If he has a conscience and a heart,' thought Sir Francis as he sealed his missive, 'this should do for both.'

"What Mr. Sandilands thought when he read that letter cannot be known: it can only be guessed at from the sequel. He resigned all connection with the church and parish of Middleton, so that Sir Francis had no need to move in that matter."

"Excuse me, Clara," I said, "if I just interrupt you for one moment to ask, *Did* the widow follow him?"

"Excuse *me*, Robert, if I just answer that I don't know. It is not likely, but I did not inquire: I did not take the interest in her you seem to do."

"*Seem!* There's no seeming in it. A

most interesting woman: I should like to know her—at a distance."

"Come now, Robert, no doubt she was a very excellent woman. Well, it was reported that Mr. and Mrs. Sandilands were going abroad, but they did not do so immediately, and although Mr. Sandilands had resigned his church, he did not give up preaching."

"And he would be more popular than ever. Let a man make himself notorious in any shape, and he'll fill the largest hall in any town."

"That was just what I was going to say. For one that went to hear him before, ten went now."

"And how did he and his wife get on? I hope she snubbed him well, and let him know who held the purse-strings—vulgarily, did not let him forget on which side his bread was buttered."

"She was a young, thoughtless, giddy girl, but for anything I know she might have been capable of that, only she had not much opportunity. They had been married about three months when they went to London, previous to setting off for the Continent. It so chanced that Miss Jerpoint's uncle had occasion to visit town at the same time, and took his niece with him. They were walking along the streets one day when Miss Jerpoint suddenly caught sight of Mr. Sandilands, and to prevent recognition she instantly dropped her veil over her face, but not before she had been seen by him, approaching with a lady hanging on his arm in a dress gay as that of a butterfly. As he passed he fixed a long, indescribable gaze on Miss Jerpoint's face, and she trembled so that her uncle, who, never having seen Mr. Sandilands, did not know of this unexpected meeting, asked what was the matter.

"'Nothing,' she said: 'let us go on.'"

"'He is punished,' she thought, 'severely punished. Sir Francis himself might see that I am amply revenged. How I pity him!' She lay upon a sofa the rest of the day, suffering from the exhaustion that excitement brings on.

"The other couple—the gentleman and the gay lady—reached their hotel, a

fashionable one in a fashionable locality; the lady sprang up the stairs humming snatches of an opera tune, the gentleman followed her more soberly; the lady danced into her dressing-room, the gentleman remained in the bed-room, from which the dressing-room opened. The lady was standing before the mirror bowing to her own image reflected there, and going through her various styles of salutation, in all of which she thought herself about equally perfect and fascinating: she had thrown off her bonnet and shawl, and with a smile on her face was again leaning forward to admire herself, when she was startled by the sudden report of a pistol, followed by a heavy fall, apparently in the adjoining bed-room. Hurriedly she opened her door, at the same moment that the bed-room door was opened by the landlord, who, chancing to be in the outside passage, had also been startled. There they stood, the wife and the landlord, frozen to the spot with horror, the disfigured body of Walter Sandilands lying between them. He had shot himself through the head!"

"Horrible, Clara! horrible!"

"Was it not? What must the wretched man have suffered before he came to such a resolution! Do you think he was responsible?"

"It is impossible to say. I have no doubt in some cases suicides are responsible—if not for the act, at least for the state of mind that induced the act."

"Robert, I have sometimes thought of the suicide as of a child sent out to a hard apprenticeship—harder than he can bear—so that, goaded on, he at last breaks his indenture and runs home to his father."

"Ah, Clara, that will hardly do. What if it is his Father's will that he should suffer, or if he brings the suffering on himself? None of us are sent into this world to walk through it on velvet; but let us be thankful that we are not called to sit in judgment on our fellow-creatures."

"No doubt Mr. Sandilands brought his misery on himself, but that would make it all the harder to endure. When

I began, you remember, I wanted you to show me the thread of consistency running through his character."

"There is one thread that has been apparent enough throughout. I don't say he must have been a bad man, but I do say he was a very selfish one; and if we could for an instant suppose that he had the use of his reason, his last act was intensely selfish, for in the attempt to escape from his misery he inflicted terrible anguish on others."

"Well, Robert, I can't find it in my heart to be severe on him. If he had been a wicked, unfeeling man, regret and remorse would not have unhinged him to such a degree, I think. Of course all his friends and relatives were grieved and shocked beyond expression, but the first to get over it probably was his widow. She returned to her father's house, and married again in little more than a year; and perhaps the last to get over it—I question if she has altogether got over it yet—was Miss Jerpoint. She remained at home with her mother and uncle, and in process of time became acquainted with Mr. Burnet, then residing in their neighborhood as steward to a nobleman. When he left that situation he came here, as you know, and once more Miss Jerpoint arrived in Scotland—as Mrs. Burnet, however, and I believe a happier pair do not exist."

"I am sure of it, Clara—with perhaps one brilliant exception."

Next forenoon the Burnets called, and when we said, "Good-bye," and I lifted a little girl into a seat in their phaeton beside her mamma—a little fair morsel of freshness, with eyes and a power of using them that a coquette might envy—I thought, "If the morning of Mrs. Burnet's life has been stormy, the middle day is as calm and sunny as she could desire." As I came in I said to Clara, "Burnet is worth a dozen of the unfortunate man you were telling me of last evening: you might fasten Tennyson's lines on him more appropriately. I am sure he must have gained in sweetness since he was married, and any one can see that he has not lost 'the wrestling thews that throw the world;' and these lines—

Until at last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words—

might suit them very well: a pretty poetical rendering I take them to be of the doctrine of obedience."

"Robert, Tennyson never hints at obedience: it is equality he means, perfect equality."

"It is obedience he means, my dear—implicit obedience—although he has sugar-coated it very nicely. Ask Mr. Burnet."

"Well, well, so that women catch really noble words to set themselves to, it does not much signify."

So my wife had the last word.

THE AUTHOR OF "BLINDPITS."

AMONG THE MEDIUMS.

"PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 22, 1872.

"MY DEAR JOHN: When I last wrote you announcing the death of my children, I thought certainly the wrath of God had done with me; but now, alas! she who gave their young lives to the world lies low in her grave. Surely I have crossed the path of that deadly star which rides with darkness—

that hath power to smite the earth with plagues and turn its waters to blood. . . . There was real comfort in your letter, for it was in the line of my thought and in sympathy with my mood. Yes, I have read *The Debatable Land*—read and re-read it until I am thoroughly imbued with its philosophy, and am even more of a Spiritualist than you. I could not,

without abjuring all faith in human testimony, reject Mr. Owen's narratives, sustained as they are by his own character and that of many other unimpeachable witnesses; and I would not wish to do so, for they are the source of much happiness to me. Will you not come on and go with me to New York early next month, that I may seek the comfort which is, I trust, to be found in Spiritualism? Write and say you will come.

"Ever faithfully, HENRY ROST."

I had known and loved Rost for twelve years. We had been school-fellows, and afterward chums in college. When, therefore, I received this letter, I had no option, apart from my own inclination, but to accept his proposal.

The first of February found me at his house. Of course, Spiritualism formed the staple of our conversation. The first thing that struck me in the discussion of the subject was the universal interest it inspired, and the general prevalence of a concealed faith in its phenomena. One rainy Sunday morning, while sitting in the vestibule of the "Continental," a friend, who held a high judicial office, began its discussion with us in a quiet way, when, as the topic of conversation became known, a score of strangers gathered round and listened like inquisitive children. The opinion, I may add, was frequently expressed, by those who knew the tender affection which had subsisted between my friend and his dead, that if it were possible they would surely return to give him consolation.

The day after our arrival in New York we called on Doctor Gray, a venerable physician of high character, to whom our attention had been called by Robert Dale Owen as a witness to the most remarkable phenomena recorded in his book. What passed between the doctor and ourselves I do not feel at liberty to repeat, but he gave us the address of Doctor Henry Slade as a medium possessing the most wonderful powers. We drove at once to his residence, and, wishing to be entirely frank, introduced ourselves by presenting our cards. His apartments were elegant and his manners

quiet and gentlemanly: his health was manifestly delicate, and his face weird and abnormal—just such a person as the imagination might conceive as hovering between two worlds. As we followed Doctor Slade into his audience-chamber, and the door closed behind us, I was struck with a feeling of awe: this impression, however, was derived merely from my imagination, for the room was simply furnished and flooded with light. In the middle of the floor stood an old-fashioned walnut breakfast-table, with its wings spread. Around the walls were half a dozen chairs: a small book-case and a few pictures completed the furniture. A glance of the eye would have satisfied any one that no machinery or artificial appliances of any kind could be used there without detection; but to answer the curious and silence cavaliers to whom we might afterward relate what happened, we made a thorough examination of everything in the room.

Placing a slate and pencil on the table, the doctor, after seating us at its opposite sides, took a chair at the head, and laying our hands together we awaited developments. In a few moments a gentle rapping was heard, first on the floor, then on the under-side of the table, now on the wall eight feet away, and in the very next instant on the back of my chair, and with such emphasis that I could feel the vibrations. Till now our hands had been clasped, but the doctor, releasing one of his, picked up the pencil and with his teeth broke off a small fragment, not larger than a grain of wheat, and placing it on the slate held it under the table, pressing the slate with his open palm against its lower surface, the bit of pencil being between them. In a very little while we heard a sound as of a pencil writing, and could see in the medium's face his resistance to the pressure upon the slate. When the writing ceased the slate was withdrawn and handed to Rost, and, written in a clear, distinct hand, we read, "God bless you! A. P. R.," the initials of his wife's name. He was visibly moved at this: the blood mounted to his cheeks and his eyes were suffused with tears. Recovering from his

emotion, he asked a question, the simple frankness of which indicated his faith. The pencil wrote, "Yes, I am A. P. R.: banish all doubts. Heaven is shining in your soul." Here the doctor announced that this being the first effort of the spirit to communicate, it was exhausted. But to further illustrate his power, and to show the familiar relationship existing between himself and a deceased wife, he took from the bookcase an accordeon, and with his right hand held it at arm's length, asking, "Allie, will you play a tune for the gentlemen?" when, sure enough, it began to discourse as though played upon by living hands. I asked if it would play when held in my hands. "Yes, but not a tune." Holding it out at a right angle with as much strength as I could command, an irresistible force drew my hand down, stretching the instrument several times to its full length, and causing it to utter that peculiar nasal drawl it always gives in the hands of the uninstructed.

This sitting was at high noon, and with all the light that could stream in through two large windows, and the pencil used was too small for human fingers to clutch. Making an engagement for the next morning, we left the doctor, profoundly impressed with what we had seen and full of hope for the future. We were consequently prompt in keeping the appointment. Being seated as before, the medium bit the point from his pencil, and dropping it on the slate, held it under the table, when almost instantly the scratching of the pencil was heard. It continued for several minutes, and when the slate was withdrawn its entire face had been written over in a fair round hand, the pencil being nearly worn out. We read: "MY OWN DARLING: As now I am blest by coming to the one that is the life of my soul, oh may you soon be blest by the spirit of God's love, as you are by the loving spirit of your darling! Oh, I have so much to tell you I cannot think what to say first. I am your loving A. P. R." My friend asked me to copy this, and suggested to the medium that if a pencil-point were placed under the slate as it

lay before me, perhaps the spirit would continue the message while I transcribed. This was done, and, *mirabile dictu!* the pencil began to write and the slate to creep under my very eyes like a thing of life. I stopped my copying, and holding the slate listened in amazement till the writing ceased. Bear in mind, a particle of pencil no bigger than a pin's head was placed upon a walnut table-leaf an inch in thickness, and an ordinary school-slate laid over it, and my hands—not the medium's—employed in holding it down. There was written: "MY DEAR: I hope you will cast off all doubts, and always believe we are by you to bless and guide you in the true paths of life, so you can come to us as pure and lovely as a human soul can come. Good-bye! God bless your loving soul! A. P. R."

Again this spirit was announced* as exhausted, and we turned our attention to other phenomena. Raps were given simultaneously round the room; the table would rise under our hands and drop violently to the floor; the slate being held at arm's length by the medium upon my head, my full name was written by an invisible hand.

I will not disguise the fact that in spite of these manifestations my faith in Doctor Slade had begun to wane. That he possessed an occult power which I did not understand was evident, but the feeling had constantly grown upon me that it originated in his own mind. The writing on the slate either emanated from the consciousness of Mrs. Rost or from his. As an abstract proposition, it was as easy to believe it came from him as from her. I knew it had no accordance whatever with her tone of feeling or form of expression, while it was couched in just such language as he employed in conversation. Therefore, with all my anxiety to believe, I could not accept, unreservedly, these messages as coming from her. But this feeling I did not communicate to Rost.

We determined to go to the fountain-head of Spiritualism—to Margaret Fox, or, as she preferred to be called, "Mrs. Doctor Kane," one of the original Ro-

chester rappers. We found her a very ladylike little person, but, either from a voluntary renunciation of the vanities of this world, or from her limited commerce with the other, somewhat dilapidated and thready. We gathered round a small table which held only a pile of foolscap paper and a lead pencil.

This medium is *impressional*. Unlike her co-laborers, the trance-speakers, whose personal consciousness is assumed to be suspended, she simply relinquishes the use of her right arm—detaches it, as it were, from her will, and lends it to the spirit. The peculiarity of her writing is its being entirely inverted. She holds her pencil exactly as I hold mine, but it runs Hebrew-wise, from right to left, and the manuscript must be held between you and a strong light, with the written page from you, and read through the paper or else reflected in a mirror. After a general rapping her hand began to write. The first message was: "There are many here to greet you, and we are getting into communication with you. Speak to us as though we were near by your side, and then you will be able . . . The time is not far distant when you will be permitted to witness the presence of spirits, and you will receive proof that will destroy doubt. A."

A loud rap was here given, and her hand wrote, "There is one here who is waiting to speak with you. It is your old friend James—you will not know at this meeting who—or why I came." Rost looked at the paper and shook his head. I asked if he had a friend James in the spirit world. "No, unless it be General L—." A loud affirmative rap was heard, notwithstanding the assurance in the message that we should not know at this meeting who it was. The medium wrote, "Still another friend. Close the shutters, and aid us to get more power. A." The shutters were closed. "Meet us again: I will come to you in a light, and bear in my arms a blessed child that you will recognize. Let my dear child communicate. A." "Is that the spirit of Antoinette?" Rost asked, his voice quivering with emotion. The answer was "Yes," and

the ardor of my friend, which had been somewhat cooled by the irrelevancy of the messages, boiled up anew.

Miss Fox remarked that if the alphabet were written the spirits would spell their full names: a pencil running down the column and pausing an instant at each letter, when the proper one was indicated the spirit would rap. In this manner "A. Phillips" was spelled. (The maiden name of Mrs. Rost was Phillips.) A gentle rap, scarcely audible, was now heard, and the name of Rost's infant child was spelled. "Are you with your mamma?" "Yes." "Do you remember your auntie?" "Yes—she is here." The aunt to whom Rost referred, and the only one his child had ever known, was alive in St. Louis. Miss Fox, however, wrote, "My dear papa, I have an auntie here with me;" and the name of "C-i-n-t-h-i" was spelled. Rost then remembered that his wife had lost a sister before he knew her whose name was Cynthia. The medium wrote, "I will come to see you before you go home, and show myself as in the flesh. BABY." "Where?" "In this room." "Can you tell us something of the change at death?" "Death is a beautiful flower." "How are you employed?" No answer. The séance was about to close. As Doctor Slade had said Rost was a medium of great power, I asked Miss Fox if either of us was a medium. Her hand seized the pencil and wrote for a few moments with great energy. Rost took the manuscript to the window, and came back glowing with enthusiasm as he read: "MY GOOD FRIENDS: On next Thursday evening, at half-past nine o'clock, be alone and quiet, and you will receive a token. Be alone, and watch for the token at 9½ o'clock next Thursday night. BENJAMIN FRANKLIN." I asked where we should be. "It makes no difference, so you are alone and quiet. B. F." We knew we should be in Hartford, and to remove all doubt I asked if the communication could be received there. "Yes, the only condition is that you be alone and quiet, and watch for the token. B. F." My friend was beside himself with joy: he was not only a convert to the new re-

ligion, but felt that he was to be its prophet. Hitherto seers and mediums had been chosen from the illiterate and vulgar, but next Thursday night was to mark a new era in Spiritualism and an epoch in his life.

When Thursday evening came we were, as we had anticipated, at the Allyn House in Hartford. A slate and pencil were provided for Doctor Franklin's use, and placed upon the centre-table in our room. A large easy-chair was drawn up for him, if he saw fit to visit us as he had done Mr. Owen's friends in New York. At nine o'clock the gas was turned off, and we took our seats at the table. A pale light shining through the transom dimly revealed the expression of my friend's face. His great gray eyes seemed to gather and concentrate its feeble rays, and flash them out with a feline lustre into the dark corners of the room in eager search for the token. This intense desire had almost a transforming energy, for when he pointed to the shadow of a pillar (which supported the ceiling in the hall) that fell upon the transom, I looked up sympathetically, and for a moment its Corinthian coronal took on the likeness of a Continental hat.

At ten o'clock the doctor's chair was still vacant and the pencil undisturbed. I whispered the hour, and proposed to adjourn. "No, we must sit thirty minutes longer." Faith may remove mountains, but it will not bring Doctor Franklin from his grave. Half-past ten, and no token. Furious with disappointment, my friend sprang from his chair, threw the slate upon the hearthstone, shivering it to atoms, and denounced the whole thing as a fraud and humbug.

Soon after daylight next morning Rost wakened me to say that he had not slept: he had been revolving the matter in his mind, and had come to the conclusion that he had been too hasty—that I was to blame for the doctor's non-appearance, as the morning before I had spoken of him as "a heartless old kite-flyer," and it was but natural for him to resent the affront by disappointing us. We must return to New York. By the

next mail a letter was sent to "Mrs. Doctor Kane," saying we would call on her on Sunday morning at ten o'clock. Promptly at that hour we were at her door. "She was not feeling well: would we call at three in the afternoon?" At three "she had gone riding, but would return by seven." At seven "she was out to tea: call to-morrow at ten." At ten next morning "she was out shopping, but would certainly be at home to us at four." At that hour "she had taken a run into the country for a few weeks."

She had been given no clew to our disappointment in the Hartford letter: indeed, it was intentionally so worded that if she had not practiced a deliberate fraud she might have inferred the complete fulfillment of the promise. But the evidence of her trickery did not stop here, for in less than a month, as I was relating our experience to a party of gentlemen, one of them drew from his pocket an exact duplicate of our message from Doctor Franklin. This promise he had also failed to keep, and the chances are, if men had the candor to confess, the country is full of these broken pledges from the heartless old kite-flyer.

Rost, convinced that she was a humbug and charlatan, turned with new interest to Doctor Slade. The doctor welcomed us as disciples. By a singular caprice of memory he inverted my friend's name, and saluted him as "Mr. Henry." When he withdrew for a moment I suggested that this mistake would furnish an interesting test. If the messages received came from a member of the Henry family, we might know they originated in his mind. The doctor announced his readiness, and we gathered round the table. "The conditions were never so favorable," he remarked. "I am in a fine mood, and the atmosphere is full of electricity." A miscellaneous rapping was heard over the room, a heavy chair appeared to move itself from the opposite wall to the table, and my own chair was wrenched half round, the doctor's hands meantime remaining on the table with ours. It was evident the spirits regarded us as familiar acquaintances, and were resolved upon a

free and easy time. As soon as the slate was held under the table the pencil wrote, "I am so glad to see you again! MARY HENRY." This was the hearty salutation of an old friend. The "again" at least implied a former meeting. Rost looked at the slate for at least a minute with well-concealed disgust, and then handing it to me said, "I never knew this person: perhaps she is a friend of yours?" I had not the honor of her acquaintance, but, comprehending the situation, I looked dubiously at the message for some moments and replied, "I am trying to think." The medium was clearly nonplused, but again held the slate under the table. A pause of ten minutes ensued. The pencil then wrote, without any ostensible indication that the message was for me, and leaving us to infer that the address was determined by the doctor's own volition: "I knew you a long time ago. MARY HENRY." I asked "Where?" Fifteen minutes passed in profound silence: not a sound was heard, nor a funeral note. The medium looked wistfully at Rost and inquired, "Are you not Mr. Henry?" "No, sir." Ten minutes more of suspense. "Strange! Can't account for it. The spirits never behaved so before." Another pause. An idea seemed to strike the doctor: "Would my friend be kind enough to write a name on the slate?" He failed to stipulate that it should be that of a deceased friend. The scales were dropping from Rost's eyes, so he wrote the name of a living sister. The slate was held under the table, and again the pencil began to write. We had: "We are all here, but a change in the air prevents our communicating," with the name of his sister attached. In his hurry Rost had written her last name illegibly, and I noticed the spirit had signed it illegibly. This might have been a coincidence. Her message very plainly indicated that the séance was about to close, and I wanted more of her signatures. I knew a few simple questions that appeared to foreshadow another sitting would be answered, notwithstanding the change in the spiritual barometer. In this manner I obtained

half a dozen answers, in none of which was the last name intelligible. Looking at the slate, I remarked that I could not decipher the name, and asked the doctor what it was. He did not know, but appealed to Rost. "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin,*" he replied, pushing his chair back from the table.

There was no longer any doubt of the imposture. It is true, I think, the medium did not, nor do any of them, know the nature of the force employed. It will not do to reject all their phenomena as spurious, for, though much is trickery, there is a large residuum which is as much a mystery to them as to us. But one thing most men who have given the subject any attention must know, and above all the mediums themselves—that the agency is not supernatural, but that it springs from and is dependent on the medium's own volition. The little pencil was as clearly directed by Doctor Slade's will as his hand was when he reached it out for his fee.

As may be imagined, Rost's reaction was violent: his superstitious reverence for this man gave way to savage indignation. There was a streak behind him of cerulean hue and an odor of brimstone for at least three squares. Slade had speculated on his affections, coined his heart to gold, and he thanked God for the good old orthodox hell to which he could consign the knave. His mind was at last made up. Doctor Franklin had kept the faith and given us the token. *There was nothing in it.*

But it is difficult to turn a hungry heart from any possible source of comfort, and when Rost's attention was called to the then recent experience of Mr. Plimpton of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and Colonel Don Piatt of *The Capital*, with Mrs. Mary Hollis of Louisville, a *materializing* medium, he began to construct reasons for seeing her, and to Louisville we went. We found Mrs. Hollis a cheery and affable woman in middle life, and, on the occasion of our first call, very glad to be delivered from that worst of chronic afflictions, an old bore. She had had the indiscretion, she said, to show him his young wife in a cabinet

séance some months before, and since then he had given her no rest. Now, his young wife was really his old one. "She had been dead," he told us, "forty-three years last pea-time, but he knew her the minute she showed her face in the cabinet. She was the prettiest woman in Ameriky, so there could be no mistaking her identity. Of course, she looked pale and thin now, but you must remember how long she has been dead." His speech had a salacious flavor which justified the suspicion that he had married one or more wives since her death; so I ventured to inquire how his present wife liked this kindling interest in the young one. "Why, the old woman was the greatest Spiritualist you ever saw until I told her I had seen Mary Ann: now she raises *hob* every time I come to Louisville. You see, we have been married nearly forty-three years, and had a family of thirteen children, but five of them are dead; so I told her Mary Ann had brought our children with her, and was taking just as good care of them as if they had been her own. But this only made her worse: *she didn't want any step-mother for her children*. I don't know how I'm to settle it. I can't give up Mary Ann, nohow, and the old woman is making my life a hell. Why, sir, she even abuses Mrs. Hollis—calls her names, and says she only wants my money. I sometimes think she's demented."

The review of his troubles was too much for the old man. Sweet self-pity conquered him, and we left him sniveling in the parlor as we followed Mrs. Hollis to a chamber on the second floor. There was in this room the usual furniture of bed, bureau, washstand, a few chairs and a wardrobe, with the very unusual addition of two old women. The wardrobe, we were informed, was the cabinet. It was an empty shell, with one door, in which, about five feet from the floor, there was a diamond-shaped hole five inches long and four wide. When the room had been darkened to less than twilight by hanging shawls and counterpanes over the windows, the medium took her seat in the wardrobe, and the

door was closed. We sat eight feet from and in front of the cabinet. The medium kept up a brisk conversation with us for a few minutes, and then called for a song. The function of the old women now became apparent: they were the chorus, the orchestra, the morning stars that were to hail the new creation. "They call me Blue-eyed Mary" was given with tremulous tenderness, and such peculiar accent that when one of them complained of sore lips, I whispered to Rost, "That's nothing, so long as her nose is all right." But he was grave, and still hoped for serious results.

"Bonnie Doon" was next sung, during which I heard a scraping, as if the medium were rubbing the tips of her fingers against the rough surface of the wardrobe door. "Have you seen anything?" she asked. "No." The old ladies began a rustic cackle, but not being specially interested in local gossip, I expressed a partiality for "Blue-eyed Mary," which was repeated with new zest. There we sat, like small boys round a hole in the ground shouting, "*Doodle bug, doodle—doodle bug*, come out of your hole!" and watching the aperture for signs of life. It is a strange incongruity that music which makes you feel as though the particles of your body would fly in a thousand directions should enable disembodied, and therefore more sensitive, spirits to assume new forms. But—

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you? . . .

If I stand here, I saw him.

The visage of a venerable gentleman passed before the little window of the cabinet. He was at least five minutes in making the transit. We saw him well: I did not recognize him, but my friend's nostrils swelled and his lips twitched. My eyes returned to the cabinet: the face of a young woman with hair *à la Pompadour* was in front of the aperture. I had never seen her before, but again Rost's face was flushed. I looked again, and, great Heavens! there was the image of a young woman I knew to have been burned twelve years before. "Had we seen anything?" "Yes—three faces." "Did we recognize them?" We preferred

not to say. The medium complained of the heat, and our first cabinet séance ended. She would give us another sitting the next day.

On our return the house was undergoing repairs: the clatter of hammers rang far and wide, but this made no difference; indeed, the spirits rather liked it. Everything was arranged as before, and we took our seats in front of the cabinet and watched the hole with the anxiety of terriers. The spirits were more prompt, had less difficulty in "materializing." The same old gentleman appeared; next a boy about ten years of age, then Madame Pompadour, then an old lady in frills and cap. I am near-sighted, and asked the medium if on that account I might not sit a little closer. "Yes, if very near-sighted." I drew my chair nearer the cabinet. Again the same funeral procession passed. A lump of coal in the grate fell apart, a blaze flamed up, and I saw the face, as familiar to me as my own mother's, of one I knew to have been burned years before. "Had we seen anything?" "Yes, a number of faces." "Did we recognize them?" Rost replied, "No: would they give their names?" They preferred to be recognized. Thus closed our second cabinet séance. We had two others, saw our spirit friends, but no new facts were evolved.

If I had been of the commission that tried Mrs. Surratt, the country might have been spared the Johnson-Holt imbroglio. Crime in a woman is the result of caprice; in a man, of vicious principles. "O Lord, make us men holier and better, but please to keep the women as they are." I always liked that prayer, which has a deeper significance than appears on the surface, for there can be no doubt women are radically better than men. But if much can be pardoned to womanhood, what is it that cannot be forgiven to beauty? Mrs. Hollis is a handsome woman, whose face any man would trust, yet she lends herself to the vilest imposture ever practiced upon human credulity. We had agreed before calling on her that we would say nothing whatever to each

other concerning our impressions until we had written them in detail, and that we would then exchange papers and compare notes. This we did, and I have never known a more perfect unity between two witnesses of any transaction.

I quote from Rost's report of the first séance: "I did not suffer my eyes to leave the hole in the wardrobe for one instant after we took our seats. The angle of my vision was so different from yours that I must have seen signs of life some moments earlier than you. The first thing I saw clearly defined was the edge of what appeared to be a dark pasteboard disk: then, as it came up with a nervous, jerky, irregular motion, I saw lights and shadows that indicated a picture of some kind; but before half its surface came into view I discovered it to be a wood-cut or photograph of an old man's head, with the margin carefully sheared away. I felt my face burn with indignation, and but for the promise to give you no clew to my impressions would have ended the farce at once." This was in substance just what I reported to him. The other apparitions were of exactly the same kind. The unfortunate woman whose sacrifice by fire I had witnessed in youth has undergone as many christenings as the statue of Jupiter. I have known her as Charlotte Corday, Joan of Arc, the Maid of Saragossa, and by the general anonym of Love. It was as the Maid of Saragossa that she was burned in our house many years ago. It may have been this protean character that commended her to Mrs. Hollis, for I have no doubt she did duty as the "prettiest woman in Ameriky," and is recognized daily as a kinswoman by her numerous patrons.

If this paper were not already so long I might moralize a while, but perhaps it is better to let it go to the public simply as a report. If I am capable of truth, it is a fair and literal statement of our experience. In the beginning I was almost a convert to the new religion, and my friend Rost a determined believer: no man ever relinquished a hope more reluctantly than he.

But if the fraud was so apparent to us,

why is it that other men are deceived by it? That is the great conundrum. Their credulity is to me almost as great a mystery as the phenomena would be if real. I cannot better conclude this paper than by quoting a letter from Rost received a few days ago: "The only objection I see to publishing our Spiritual adventure is, that the world is full of fools, who, having neither religious feeling nor a philosophic spirit, will scoff at our pursuit. Yet why need I care for them? The phenomena of Spiritualism are as worthy

of investigation as hypnotism or anæsthesia: my orthodox friends should think more so, for from their stand-point thousands of people are no doubt imperiling their souls by making the belief in these a religion. I have heard some of them compromise with it by declaring it to be of the devil, thus meeting the Spiritualists half way by conceding to it a supernatural origin. When its scientific value shall be ascertained these heathens of both classes will be delivered from their superstition." JOHN HAYWARD.

IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

(1517.)

RAFFAELLE AND GIULIO ROMANO.

RAFFAELLE.

IT is divine!—I seem impelled to bow,
Half worshipping. My calm philosophers—
What mortals they, beside these strong-limbed gods
Of Michael's making! Would we here might meet,
That I might do him reverence, owning how
He, of all men, did first unseal my eyes
To the so grand significance of Form,
That day in Florence, when his *Pietà*
Like a new sense burst on me!

GIULIO.

—Better so:

That rapier tongue of his might have its thrust,
Touching your labors in the Vatican;
And though its point would only glance across
The crystal of your temper, it would gash
Great dints in mine. He was supreme in Rome
Before you came, but now the loungers even
Take sides and wrangle; and he's wroth to see
His realm beset by rivals—least of all,
By one whose fewer years—

RAFFAELLE.

I'll not believe it!
Standing in such majestic presences,
Whose models his own genius hath invoked
(For where can Rome or Florence show to-day

Titans like these?), it were not possible
 That I could stain with shade of paltriness
 Our matchless Michael. For who so creates
 Hath something kindred with the Hand Divine!
 Such eagle pride stoops not to foul its beak
 With envy's slime: Vesuvius does not grudge
 The vineyard at his foot its purpling grapes.
 —For me, I sink amazed, to gauge the reach
 Beyond the human, hidden in the grasp
 Of this gigantic splendor. See yon sweep
 Of daring touch!—how arrogant of power
 Through conscious sense of mastery! Why, I think
 He would not halt, afeared, nor blench, if bidden
 To picture God the Father face to face!

GIULIO.

That would he not! Hath he not browbeat even
 His Holiness? Could Satan's self do more?
 —Oh ho! our Angelo's angelical
 After the fallen type!

RAFFAELLE.

Nay, Giulio, nay:

Beseech you, wrong him not. Think how remote
 His world from our warm life. Companionless,
 And stern, and self-renouncing, and apart,
 He dwells alone on Art's Olympian top,
 In brotherhood with gods, and curtained round
 With tragic mists that blot our common ways
 Out from his ken. And even when he descends,
 'Tis like the tale they chatter of his work
 On this grand ceiling—how through lengthened gaze
 Upward the power of earthward glance was lost.
 And therefore (blame him not) he fails to note
 Us lesser folk who haunt the mountain's side.

GIULIO.

Lesser, forsooth! My master, I lose patience!

RAFFAELLE.

Content you: we'll say *happier*, then;—we, rich
 In miracle of sunset and of dawn—
 In wonderments of heaven's blue interspace—
 In yellowing corn-fields—in the flush of grass
 And flower and leafage, and the mad, full joy
 Of the gray earth he holds no vision for,—
 We, over-rich in woman's comfortings,
 And children's laughter, and sweet fellowships,
 And the fresh joyance of this summer land;
 Oh, happier thus, a thousand-fold than he—
 He, mid his chilling clouds, upraised too high
 To be aught else than numbed; who never felt
 The fervid, meltings of a foolish love

Trickle about his frozen heart! So blest
 Am I—so garmented with woven smiles—
 So wrapped in Art's delightsomeness—so wrought
 Upon by the glad beauty of the world,
 That in my soul I nurse a piteous ache
 For such a marble-carven loneliness.

GIULIO.

Dear, gentle master, Michael scouts such pity!
 What is all life to him—its men, its women,
 The tumult and the process of its loves,
 Its victories, strifes—what but a quarry whence
 To hew and shape his wrestling thoughts?

RAFFAELLE.

But then,
 Confess his Atlases can heave a world!

GIULIO.

Ay, grant you—grand enow; but with their brows
 So wrinkle-gashed, their knotted muscles, thews
 Like cordage stretcht, who ever thinks to find
 A nesting here for dove-eyed charities?
 Look you aloft: he holds mere beauty weak.
 Where is the breathing flesh, the humid light,
 The tremulous tints, the joyous calm, which make
 Whatso *my* master touches all divine?
 See Michael's women! stout Minervas, who
 Would scorn the clinging of a baby's arms!

RAFFAELLE.

Consider, Giulio. They do say of him
 He never kissed a woman—never caught
 Some inward warmth from folding of her hands,
 Nor from her lap hath snatched a crooning child,
 With the white milk-drop on its mouth; and then
 Be merciful!

GIULIO.

And let him teach disdain
 Of life's humanities? Why, he would make
 Us infidels to love and all sweet passions.
 We're only safe because kind Heaven has set
 Raffaele as antidote, to prove that not
 Colossal Force nor Form can rule the realm
 Of Art or Nature with such sovereign power
 As woman wields. And so the smile wherewith
 You've hallowed Mary Mother's lips, though touched
 With troubling tears, will keep within men's souls
 The truer worship, and the inner shine
 That glorifies your Holy Child will cling,
 A spell to charm the world for evermore!

MARGARET J. PRESTON

A MODERN CRESSIDA.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE who has been long an inhabitant of cities is awakened in the early morning by the stillness of the country, as the clatter of the streets rouses a rustic sleeping in a hotel. So Edith waked and slept or dozed again and again with a delightful and ever-growing sense of repose. The day seemed to stretch before her, a calm expanse of idleness or *dolce far niente*: no thoughts of engagements, visitors, amusements, all that makes up the busy idleness of a city life, urged her to rise and dress. But a gentle tap at the door came, and in answer to her "Come in," there entered her chamber the dimly-seen figure of the night before that had ministered to her fatigue and hunger.

May Bradford was a specimen of a charming type of young girl, without much evident individuality of her own, but without angles or chasms in her character. It was not moulded on a great scale, but it was harmonious. She greeted her cousin with a shy but hearty welcome, and Edith, who always succeeded with women when her will was not wanting, soon cast her spell upon May, who had never seen any one before possessing a tithe of Edith's personal attraction. Mrs. Penrhyn was domiciliated in a few hours, and slipped into her place at the family table between the two boys, aged twelve and fourteen respectively, as if she had been their eldest sister and always occupied it. The quiet little household found that, to its infinite delight and relief, she was not the white elephant they had all in their several ways half dreaded, and Mrs. Bradford congratulated herself again and again on having had the wisdom to accept Edith's proposal to become the tenant of the Lodge for the summer. It was in every way a success. Her limited means, cut down by her husband's death some years before, were much the better for the addition made to them by Edith's

liberal contribution; and then what an advantage for dear May if her cousin fancied her, and next winter would give her a peep at that world in which, however enclosed, all mothers desire their daughters should try for a prize!

And Edith—how was it with her? She found herself in no way disappointed in her young cousin: the sweetness and freshness she had looked to find were there, and with them a quick intelligence and the delightful enthusiasm of youth. Their respective positions were soon taken, and Edith, who was the representative of the vast unknown great world in the eyes of the simple young girl, found herself erected into not only the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," but an oracle of knowledge and wisdom, regarded always with uncompromising admiration, and sometimes almost with awe. For if there were—as how could there fail to be?—penetrable joints in her armor, May's eyes were too much dazzled by its glittering sheen to see them; and many a time her confident faith and evident assurance that her queen could do no wrong brought a quick, generous blush to Edith's cheek as she remembered how far from immaculate were the pages of her past. Her past! How wild and exciting and full of complicated, intense emotions it seemed in this daylight of simplicity and calm repose! She had a curious feeling at times, as if she were being made all over again in this new life, the current of which ran so smoothly that every nerve seemed quieted and lulled to rest as she floated with it. Creature of change and reaction, of ebb and flow, as she was, the very monotony of the days was grateful to her—the early hours, the simple fare, the long, restful nights of sleep. She grew to like them all, and astonished the family by her enjoyment of what they had scarcely hoped she would tolerate. The good souls little knew that it was but a passing

hunger, and one which, when appeased, would sleep a dreamless sleep.

Several weeks had glided by, and Edith had settled down into what seemed to her a charming routine of occupations, but in fact consisted of an ingeniously systematized course of idleness. She added a new and most delightful element to the family group at Glenwood. They all admired her, and in some way she gave each and all pleasure, for she was a pleasure-giving being in the most real sense of the word. Her altar was never cold, and the gentle cloud of incense that rose perpetually in her nostrils soothed and pleased her. And then there was no rival to dispute her sway. "Those who came to scoff remained to pray," was literally true of the two or three country lasses who, old friends of May's, came reluctantly and with prejudice to make the acquaintance of her cousin, "Mrs. Penrhyn, from the city." They had never dreamed that such a combination of beauty and fashion could coexist with a geniality and tact that were to other and wiser heads than theirs irresistible, and her little kingdom was composed of none but loyal subjects.

One bright Saturday morning, as Edith was putting the last touches to a toilet which was the more charming for its simplicity, and the elaboration of which was just what it would have been at Newport ("I dress for myself," she always said), May rushed in with an open letter in her hand: "Oh, Cousin Edith, Max is coming to-night, and he will spend his whole vacation here! Is it not too delightful?"

"If I had the remotest idea who Max was, my darling, I should not be lukewarm in my sympathy," replied Edith, smiling as she knotted the ends of her cravat loosely together and turned to her excited questioner.

"Not know who Max is, Cousin Edith! Why, he is papa's nephew, my cousin Maxwell Floyd, and he is a theological student."

"Oh dear!" said Edith with an involuntary accent of dismay, but recovering herself, added: "I am very glad he is coming if you all want him, but will he

think me very dreadful, and pray for me at family prayers every night?"

"He will think you the most beautiful cousin and woman in the world, as we all do," exclaimed May, giving Edith a hug in the exuberance of her delight; "and you are sure to like him."

"What is he like?"

"Well, he is tall and handsome, fair, with deep-blue eyes and curly brown hair; and he is very manly and athletic, rows beautifully and rides splendidly—a sort of muscular Christian, you know; and next year he will be ordained; and—oh dear, cousin! I hardly know what to tell you about him. You are sure to like him, though."

"Am I?" was Edith's mental comment. She refrained, however, from uttering any of the heresies which rose to her lips apropos of clergymen and their profession and professions; for Edith, like most women of the world, believed that some species of goodness, and more especially that usually expected from and affected by clergymen, was only really attainable by women. The so-called feminine virtue of purity and the self-control that consists in suppression she thought impossible to men; and when they claimed them she believed that they but added the vice of hypocrisy to their proper masculine shortcomings; so that her feeling toward the cloth in general was a sort of aversion mingled with incredulity and amusement. A world in which the men were all *sans peur* and the women *sans reproche* would have seemed to her a place where the moral burdens of life were equally and fairly divided between the sexes.

"A theological student and a muscular Christian! Dear me! how much Kingsley has to answer for! Well, I suppose he cannot help being a prig, he is so young. No doubt he means well, and I must make the best of it. If he only won't think me obnoxious and injurious 'to his dearest little cousin'—I think that is what he called her in his letter. A little flattery will set it all right, I suppose; and I must remember not to leave my French novels lying about. They act upon an embryo clergyman as a red

rag does on a bull—outrage his sensibilities without his quite knowing why." And Edith ended her soliloquy with a light laugh, threw herself on a sofa, and was soon deep in the pages of one of her French novels.

The first words that Maxwell Floyd heard after the enthusiastic greeting he received from one and all of the family at Glenwood were: "Cousin Edith is here, Max, and you will admire her so much."

"Cousin Edith?" he repeated with a bewildered look.

"You must have heard me speak of her, my dear boy," said Mrs. Bradford, "but you have forgotten. She has taken the Lodge for the summer, but so far we have made but one family. Edith—that is, Mrs. Penrhyn—says that the consciousness that she can command solitude at any moment has quenched her thirst for it, and we are all only too glad to have her with us."

"Humph!" said Maxwell under his breath, "that sounds like a fine-lady caprice."

"Don't prejudice her, Max," whispered May in a deprecatory tone. "Wait till you see her." The confident tone of the last few words was not calculated to soothe Maxwell's incipient sense of antagonism, which sprang from the annoyance of finding a stranger's name a household word in the little circle where hitherto he had been the only favored guest; but he answered with a smile and in a softened tone, "I don't doubt Mrs. Penrhyn—of whom you *did* write me, by the way, only not as 'Cousin Edith'—is all that a woman can be. Shall I see her at tea, May?"

"I hope so," responded May radiantly, and Max, looking at his watch, hurried off to his room to prepare for the meal and the meeting. By the time he came down stairs he had quite decided that he should never like Mrs. Penrhyn, but at the same time had magnanimously resolved to treat her like a gentleman and a Christian; which, being translated into the profane vernacular, meant upon the whole rather disagreeably than otherwise.

The family party were assembled at tea, and Maxwell was in the midst of a

narrative of his recent successes in his college, when Mrs. Penrhyn entered so quietly and unobtrusively that he first knew of her presence by an odor wafted to him across the table—something between orange blossom and Cape jessamine—and looking up saw the seat opposite to his filled by a creature as unlike the Mrs. Penrhyn of his up-stairs meditations as could well be conceived. Instinctively he rose as his aunt presented him, and bowed in silence. There was an unconscious air of serene queenliness about Edith's mute acknowledgment of his mute salutation that irritated him. As the meal went on he grew more and more antagonized: her very dress and air were to his notions objectionable. He felt, rather than observed, that her ideas and tastes and feelings were the very antipodes of his own, and all the petty intolerance and jealousy with which his nature was incrustated awakened at the thought. At once his determination, formed before he had seen her, was modified. He had thought her a woman of the world indeed, but not so dangerous; by which he meant attractive and beautiful. He would of course treat her with perfect politeness, but he must not let her influence be too strong, especially over May, dear, innocent May! His soul went forth in an imaginary crusade against Mrs. Penrhyn's evil tendencies, and he was slightly embarrassed, on suddenly looking up, to find her star-like eyes fixed upon him with a half-amused look. He controlled his confusion, however, and returned her look steadily and gravely. Her eyes did not fall, which was wrong, according to Maxwell's theory. As a man and a clergyman he had a double claim that her eyes should lower their gaze before his. But Mrs. Penrhyn, seemingly, was not of this opinion, for after a few seconds' prolonged look she said suddenly, "Mr. Floyd, I am afraid you are guilty of using belladonna for your pupils: I never saw such enormous ones. After tea I shall insist on a scientific test being applied by means of a lighted candle."

Edith always said what came into her

head, and people who admired her thought it one of her most charming qualities: others called it affected and eccentric. The latter it might be, the former it certainly was not. She made this rather odd beginning of conversation with perfect gravity, and Max was silent from astonishment. He had never been "chaffed" by a woman before, the young ladies of his limited circle thinking that his profession entitled him to be spoken to seriously. So did not Mrs. Penrhyn, for after a moment's pause she went on, this time with a quiver of laughter in her voice: "I never dreamed you were so meretricious. And you are to be a clergyman too! It's a sad example."

"I assure you, Mrs. Penrhyn," said Maxwell, finding speech at last, "your jest fails to penetrate my armor. Vulnerable as I am, I trust it is not on the score of personal vanity."

Edith made a slight, all but imperceptible *moue* at this solemn rejoinder, and said lightly, "I trust you are not such a monster as to be without a little vanity: I consider it the mainspring of all useful characters."

"I don't quite understand you," replied Maxwell stiffly, with a dawning perception that he was being laughed at, and too young in the ways of women of the world to know that Edith was paying him a compliment by her jesting tone. They were completely at cross-purposes—she rather inclined to put the young fellow, "who had wonderful eyes, certainly," on a sort of domestic animal footing, the only light in which she ever dreamed of regarding very young men (when she condescended to regard them at all); he resentful of her tone, fretted by her easy air of superiority, and bristling all over like a porcupine.

"It's too hot to explain anything to-night," she said languidly, a slight tinge of haughtiness stealing over her manner. "Mary dear, excuse me, won't you? May, come and let us go over the little French song I taught you last night; but no—Mr. Floyd is the stranger, and I won't be selfish to-night. I'll take the boys for a row. Harry! Edward! come;" and she glided away from the table, and,

escorted by her two liegemen, disappeared in the direction of the little lake which lay a short distance from the house.

"Shall we go too, Max?" said May timidly.

"No, I don't care to row—I'm tired," said he, rather sulkily, throwing himself into a hammock which swung on the piazza. "Mrs. Penrhyn has it all her own way here, I suppose."

"We all love her dearly, and the boys delight in rowing her. It is so wonderful that she should be content here, is it not?"

"All's grist that comes to her mill, I suppose," he replied. "She won't like it long."

"Why, Max! what ails you? You are unkind, I think."

"No, no, May, I'm not; but you must forgive me if I don't much fancy your cousin: she wasn't very civil to me."

"Not civil to you, Max! Why, she joked with you, and she never jokes when she doesn't like any one. You should see her grand, cold manner, and when she laughs in that way with us we all think it a compliment."

"Very likely, dear, but I am not a cousin nor a child. I am a minister, or almost one, and I confess I prefer being treated with respect. Besides, May, that was a horrible word she used, so unfeminine and— Well, I'll try to like her, but I wish she wasn't here. Let us talk of something else."

"Yes, do, Max: tell me about that debate, and how you came off victorious."

Max readily acquiesced, and under the soothing influence of May's unfeigned admiration and interest almost forgot the ruffled sense of wounded dignity he had experienced at the table. Two hours later the boating-party was heard returning, and May and Max paused in their chat to listen to the sound of a little French song which Edith was singing, the two lads making a chorus.

"Is not her voice sweet?" said May.

"I hate French songs," said Max, "and everything French. It's the French literature, May," he added solemnly, "that is corrupting the minds of the youth of this country. I suppose Mrs. Penrhyn reads French novels all day long?"

"No, no, not exactly that," said May, "but she reads a good many. Are they all bad, Max?"

"All," said Max, confidently.

"Did you ever read one?" said May innocently.

"No, I can't read French, but one doesn't have to read a thing one's self to know about it, May."

"Oh, of course not, but Cousin Edith says—"

"Oh, darling, don't let us talk about Mrs. Penrhyn: she is welcome to her opinions;" and so the conversation closed.

For a few days Edith preserved her graciousness intact, and met Maxwell's coldness and stiffness with a serenity that made him dislike her the more; but after trying good-naturedly to win him to her side, she suddenly desisted and treated him with a coldness that was more effective than his own, because it sat more easily upon her—rarely spoke to or noticed him except by an occasional thrust of irony, under which he winced. He evidently disliked her, and it was a feeling that waxed stronger, rather than died out, as the days went by. They were of necessity thrown much together; and though Edith avoided direct intercourse with him, still at times it became unavoidable. He was conscious that he was ungracious and unjust to her, and the very consciousness of it irritated him: he would not admit to himself that she was charming, and yet, spite of himself, he felt her charm. He obstinately set himself against her; and though, after the first day or two, he ceased to comment on her to May, and contented himself with mute disapproval of her sentiments and actions, yet his antagonism made itself visible; but it served to increase the enthusiasm and deepen the loyalty of the two lads, and even of May herself, who sadly admitted that "she did wish Max liked Cousin Edith, and did not find fault with her all the time."

Poor Max! his throne was usurped, and he could not, boy as he was, bring himself to sit at the feet of the woman who had displaced him.

CHAPTER VII.

So things went on till one lovely afternoon about two weeks after Maxwell's arrival, as he lay under a tree on the lawn, pretending to read a deep controversial book, but in reality dreaming away the sunlight, he was roused by hearing Mrs. Penrhyn exclaim, in a tone of vexation, "How provoking! I had set my heart on a row this delicious afternoon. Those shabby boys! I shall scold them well. And there is no one even to push the boat off for me!" Maxwell jumped up instinctively, and after a moment's hesitation came forward and said, rather awkwardly, "I shall be very glad to push the boat off, Mrs. Penrhyn."

Edith looked at him doubtfully, and opened her mouth to decline this the first spontaneous courtesy that he had offered her: then the thought that he was her only possible means of obtaining the long exquisite, dreamy afternoon she had promised herself overcame her, and she said gently, "If you will be so very good;" and they turned as if by mutual consent and walked toward the shore. It was the first moment that they had ever voluntarily passed alone together, and the consciousness of this lent a double stiffness to Maxwell's manner as he said, "You are very fond of rowing, Mrs. Penrhyn?"

"I like it better than any out-of-doors amusement except riding on horseback, and it is too hot for that now."

"What do you like better in-doors?"

"Oh, so many things—reading, for instance."

"French novels," thought Max, and curled his lip. She saw it and smiled indifferently: it did not nettle, only amused her.

"Not trash always, Mr. Floyd," she said deprecatingly, with a slight appeal in her voice. He was a man, after all, and Edith remembered it to his peril as soon as they were alone together.

He colored at the implied reference to his thoughts, and stammered out a disclaimer: she smiled and let it pass. A few steps farther on, as they passed a little thicket, a feeble cry was heard, and

Edith stopped and said, "Do you hear that?"

"Yes," he said: "it's nothing but a kitten, I think."

"Wait an instant, please," she said hastily, and then darted into a thicket, emerging in a few moments with a kitten indeed in her arms. The little animal had torn itself in the brambles, and was mewling piteously.

"Please hold its poor little paw, Mr. Floyd," she said, forgetful of their distant terms, "and let me pull out this horrid thorn." He did so, and she dexterously extracted a large thorn and gave the kitten instant relief. Then with a few pats and caresses the little creature was started on the homeward path, and they strolled on.

But a moment after Maxwell's eyes fell upon her hand, and he saw that she had lacerated it with the brambles. The sight made him flush, and he exclaimed, "You have hurt your hand!"

"Nothing much," she replied carelessly; "only a scratch I got keeping the thorns off that poor kitten."

"Would you let me—might I tie it up for you?" said Max eagerly, almost tremulously.

She looked at him from under her long dark lashes a soft, slow look, and then said, "Yes, if you please," and held out her hand. It was not badly torn, as he saw when he had gently wiped the blood away, but one thorn had run into the flesh, and he pulled it out.

"Did that hurt you?" he said, his voice trembling as he asked.

"Not much," she said gayly.

"Mrs. Penrhyn," he said, looking up into her face as he knelt before her and prepared to bind up her finger—she had seated herself on the trunk of a tree when he had first offered to dress her hand, and as his eyes met hers their faces were very near each other, and she looked again into his wonderful big pupils and saw them dilating and darkening with the excitement of the moment—"Mrs. Penrhyn, if you would not dislike it too much" (this was said very humbly)—"but I am afraid if you do not let me the place will fester."

"Let you do what?" said Edith.

"Put my lips to the wound and draw out the poison of the thorn," he answered—"please let me."

Edith colored slightly, but said, "Certainly," and held her hand out with perfect composure.

He bent his head, and she felt his warm lips close about the little puncture and press against her hand. In a moment it was done, and the poison was transferred from her veins to his. He tied the strip of cambric about her finger in silence with unsteady hands, and no more was said till they reached the boat, he walking dreamily along, a flush on his cheek, and Edith humming the refrain of a little French song which she had read that day, and which haunted her so that she was fain to improvise an air for it.

The shore once reached, Maxwell, with a brief apology for the want of ceremony, threw off his coat, and in a few moments the boat was dancing on the water. A light pair of oars were in it. Mrs. Penrhyn's shawl was placed in a safe corner, while Max, holding the boat with one hand, held out the other to help her in.

"Can you manage both oars?" he said as she seated herself and took them in her hands.

His voice had a queer sound in it, and Edith looked up quickly into his face. There was no mistaking the pleading expression in his eyes, and she said with a laugh, "You want your fee, doctor? Come, then."

He needed no further bidding, but sprang lightly into the boat, and taking the oars from her unresisting hands, with a few powerful strokes had soon sent the boat out into the lake. Edith, who had established herself comfortably on her shawl in the other end of the boat, sat silent for a few moments watching the spray from the feathered oars as they rose and dipped in the sunlight.

"How strong he is! and what a becoming thing strength is to a man!" she thought. "It almost makes one forget his odious profession. But I must not forget that Mr. Floyd deserves a lesson,

and will be all the better for one. He's but a boy, after all, and may be much improved by training."

The result of this brief meditation was that when Maxwell attained sufficient composure by dint of hard rowing for ten minutes to lift his head and look at his companion, which he did with a curious sense of complicity in something unorthodox, he knew not what, he saw the Mrs. Penrhyn of an hour ago, whom he almost disliked, and altogether disapproved of—the woman against whom he had been protesting in season and out of season—had come back, and the creature of the last half hour had gone like a wreath of mist. What it was that made the difference he knew not. Only a few moments ago he had felt every drop of blood in his body tingle to his finger-tips as he looked into her eyes and but his lips to her hand. It had been sudden, unforeseen and brief as summer lightning; and now he was again the Maxwell Floyd of the morning, who would willingly have walked five miles in the sun to escape a *tête-à-tête* row with Mrs. Penrhyn. And she? An impenetrable veil had been drawn over her face as it was in the wood, and the same slight mocking, haughty smile played over her lips that he had seen there that very morning, when he had been inveighing against some breach of decorum committed by a woman of fashion at Newport, of which he had heard at second hand through a friend's letter.

Before he could think it out, while the blood was still in his cheeks that had risen to them as he saw her old look come back again, she spoke, but with what a different voice from the siren tone with which she had lured him into the boat! "She only wanted a boatman," he thought instantly, "and so made me think she wanted me."

"Mr. Floyd, I meant to tell you that I have some books at the Lodge—not many, but quite at your service, and all in your line, I believe. I suppose you read all sides of a subject, and won't object to a little heterodox theology? I happen to have been reading in that direction this summer, and as I'm slightly

omnivorous and very desultory, have a little of every shade of opinion."

Yes, it had been a dream. The quiet, cold, courteous tone of her voice, the indefinable hauteur of her manner, put a space between them that even in that little boat, with his feet grazing the hem of her dress as she half reclined, half sat watching the water sparkle, he could not bridge over. All his pride came mustering fast to his rescue, and he said, with a very good attempt at indifference, "Thank you very much, but I fancy I am doomed to drier stuff for my summer's reading than Mrs. Penrhyn would care to digest for a caprice."

"Well, that may be: there is nothing patristic about my collection, certainly, and nothing very old. I never enjoy obsolete books: I like those best that have their *raison d'être* in the day in which they are written; and then, too, it amuses and interests me to read modern religious books, because they almost all consist of more or less clever attempts to put new wine into old bottles; and that is an instructive experiment to watch, especially when the wine ferments and bursts the bottles. But come and look at my collection before you despise it."

"I will, certainly," he said with some embarrassment.

"You read everything, don't you?" she went on. "I mean, that is your theory of reading, is it not?—a circle, not the segment of one?"

"I suppose it is my theory, but not my practice, I fear."

"That is because no one can really read at college—only learn how to read," she said. "When you have more time you can read what other people think, not what somebody over you thinks you ought to think. The terrible part of an orthodox course of reading is that it gives you formed and definite opinions. Nothing is so much to be deprecated: as soon as one begins to crystallize, one ceases to ferment."

Maxwell drew a long breath as Edith tranquilly uttered these, to him, astounding heresies. Limitation was the soul of the teaching he had received, as it must be of all dogmatism.

"There is a wonderful amount of life to me in modern religious free-thinking," said Edith musingly; "and such rarity! such individuality!—none of that uniformity which is a sure sign of the torpor of approaching death. Think of Renan, Strauss and Newman writing in the same generation, and all with the same dominant subject of interest!"

"Do *you* read those books?" he said quickly.

"Yes, I read them. M. Renan I have always followed in his writings, and Newman I enjoy at all times, though his logic always seems to me, as compared with that of other men of ability, as ventriloquism is to fine singing—wonderful, but barren of result. The day for casuistry has gone by: we need something equally keen, but that cuts deeper—cuts below one's sores, and probes one's wounds to the quick." She spoke gravely and as if she were thinking aloud.

So she really cared and thought about such things?—she who had seemed such a frivolous creature of time and sense, a mere butterfly. Maxwell thawed as they talked on, and soon found himself discussing, arguing and disputing in good earnest. Edith possessed the power of stimulating the intellect of a man as only a clever woman, who is at the same time a genuine one, can, without repelling him; and the time flew by, unnoted by Max, until he was reminded of it by Edith suddenly saying, "We shall be late for tea, Mr. Floyd, and you must be weary."

"I haven't a sensation of fatigue," he said simply: "I could row till to-morrow morning."

"You must be very strong."

"I am strong, but that was not what I meant."

"Oh no: I knew you meant to pay me a pretty compliment—none the less graceful for its want of originality," replied Edith with a mocking smile; "but row in, or they will wonder what has become of us, never dreaming that we are together."

This last sentence was uttered in a tone of irony which brought a cloud over Max's brow: he bent to his oars, and in

a very short time they had reached the shore. Whether they would have reached the house on better terms had they walked up through the wood together and alone—whether Edith would have soothed his ruffled mood and lured "this tassel gentle back"—can never be known, for on the bank stood the two boys, penitent and eager to be forgiven. Edith took an arm of each, and walked to the house between her two happy subjects, alternately teasing and petting the lads, while Max followed with her shawl on his arm, moody and resentful, yet with his brain surging with thoughts gendered by their talk in the boat.

"She has forgotten my very existence already," he thought; "or, if she remembers me, it is that I am carrying her shawl like a lackey." Just then it rushed over him, "But she would not have let a lackey touch her as I did this afternoon. Has she forgotten that too, I wonder?" An impulse urged him forward to test her memory on that point, and as they reached the door he quickly stepped forward and said, as he handed her shawl into May's outstretched hands, "I have forgotten all this while to ask after your finger, Mrs. Penrhyn: is it all right again?"

Edith looked at him, her eyes brimming with amusement—what a boy he was!—and said, "Thank you: your surgery was a complete success, I think. Did you know your cousin had a gift for doctoring, May?" she added, turning to May, to Max's dismay. "He"—and she paused for a second, and then went on, to his intense relief—"tied up my finger most skillfully this afternoon when I ran a thorn in it."

May, overjoyed at the prospect of an *entente cordiale* between Edith and Max, expressed the greatest interest in the adventure, and insisted upon a full and particular account of it at the tea-table, which Edith accordingly gave, omitting, however, all mention of Max's special recipe for healing a wound without inflammation; nor did she enlarge upon the row, merely saying that "Mr. Floyd had taken pity on her deserted condition"—here she looked reproachfully at

Harry and Ned—"and given her a magnificent pull—worth twenty of yours, boys," she concluded.

Maxwell Floyd did not sleep well that night. He sat long by his chamber window, and thought over the afternoon till his temples throbbed painfully. A whole new world seemed to have opened for him, full of uncertainties, doubts, problems, where everything was shifting, vague and shadowy. How unlike the world in which he had always lived, of plain facts, clearly-seen realities! Women had always been to him as prosaic in their aspect as men: no atmosphere of poetry and sentiment and imagination surrounded them as he had known them; and although he believed devoutly in love, it was as a sober domestic deity, waving no flaming torch, but holding a well-trimmed lamp, turned down and giving a steady moderate light. Of woman in her goddess aspect—of the intoxication, the terrible joys and exquisite pains of love, of Heine's embodiment of woman as a sphinx, who, while she ravished his soul with kisses, rent his flesh with her cruel claws—he had no conception whatever. Of Browning's meaning when he said, "What maketh heaven, that maketh hell," he could have told you nothing. The occurrences of the afternoon, which to Mrs. Penrhyn had been a pleasant enough distraction, but by no means surprising, seemed to him incomprehensible. He had yet to learn that women of Edith's type, being paradoxes themselves, engender nothing but paradoxes.

However, Max tried to convince himself, with the wonderful honest sophistry of youth—youth which is at once so true and so unreal—that Mrs. Penrhyn, although very charming—yes, that he must admit—was still not at all the sort of person he admired. He had done her an injustice about her reading, but that was a trifle. She had no simplicity, none of the ingenuousness that May possessed in such perfection. No doubt she had been amusing herself with him. Thank Heaven! he was man enough to see her arts and despise them. He had felt sorry when she hurt her hand in the wood,

and she had thought he admired her. Well, she would discover her mistake tomorrow: he would not waste another afternoon on her. And May had missed him, he was sure. Dear May! he had forgotten till that moment that they were to have begun Milman's *Latin Christianity* together that afternoon. And she had said nothing—always sweet and unselfish! But he would explain to her how Mrs. Penrhyn had asked him—Here he stopped abruptly, for *had* she asked him? or had she only granted his unspoken request? Well, it didn't matter now: he would read with May tomorrow and every other day, and he had been right in the beginning about Mrs. Penrhyn.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed a strange mixture of things, more inconsequent even than dreams usually are, for he was always rowing, rowing, and Edith was sitting in the boat and saying, "Go on! go on!" and then suddenly she put out her hand and said, "My hand hurts still: put your lips to it again;" and he dropped the oars to take it, and as he did so Edith turned into an enormous volume of the *Latin Christianity*, and the boat sank like lead, down, down. He struggled to get free, and waked to find the sun streaming in upon him through the window at which he had been seated the night before, and the blinds of which he had forgotten to close.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAX did not see Edith at breakfast that morning, which was rather a disappointment, as he, like all people with newly-formed resolutions, was longing to experiment on their strength. It was rather flat to look at an empty chair and talk to May about the new calf, when he might have been defying the arts of Apollyon in the person of a beautiful woman whose voice was like a flute, and who somehow looked unlike any one else in the world, and he could not throw cold water on her probable intention of making him row her in the afternoon. Well, at all events, he could

make up to May for his neglect of yesterday; and he proceeded to do this with so much success that May wasted half her morning in listening to Max's eloquence about something which had been discussed by himself and Edith yesterday, and concerning which Mrs. Penrhyn had given him some new ideas.

The *Latin Christianity* was duly begun and duly read for two good hours, and Max was just finishing the fiftieth page with a sense of relief which he could not disguise from himself, when a light footfall sounded behind him, and turning his head he saw Edith looking bewitching in a very broad-brimmed hat and with an unusual flush on her cheeks. She was a woman who had a wonderful power of moving, stirring other human beings: her atmosphere seemed charged with some vital force, and there was danger in breathing it. There was nothing about her that jarred a man's idea of what a woman should be: even when she was wrong in a womanly way, she never sinned as a man might; and such women will always find ready forgiveness from men.

But Max shut his eyes and senses resolutely against her: somehow he dimly felt that he had taken the poison from her wound yesterday into his own blood, and must struggle against its influence. She motioned to him not to stop, and threw herself on May's cushion while he finished the chapter. When it was ended Mrs. Bradford approached them.

"Where have you been, dearest mother?" said May.

"To the Ralstons, dear. Poor Mrs. Ralston has a very sick child, and I am afraid I cannot go there again."

"Why not?" said Edith.

"Because, my dear, the doctor says he fears it is diphtheria, and I should probably take it myself, and give it to all of you. Charity begins at home, and I must think of my own children first."

"Poor Mrs. Ralston!" said May. "It seems a dreadful thing for her to be left alone with that horrible disease and those other two little children."

"After all," said Edith, "the process of natural selection, although it has an

appearance of harshness about it, and isn't quite one's idea of a paternal government, is far the best one for the race in its ultimate results. If Mrs. Ralston loses this child, the other two, who are probably stronger and finer, will have a better chance."

"A strange sentiment for a woman!" muttered Max between his teeth.

"Not a clerical one, certainly," replied Edith in a coldly satirical manner. "Women and clergymen ought always to agree, I know, Mr. Floyd, but I am an unfortunate exception."

"The Christian theory is," said Max, not without a dash of involuntary pomposity, "that all human creatures are alike God's children, and alike precious and dear to him. How you can reconcile that with Mr. Darwin's blasphemous conjectures you best know, Mrs. Penrhyn."

"You set me a task, Mr. Floyd, that all the wise men of the day have failed to perform. How can I reconcile the irreconcilable? But, after all, I have a notion that when Browning said, 'Those laws are laws which can fulfill themselves,' he was right; and when the laws of Nature and the Bible differ, I am inclined to think Nature right too."

"Your standpoint is so peculiar that it is difficult for me to argue with you," said Max.

"Well, it is not necessary for you to learn how to talk to any one with whom you differ, you know: you will talk only to the faithful in the future; so don't rouse yourself to discomfit me. Once in the pulpit, Mr. Floyd, you will never hear any side of a question but your own;" and Edith, taking Mrs. Bradford's arm, led her aside and began a conversation in an undertone—what about, no one could hear.

As she turned away, Max exclaimed, "There, May! how could I ever respect or like a woman who talks in such a blasphemous, unfeeling way? I declare her heartlessness about those poor little children was absolutely disgusting."

"Oh, Max, she was not more than half in earnest."

"She was enough in earnest to take no interest in them. She is one of those

fine ladies who would drive over a baby belonging to a beggar with no more compunction than if it were a fly."

"Oh, Max, you are harsh and unjust."

"If you had seen her face, May—so cold and mocking, such a contrast to yours, all full of sorrow and sympathy!" and he drew May to him and clasped her tight. Praise from Max was very sweet to his cousin, and she nestled close to him as he said the words.

At the moment Edith's dress rustled by them, and they both looked up quickly with a slight sense of confusion. She passed with a smile and touch of her hand on May's head, not noticing Max, and settled herself to read a book which she had in her hand on a rustic seat not far away. When they were summoned to tea she came in tardily, and excused herself on the plea of a French novel which she said she had just received and which was entrancing. "I shall not think of going to bed till I finish it," was her conclusion. "Do you ever read French novels, Mr. Floyd?" and without waiting for his prompt "Never!" added: "Oh no, I forgot you don't read French, and they are not worth reading in English." As soon as the meal was finished she disappeared with her yellow-covered volume, and was seen no more that night. Max saw a light shining from her bed-room window as he closed his own rather late that night, and supposed she was fulfilling her intention of finishing the book before going to bed.

For three successive mornings after the evening when she had begun the novel, Edith came down very late, looking tired and haggard, with dark lines under her eyes, and when questioned tenderly by May, only laughed and said, "I've been having a real burst of dissipation with my box of novels. I feel almost gorged now, however, like an anaconda, and shall soon begin to digest."

Max did not see her till the evening on the first of the three days, and when he did noticed a very powerful and pungent perfume about her. She was a connoisseur in odors, and always used the most unexceptionally delicate ones; so that he did not at first connect it with

her, and, having a very sensitive nose, was guilty of the apparent rudeness of sniffing, and saying, "What is it that smells so overpoweringly, May?"

Edith looked up from under her lashes as she lay on the sofa and said languidly, "Dear me! I am very sorry you don't like my new perfume, Mr. Floyd: it's the rage in Paris, and this was sent me as a *haute nouveauté* with my novels the other day."

Max, who was really a gentleman, bowed and blushed, and said he had not known—he had not meant for an instant to object to it—but he had an unfortunate nose that nothing escaped.

"I think I shall probably get very tired of it," continued Edith: "it's too strong for me, and my fancies rarely outlast three days."

True enough, in three days she seemed to be tired both of novels and perfumes, for on the fourth day she appeared at the dinner-table, and brought no odor with her save that of the fresh flowers she wore in her bosom. Her eyes had lost their weariness, and her color was brighter too, and she declared that she had "forsover cakes and ale for the present." Even Max felt the charm of her brightness and sweetness, and when at the close of the meal she looked across the table and said, "Have you been on the water lately, Mr. Floyd?—I am fairly aching for a row," it took all his stern accumulated resolve to say with sufficient coldness, "No, I've no time for rowing now, Mrs. Penrhyn: May and I have a standing engagement to read in the afternoon."

May's quick disclaimer of "Oh, Max, if Cousin Edith would like to row—" served no purpose, for Edith only smiled sweetly and said, "By no means would she interfere with their researches: perhaps the boys could row her." But unfortunately the boys had an engagement too with an old school-fellow come to the neighborhood for a few weeks to fish, and it could not be set aside. They were loud in their regrets, and only reconciled to their bad luck by Edith's assurances that she would go with them the next afternoon *sans faute*. As soon

as this promise was made, Edith disappeared to her own quarters, announcing that she was invisible for the rest of the day, having letters to write for the evening mail—letters which her novels had made her neglect for the past few days. Maxwell looked after her retreating figure till the last flutter of her white dress faded from his eyes in the distance, then turned slowly away from the door and resolutely set his face toward the library, where he knew the first volume of *Milman* lay awaiting him. May met him on the threshold, holding up the book.

"Are you ready?" he said.

"Oh yes," was her answer: "just let me get my work;" and handing him the ponderous tome—ponderous to poor little May in more senses than one—she tripped up stairs. He stood looking after her, and thinking how entirely she was what a woman ought to be. She quite filled his idea of perfection in her sex, and yet— He wondered what it was that made him almost sorry he could not have rowed Mrs. Penrhyn that afternoon: perhaps it was that he felt like having a good hard pull. Yes, that was it—he was sure of it; he had been sitting still all day; it made him ache for exercise; and he stretched himself, and then beat a tattoo on the banister and wished May would come, he felt so restless. Down she came in a moment more, and they were soon settled under their favorite tree in their accustomed seat. May's work was in her fingers and her eyes bent on it: all was tranquil about them, and Max opened the book. He glanced over to the end of the volume.

"Just one more afternoon's reading left in this volume. May," he said, and then began in a rather dogged way to read. He read steadily for perhaps ten minutes, when suddenly he came to an abrupt stop. May looked up quietly to see the reason, and Max met her look with a bright flush of crimson on his cheeks and an exclamation of "May dear, I don't know what ails me, I'm so restless and fidgety."

"Go on reading, Max, and perhaps it will soothe you as you become interested," was her gentle suggestion.

Max took her advice, and read in rather a spasmodic way for another ten minutes; but the recipe proved inefficacious, and at the end of that time he flung the book down in rather a desperate manner, thereby startling May, who was perfecting a neat little darn in a pocket handkerchief, and who, be it confessed, was more lulled by Max's voice than instructed by the learned dean.

"It's of no use, May: I simply can't read. I must walk it off."

"Walk off *what*, Max dear?" anxiously inquired May.

"Why, this fit of restlessness: it's been coming on me for days, and this is the climax. I must take more exercise: it's the result of this lazy life I lead."

"You walked ten miles yesterday, I'm sure."

"Yes, I know, but it takes more than a ten-mile walk to get me over one of these restless fits." Max had never in his life been possessed by such a feeling of restlessness and necessity for violent action as that afternoon, and so he was not quite honest with his cousin; but he may be pardoned this slight departure from truth. With the mood that possessed him had come an instinct to conceal it, and who of us does not know how new-fledged Love ever hides his head like a frightened bird from beholders, hoping to blind them as well as himself?

"I'll walk it off," Max went on. "Tell Aunt Mary not to wait tea for me;" and in another moment he was striding rapidly away, and was soon lost to sight in the windings of the shady carriage-drive that led to the gate. May folded up her dainty bit of sewing, and with a quick little sigh went back to the house and busied herself with some of her household duties, which were never foremost when Max was by to claim her time and thoughts.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLORIDA REEFS AND KEYS.

ON the 30th of March we went out over the bar at Indian River Inlet at 6 A. M., on the top of the tide, having little water to spare under our keel; and with a fine northerly breeze we ran down the coast, arriving off the south end of Key Biscayne (which goes by the name of Cape Florida) by sunrise on the 31st, a distance of about one hundred and thirty miles. We rounded the southern point of the key, and came to anchor in a safe harbor, with deep water up to the beach. This Biscayne Key (or Island) is the next one south of Virgin Key, the most northerly of the range of keys which extends in a long sweep to the south-west round Cape Sable as far as the Dry Tortugas, a distance of two hundred and forty miles. "They are composed," says Agassiz, "either of accumulated dead corals, of coral rocks or of coral sand, cemented together with more or less compactness."

Outside these keys, at an average distance of three miles, is the Florida Reef, a submerged bank of coral, which nearly approaches the surface, and occasionally rises above it in the form of a key, and protects the range of keys and the reef-channel from the fury of the ocean waves, except in violent tempests, when the sea sometimes breaks over the barrier. This reef is a wall of limestone made by the coral animals or polyps, which have the power of assimilating the lime in the sea-water, and of building up with it from the bottom, from any depth not exceeding fifteen or twenty fathoms, or ninety to one hundred and twenty feet. This process is very slow, being calculated by Dana and other observers to be at about the rate of one-sixteenth of an inch a year. Thus the reefs about Florida, which, Professor Agassiz remarks, do not extend below ten fathoms, are the work of eleven thousand five hundred and twenty years. It was formerly supposed that the polyps were mechanical workers, building up these reefs by their united

labors for a residence, like the hillock of a colony of ants, but recent investigations have shown that this limestone or coralline is the skeleton of the polyp, and that it is enclosed within the creature, instead of being its house. The keys themselves, as well as the greater part of the peninsula of Florida, have been the work of these polyps, so that Florida should be called the Coral State, her area of fifty-nine thousand square miles being chiefly composed of this substance ground up into sand by the action of the waves, and by the help of the mangroves gradually converted into dry land. Although the oldest of the States historically, Florida is geologically the youngest, and in fact is still emerging from the sea.

Biscayne Bay is some eighteen or twenty miles long, and receives the surplus waters of the Everglades through Miami River. The region between the Everglades and Biscayne Bay to the south and the Atlantic on the east is in Dade county, but is usually known as the Miami Country. The *Florida Gazetteer* says it contains six hundred miles square of good land, where, the climate being tropical, all the West Indian crops can be raised, coffee included. All authorities agree in the statement that it is the healthiest part of Florida, and probably of the United States, and is the region of all others best suited for a winter home for invalids. If made accessible by a line of steamers or by a railroad along the coast from St. Augustine, it would become the favorite winter resort for the whole United States.

Captain Morris, Roberts and the doctor went ashore for a hunt, while the pilot and I took a small boat to go fishing. We first went to a shoal about a mile away, where the mullet were jumping, and with two or three casts of the net we got a dozen or two for bait. Suddenly there was a commotion in the water, and Pecetti rushed ashore and came to the boat.

"What is it?" said I.

"A big sawfish: now I'll show you some sport." He poled the boat along the shallows for a short distance, and then seizing the harpoon, which had a line fast to it, he tossed it into the air ahead of the boat: it turned and came down head first, transfixing the great fish, which darted off into deep water, dragging the boat after it. We were carried a hundred yards by the sawfish, which then stopped on the bottom in about six feet of water. Pecetti hauled the boat up to it, and then struck it a disabling blow with a lance, and laying hold of the line we dragged it ashore. It was a shark-like fish about six feet long, with a weapon of bone two feet in length projecting from the snout. This saw was about three inches wide, and set on the edges with sharp spines two inches long and an inch or two apart. The sawfish (*Pristis antiquorum*) has no teeth, though it belongs to the selachians, or shark family: it kills the fishes upon which it preys by slashing blows of this savage weapon, and then swallows them at leisure.

Making our boat fast to the yacht, we dropped a few yards astern and threw our baits into the channel, here about twenty feet deep, with a strong tide running up the bay. The first fish was a red snapper of ten-pound weight, hauled in hand over hand by the pilot. Then I hooked a large bass, which ran out thirty yards of my line at the first dash. It was a strong fish, and fought hard for ten minutes, but the spring of the rod subdued him, and he was neatly gaffed by my companion—a fifteen-pounder. Then we got two or three sea-trout of five or six pounds each, and a couple of groupers. Now Pecetti's line runs off furiously, resisting all attempts to check it.

"A jew-fish, Mr. Van, and a big fellow!"

When most of the line had run out, the fish turned and ran under the bank.

"He's gone into his hole," said the pilot. "I shall have to touch him up with the harpoon."

We dropped the boat quietly down to where the fish lay among the mangrove

roots, and looking over the stern we could see through the clear water the play of his fins as he lay balanced in his stronghold. Pecetti softly dropped the harpoon into the water till within a foot of the fish, when he pinned it with a quick thrust. A tremendous struggle ensued: the water flew in showers from the blows of the fish's tail, but the pilot held him down with the iron, which had passed through the body, and we were soon able to haul him alongside the boat.

"About seventy-five pounds, I should say: we couldn't have saved him without the harpoon."

The next I hooked was a shark, which took away my hook, and we went on board the yacht.

About noon Doctor White returned: he had been very successful, and brought in a pair of spoonbills, a scarlet ibis, three egrets and a flamingo.

"Well done, doctor! you *have* had luck."

"Yes, this is a great place for birds, and they are very tame. I wish I had some one to help me skin: I should regret to lose my egrets."

"Perhaps I can help you," said I: "I have sometimes tried my hand at it." So I sat down with an egret before me, and the doctor was good enough to say that I handled the scalpel not unskillfully.

"Schooner, ahoy! send the boat ashore!" and presently the hunters returned with two small deer which they had killed in a hummock about a mile off. They reported game to be very plentiful, having seen deer, turkeys and a bear.

"And you, venerable Izaak," said the captain to me, "what fish have you got?"

"Enough for the ship's company, and if it were twice as large, Pecetti and I could feed it from these waters."

"What would old Izaak himself have said could he have seen such a fish as that yonder?" said the doctor as he cleaned the skull of his flamingo.

"He would have described him as he did the barbel, as 'a lusty and cunning fish, which breaks the angler's line by

running his head in a hole in the bank, and then striking the line with his tail, as is observed by Plutarch in his book *De Industria Animalium*."

The next day, April 1, two of the boats were lowered: in one of them the water-casks were put with a crew, and in the other we all went, taking a tent, camp-equipage and the dogs. We had a westerly breeze, which took us up the bay about nine miles, when we landed on the main shore at the place called the Punch-Bowl. This is an excavation in the bluff like a cave, with a deep hole or well, which is always full of pure, fresh water, filtering through the sand from the Everglades. Here we left one boat and crew to fill up the water-casks, while we went up the bay. Not far above the Punch-Bowl comes in the Miami River from the west. At the mouth of this stream is a grove of cocoanut trees, the most northerly in the State: there is a lighthouse and a few cabins; and there was formerly a military post, which is now abandoned. There is also a store kept by one of the settlers, to which the Indians resort for trading purposes, bringing deer-skins and the hides of wild cattle for sale. We met with a party of them at the store, and they regarded us in a hostile manner, probably on account of the affair at the wreck. In fact, the store-keeper told us that the Seminoles were much incensed, and advised us by no means to enter the Everglades.

We went up the Miami about three miles, to the place where it breaks through the rocky rind of the Everglades, and by climbing a great live-oak we obtained a view of a vast extent of that sea of grass, lakes and hummocks. Alligators were here abundant and very bold, so that we feared the loss of our dogs: the swamp was full of water-fowl and the river swarmed with bass and pike. We returned down the river, and camping at its mouth for a couple of days, found plenty of deer, and killed six, with a dozen turkeys, a bear and a panther.

We sailed from Biscayne Bay for Key West at 8 A.M., April 4, with a fine

breeze from the north-east. The morning was clear, and we ran along the range of keys for some hours. About noon the weather grew cloudy and thick, and the wind hauled to the south-east, and increased in force till by 2 P.M. we had to take in our light sails and reef fore and main sail. Still it blew harder, and at four we were pitching into it under a close-reefed mainsail. By this time Roberts and the doctor were prostrate with sea-sickness, and Captain Morris and I were on deck holding on to the weather rigging.

"This is going to be a heavy gale," said Morris.—"Do you know these channels between the keys, pilot?"

"I do, captain, though it is some time since I was here. There is good water between Indian Key and Alligator, or used to be, with shelter behind the keys."

"Well, then, take the helm and pilot us in: I don't like the looks of it outside."

Pecetti took the wheel, and kept away for the passage between the islands, which was perhaps a mile wide, with ten or twelve feet of water in the channel. Giving her a little more sheet as we headed north, we fairly flew before the gale, though we showed very little canvas, the great green rollers chasing us, and breaking at intervals astern, showing that the water was shallowing fast. After running about half a mile, we got the shelter of the key, and in fifteen minutes more we were under its lee and well protected from the heavy seas, though the land was too low to break the force of the wind. We were now in the sound or channel between two lines of keys: it was five or six miles wide, with comparatively smooth water on the eastern side, and here we came to anchor under the lee of the largest island, and with two anchors down we rode it out the rest of the day. About sunset the wind abated, and by midnight the storm had ceased entirely.

The next day broke with a clear sky and a gentle breeze from the west, and we landed on the key. It was about a mile and a half long, elevated but two

or three feet above the sea, and bordered with a growth of mangroves, upon which grew oysters and other mollusks. On the eastern shore we found many shells which had been cast up by the storm, some fine living specimens of *Turbo*, *Strombus*, *Pinna*, *Cypræa*, *Cardium*, etc.: we also picked up two argonauts, or paper nautilus, with some sponges and crabs.

"If you will stay here till to-morrow, captain," said Pecetti, "I think we can get some turtle eggs to-night: this is a good key for turtle, and they must be laying now."

"Are there nests here, do you suppose?"

"I think so, but the storm has washed away all the signs."

So we remained, and fished and bathed that day, and the doctor got some cormorants, boobies and man-of-war birds.

The next night there was a bright moon: the tide served also, for turtles always come ashore at high water to lay their eggs. But as they do it in a much quieter fashion than the hens, one has to watch and wait when on an eggging expedition. About ten o'clock we pulled ashore and landed on the beach, which lay bathed in silvery moonlight.

"Now," said our pilot, "we must scatter along the beach, and hide above high-water mark. Keep very still or they won't come ashore."

Just about high tide one large turtle, and presently another, appeared from the sea, and laboriously made their way up the beach, the moonlight shining upon their wet shells. We divided our forces, and each party watched a turtle. We kept quiet, and saw ours crawl to a place a little above high-water mark, where she began digging a hole in the sand with her hind flippers. It was nearly two feet deep, and she laid a layer of eggs in it, which she covered with sand, pressing it down with the weight of her body. Then she dropped another layer of eggs, which she covered in like manner, and was so absorbed in her work that we approached quite near without attracting her attention. The whole op-

eration took eight or ten minutes, and when it was over Pecetti gave the word: we seized the turtle by the flippers, and turned her on her back, when she was helpless. We took one hundred and twenty eggs out of that hole. They are about the size of those of a hen, but more globular in form. The men who watched the other turtle were so eager for the eggs that they allowed her to escape.

From Alligator Key the distance to Key West is sixty miles on a course west by north; and this we ran with a southerly wind in about nine hours. Our course lay along the reef-channel, where the water was turned to a milky hue by the late storm. This comes from the stirring up of the coral sand from the bottom by the action of the waves. We sighted a number of the wrecking vessels which cruise about the reef watching for vessels in distress. They are sloops and schooners of thirty to sixty tons, and are sailed and manned by the Conchs from Key West, who are very skillful seamen. They derive their name from the large shellfish called the conch (*Strombus gigas*) which abounds in these waters, and on which it is pretended that these men subsist. The common story is, that these islanders can dive to the bottom in ten-fathom water and crack a conch with their teeth. Certain it is that they are most expert divers and swimmers, perhaps more nearly amphibious than any other race of men except the Sandwich Islanders.

"Here comes a wrecker from behind Sister Key," said the pilot: "it's a big schooner, and I believe he wants to race with you, captain."

"Well, if he is going our way I can't help his trying it."

The wrecker was a fine-looking schooner of sixty or seventy tons, and was beating out from the channel between two keys when we first saw her, but as she cleared the south point of the islet she kept away on a west course, about abreast of us, at a distance of a couple of miles. She carried a press of sail, while we were under foresail, mainsail and jib, and she was evidently outailing us.

"Set the gaff topsails and flying jib, Mr. Brace."

With this canvas we gained on the wrecker, and in half an hour were well to windward of him.

"I should like to speak that vessel: you may run down to her, Tom," said the captain to the man at the wheel.

When near enough, Morris hailed: "Schooner, ahoy! have you seen an English yacht hereabout?"

"Ay, ay, sir—the Victoria: she's gone into Key West."

"When did you see her?"

"On the 4th, before the gale: she's all right, captain. We had a race with her and beat her; so we thought we would like to give you a try, but you are too fast for us. This is the first time we have been beat, though, for the Dolphin is called the fastest craft out of Key West."

"Better luck next time. Good-bye, captain.—West by north, Tom."

Key West is an island about six miles long and one in width. Although the highest point in the Florida keys, it is nowhere more than fifteen feet above the sea-level. Its name does not indicate its position, for both the Marquesas and Tortugas groups lie farther west, but is derived from the Spanish *cayo*, "an islet," and *hueso*, "bone" or "rock," the island being a formation of coralline limestone. The town lies in the north part of the island, and has a good harbor. It is in population the fourth town in Florida, having about five thousand inhabitants, most of whom live by turtling, wrecking and sponging. This last word has not the signification here which it bears elsewhere, but represents the honest industry of gathering the sponges which grow about the keys. The wreckers also are a useful and honest class of men, whose business is to relieve shipwrecked vessels and save life and property, which are often in danger on this treacherous Florida Reef. We learn that in five years, from 1854 to 1858, 326 vessels were wrecked on these reefs and keys, of an aggregate value of more than fifteen millions of dollars, the salvage and expenses on which amounted to about a million and a half. At that time

there were about fifty wrecking vessels out of Key West. The amount of salvage is determined by an admiralty court, and it is divided *pro rata* between the owner of the vessel, the officers and crew.

If these coral reefs have their dangers to the mariner, they are not without their uses. Dana enumerates them as follows: They enlarge the limits of the lands they encircle; they provide extensive harbors and interior waters; they furnish fishing-grounds and abundant fish, and by their protection of the shores from the inroads of the sea the coral islands are generally clothed with vegetation to the water's edge, and are enabled to support a much larger population than rock-bound islands like St. Helena.

Considerable salt is made at Key West by solar evaporation, but the island is not fertile, and most of the supplies come from the main land or from Cuba. This place is an important naval station, and has a naval hospital: there is a strong fortress at the entrance of the harbor which is called Fort Taylor. There are many Spaniards here from Cuba, and in the winter the island is much frequented by Northern visitors, most of the Havana and New Orleans steamers touching here. This influx of strangers has caused the building of better houses than can be found in most Florida towns, and there are good hotels and boarding-houses, a newspaper and a telegraph station. Key West City is the capital of Monroe county, Florida, and is the most southern town in the United States, being in latitude 24° 32'.

We found the Victoria lying at Key West, where we remained for a week, finding pleasant society among the natives and the winter visitors from the North. There were also many Cubans, who had left the "ever-faithful isle" on account of the insurrection, bringing with them their families. The *doñas* and *doncellas* we found very fascinating among the palm groves and coral islets of this tropical climate, which are the proper surroundings for them, and where they look their best. In dusty, bustling New York these children of the sun appear

to shrivel away and to lose their beauty of outline and richness of color. Colonel Vincent and Captain Morris got up sailing-parties for the ladies. One day we went to Sand Key, and dined on the delicious little fish, a kind of sardine, which is found there in abundance; and on another day we ran as far as the Marquesas, some twenty miles to the westward. In the evening there was usually a dance at some house where we visited, perhaps a little music, and in these accomplishments the Cuban ladies excel. They have no fashionable talk: in fact, they have not much conversation except with their eyes, but with these they are eloquent. Their business is to look lovely, and it must be allowed that they succeed.

One day an armed steamer came in bearing the yellow, red and yellow flag of the Spanish navy, so hated by the Cubans. As many of these were proscribed patriots, and if taken in Havana would be shot without trial, the excitement was very great. The Spanish vessel was heavily armed, and of double the force of the single American man-of-war in port. Of course we did not imagine that the Spaniard came with hostile intentions into a friendly port—nominally friendly, that is; about as much so as Jamaica was to Northern men during the rebellion. It seems to be natural to sympathize with all insurrections. *We* have always done so: in our Revolutionary war most nations in Europe gave us their sympathy, and the French gave us aid. When our turn came to have a rebellion, we were much astonished to find most of the nations sympathizing with the Confederates, but it was exactly what we should have looked for. The Cubans in Key West believed the Spanish commander was capable of trying to seize them even under the American flag, and when a boat came ashore from the steamer with a strong crew, and with the captain at their head, they betook themselves to their weapons, and were with difficulty restrained from using them. In fact, they wished to precipitate a conflict, in order, if possible, to involve the United States in the war.

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Don Ramon Picacero, the captain of the San Juan, reported himself to the colonel in command of Fort Taylor as having come to look for certain deserters from his ship, who he had reason to believe were in Key West. Would the honorable comandante permit him to search for them?

The colonel would be glad to assist the honorable captain, but there were certainly no deserters in the fort: as to the town, he could not say—*there* he had no authority. The captain must apply to the city authorities, and the colonel would have the honor of attending him to the mayor's office. So they went to the mayor, and then walked gravely through the town, looking into the drinking-shops and other places where sailors are wont to be found, but they saw no deserters, nor the Cubans who were the real objects of the expedition, these having been kept indoors by judicious friends. But there was a certain Captain Ignacio Gomez of the Cuban army, who was in Key West acting for the insurrection, and he determined to get up a row, if possible. So when the Spanish party returning from their fruitless hunt were refreshing themselves at the hotel in company with Colonel Williams, the commander of the fort, and other American officers, who should enter the bar-room but Gomez? Don Ramon's moustaches bristled with rage: he drew his sword and shouted to his followers to "seize the traitor!" Gomez leveled his revolver at Don Ramon, when Morris, who saw at a glance as soon as Gomez entered that there would be trouble, seized his wrist and disarmed him, at the same time calling to Vincent, "Help me to take this man away." Vincent took hold of him directly on the other side, and they ran him out through a back door, he resisting stoutly, and swearing he would cut out "las tripas" of the don, but powerless in the hands of his keepers. In the mean time the Spanish captain, in a fury, tried to follow the Cuban, but Roberts and I, with other Americans present, barred the way. He immediately appealed to Colonel Williams: he had been forcibly prevented

from arresting the man after the promise of aid from the comandante.

"Is this man a deserter from your ship, Don Ramon?" calmly inquired the colonel.

"He is not, but he is worse: he is a Cuban traitor, whose life is forfeit to the law."

"We are speaking of deserters, Don Ramon: I know nothing of political offenders. You have committed a grave offence, sir, in attempting to make the arrest—"

"Offence? Do you speak thus to me, a commander in the royal navy of Spain?"

"I said an offence—which will be reported at once to our government."

"Do you know what force I have under my orders, Señor Comandante? I can lay your town in ashes."

"I have not inquired into your force, captain—being at peace with Spain, I am not interested in the question—but you are under the guns of a heavy battery, which will perhaps cause your actions to be more prudent than your words. I can hold no more intercourse

with you, however, till you have apologized for your incivility."

"Never!" returned the angry Spaniard, and immediately he went on board and steamed away.

"I am under great obligations to you, gentlemen," said Colonel Williams to Vincent and Morris, "for taking away that fool of a Gomez. There would have been bloodshed in two minutes; and who knows what next?—perhaps a war with Spain. It is very difficult to keep the peace here in Key West, I assure you."

"So it seems," said Colonel Vincent, "for the patriot captain wishes to cut *my* throat for interfering to save *his*."

"And mine too," said Morris. "'His great revenge has stomach for us all!'"

At the end of the week both yachts sailed for New York, where they arrived in safety; and before the Victoria left for Quebec an arrangement had been made between the owners for a cruise up the great lakes during the summer, and grouse-shooting on the prairies, the rendezvous being fixed at Quebec.

S. C. CLARKE.

APRIL.

NURSLING of Mother Nature! just because
 Thou art a tender babe, whose ready tears,
 With readier smiles, and ever-present fears,
 And transient hopes, are true unto the laws
 That circle babyhood, affection draws
 Our souls to watch the promise that appears
 In thy soft tints and gently rounding spheres
 Of vital joyousness; and thus we pause,
 Delighted with thy game of hide-and-seek!
 Roguish thou lift'st a rumpled pinafore
 Of clouds, to veil the quick returning store
 Of dewy sunshine, till bright colors speak
 A conscious ecstasy in peeping flowers,
 Held as a trophy of the sun and showers.

MARY B. DODGE.

A PAIR OF FUGITIVES.

IF, when the grasshopper becomes to them a burden, the wealth of the rich could be made available to save them from bankruptcy in strength and vigor, and by a draft from their cheque-book that old, old creditor, Death, could be brought to compound his claims and sign their release, then their toil in accumulating might be accounted to some purpose. But, unfortunately, no such arrangement is allowed them. None such was allowed to old Martin Drascott, dead two weeks ago. He had belonged to that unselfish class who grind and hoard to enrich those who may come after them—a magnanimity against which there would be nothing in particular to object if, at the last, he had enriched the right persons; but he had always been the most uncertain of men, and his latest business act, though manifestly unjust, was wholly in keeping with the rest.

On retiring from business fifteen years before, being already under pressure of the grasshopper burden, Martin Drascott had removed to the poorest of his estates, a remote riverside cottage, with lapping, fretting waters rolling at the back, and in front an unfrequented turnpike, at the foot of a steep, spinous, far-reaching ridge. His next step was to make election from his relatives of two grandchildren, Martin and Charity Drascott, to become the familiars of his solitude, or at least to save his old age from neglect. They were brother and sister, aged at that time twenty-five and twenty-three respectively. Consequently, the addition of fifteen years had made of them no chickens, especially as the conditions of their existence had not been well calculated to keep green the feelings of youth. They had, indeed, given up the best years of life to their exacting relative. Their chosen pursuits had been abandoned for him. Accommodating themselves to his unsocial habits, they had grown as shy of the great world outside as two owls of daylight. Mar-

riage he disapproved of, so they had indefinitely put away all thought of such a change in their estate, and were now confirmed bachelor and spinster. Perhaps they were none the worse off for that, for matrimony, as well as celibacy, is known to have its little infelicities.

Romantically considered, however, Charity Drascott's sacrifice in giving up Eben Jenkins, the miller, at her grandfather's bidding, should no doubt be accounted the immolation of her life's happiness. With a little idealization she might indubitably be presented as the lovely heroine of a hopeless love. But I am tired of romance, tired of idealization. There come times to the story-writer when always to dip the pen in bright hues becomes a weariness—when there is something restful in just such sober gray and drab as befit the coloring of an unidealized Martin and Charity Drascott. So I am constrained to leave to the little love-affair of the latter all its commonplaceness. Eben Jenkins would probably have "made her a good husband"—so the phrase goes—just as he "made a good husband" to the woman he did marry. But Charity's day-dreams had long since ceased to be disturbed by thoughts, and her night-dreams by visions, of Eben Jenkins, the miller. After all, perhaps it was just as well as it was. None the less, however, had the best part of her life and her brother's been given up to their grandfather. This was probably with the expectation of becoming, in time, his heirs. Yet they had strong family feeling, and their care was really more for him than for his property. They had never thought of coveting his wealth. Certainly not until they found that all but the house they lived in had been given to their cousin, Ashur Tunstall, who was himself a rich man. Perhaps not even then. But it was a cruel blow, that of knowing themselves disinherited, and the more cruel that it was for Ashur Tunstall. He had

always seemed to look upon them jealously since they came to live at the cottage. They believed it to have been he, if any one, who had turned their grandfather's mind in his dotage against them.

Their future now looked unpromising enough. They had a place to live in, indeed, but nothing to live upon. For the pursuits abandoned long ago they had lost their aptitude. The shyness begotten of isolation made them shrink from joining in the scramble of those who seek daily work for daily bread. Yet nothing else was left them.

One night, when the old man had been dead two weeks, they sat together talking it over. They had talked it over often before, but there are reasons for noting it on this particular night.

Of the dead Martin enough has been said. The living Martin was thin and a little bent. His hair and beard were gray. He had never been robust in health, and probably looked the older on that account. His manner was very quiet. To his sister he was, as she often declared warmly, "the best brother in the world." Charity, on her part, tenderly loved Martin. She was one of those shrinking, pliant women whose fears are their own, their opinions often borrowed. You might summer and winter with her and hardly hear her broach an original idea; but you would observe that her words were tempered with kindness from the rising of the sun until the going down thereof. Both brother and sister, indeed, so far as known, were simple-hearted, guileless people, deserving much better at the hands of their grandfather than they had received.

"I can't see what made him use us so," Charity was saying on this night.

Martin had heard the same remark twenty times before, but he replied patiently, "Grandfather was always quirky, you know—one thing to-day, something else to-morrow. If Ashur had lived with him as we did, we might have been the ones to get the property. Not that I care for more than enough of it to live upon, and I think Ashur ought to give us that. I've a notion that we might claim it as wages, waiting and tending upon

grandfather as we did, or as damages, considering what we might have done for ourselves if we had not come here."

"Ashur will not give it up if we do claim it. He is a hard man. I'd say it to his face, and worse, if I had a chance. As long as he lives we might claim and claim and be none the better. If he were to die, to be sure—"

"~~He~~ die! But his sort never do die," sniffed the thin, dry voice of Simon White, who lived half a mile farther up the river. This man had a weazened face, foxy eyes, a catlike tread, and a way of always coming upon people unawares. Add to this a habit of saying rasping things whenever opportunity occurred, and you will see why Simon White was not exactly regarded as a Cheeryble Brother among his neighbors.

"You here, Mr. White?" observed Charity, hardly in a tone of welcome.

"To the best of my knowledge, I am. So you haven't got enough yet of waiting for dead men's shoon? But Ashur Tunstall won't be in a hurry about slipping off his. No, no—not he. It won't be much good to you, my word for it, old Martin's provision that if Ashur should die the property is not to be alienated from the Drascott family. Look! There comes Ashur Tunstall now. Some might say it was a putting of his head into the lion's mouth for him to come here after what you said just now."

With a disagreeable laugh he retreated as unceremoniously as he had entered, walking toward the village, a mile farther on. He was scarcely gone when Ashur Tunstall arrived, riding in a light, highly-polished buggy. A somewhat ponderous gentleman was the new-comer, rubicund of face, sleek and unctuous. He was proud of his wealth, and clicked gold pieces in his pockets when he walked, producing thus the music most pleasing to his soul. Not the tones of affection or tenderness, of kindness or gratitude, the voice of song, the sound of cunning instruments, the chanting of Nature's symphonies by bird and breeze and wave and dripping rill, delighted him half so much. Charity was right: Ashur Tunstall was a hard man.

At the time of the funeral he was ill, consequently he had not been here until now since old Martin's death.

"You'll find everything as he left it," said Charity, leading the way to the old man's room. "You have brought the keys, I suppose? I gave them to your lawyer when he was up here."

Mr. Tunstall had brought the keys. He took them from his pocket now, and applied one to a desk. Charity had nothing to wait for. So, in some bitterness of spirit, she left the heir to his investigation, and joined Martin, who was sitting on the door-stoop.

"Oh, Martin, it *is* too bad!" she broke out with much less than her usual meekness of speech. "Ashur don't need it, and we do. Maybe he did not use any undue influence when he was up here last, but I shall always believe he did. It makes me hate him, too, and I feel so wicked! If I was a rattlesnake, I know I should bite him, if he put his heel on my head the next minute."

"Soh! If you was a rattlesnake, you would bite him?" croaked Simon White, coming round the corner of the house. "There'd be a luscious paragraph for the newspapers then: 'FATALLY BITTEN.—One of our merchant-princes, Ashur Tunstall. Died,' etc. Did I leave my umbrella? Oh, here it is! Absence of mind—a mark of genius, you know, or of a fool. What an excellent thing for our friend Mr. Tunstall that you are not a rattlesnake—eh, Miss Charity?"

With another disagreeable, rasping laugh he walked away, treading as softly with his moccasined feet as if shod in velvet.

"Dear me!" said Charity discontentedly, "I wish that man had to wear cast-iron boots. It puts me out so, having him always catching up what I say before I know he is anywhere around. Lucy Burns says if it was in the Spanish Inquisition times she should think Simon White was a spy or something for the Jesuits."

"I don't like his ways overmuch, but I never heard of his doing any harm. I'm thinking he'll need his umbrella before he gets to the village. That cloud over

yonder must have something in it, by its looks."

Something in it, certainly. Its freight when discharged came very near a tempest. It broke out first in a strong wind, blowing from all points, whirling columns of dust high in the air, uprooting trees along the spinous ridge, and creating doubts in the minds of many as to the stability of their chimneys. Ashur Tunstall came out from old Martin's room with a rather anxious face.

"The house is safe, I suppose? It isn't likely to blow down, is it?" he said nervously.

"It never has blown down, and I've seen many a harder gale than this sent against it. But seeing that it is all we have, and when things get to going against one it is always an easy matter to keep them going so, I can't be sure it will stand this time," replied Martin with some hardness of manner.

"You don't think— But I believe the wind is abating. Ah, there comes the rain."

With a crash like the rattling of shot it came. Sharp lightnings cleft the heavens, crashing thunder made the house quake, and seemed to shake the solid ridge opposite. Ashur Tunstall placed himself on a chair in the centre of the room, and hesitatingly removed a pistol from an inner pocket.

"That's the sort of 'protector' I carry when I travel, but just now it is safer not having such metallic toys about one for the lightning to get hold of, I suppose," he observed with a nervous laugh.

He was plainly very much frightened, wincing and growing pale when flash and crash came close together, and shivering in his chair between the explosions.

Martin began speaking of the claim for service he meant to prefer in his own and Charity's behalf, but Mr. Tunstall refused to discuss business-matters under such circumstances.

"You can at least say whether you will allow the claim," persisted Martin, rubbing his thin left cheek with a nervous forefinger.

"You got the house for what you did. I am surprised that you should expect—

Ugh! how long is this to last, I wonder? Cousin Charity, I believe I must trouble you for a bed to-night. It is getting late, and, to tell the truth, I always feel safer on feathers in a thunder-storm."

He stood up as he spoke and thrust his hands in his pockets, producing the chink of golden pieces dear to his heart; but even that sound could not delight him now.

"You'll be welcome to stay if you like," replied Charity. "We wouldn't turn a dog out on such a night as this."

The guest, who by inference might have been equally welcome if he had been a dog, was shown to his room presently. It was on the ground floor, with a door opening toward the river. He remembered, after getting into bed, that his "protector" had been left behind. No matter, he would not need it in so retired a place. With this reflection he cowered back upon his pillow, feeling a sense of security in the yielding, downy mass of Charity's best feather bed. Ashur Tunstall was no model of bravery, certainly. His dread of lightning was constitutional, so he had often declared. Then a fortune-teller had once predicted that he would come to his death in a thunder-storm. He had no faith in fortune-telling, yet that small remnant of superstition which Christianity has not been able quite to uproot in the hearts of many, whispered that the prophecy might come true in his case. But the threatening elements subsided finally. An infinite relief stole upon his senses: fatigue overcame him, and he slept the sleep of the weary.

Simon White went home late that night, having waited at the village inn until the storm was fairly spent. By the time he reached the Drascott place the moon was out, though heavy masses of cloud still hung about the zenith.

"It must be well toward one o'clock," thought Simon, taking out his watch and finding on examination that it lacked but five minutes of the hour specified. "I wonder if Ashur Tunstall don't have to spend the night with his loving cousins? Goodness! that was a pistol-crack as I'm a living sinner! What kind of

game? But there's a boat on the river. Somebody storm-stayed like me, I guess, and firing shot to keep himself company. I wouldn't mind doing the same myself. It's a lonesome place out here, anyway."

As he went on home, however, Simon began to have doubts of the shot he heard having come from the river. It had sounded nearer than that, he remembered now. He thought of it constantly until he reached home, and could not get it out of his mind when he had gone to bed. It stuck there like a bur. It mingled in his dreams. It awoke him with a start at an early hour, and in conjunction with a prying disposition drove him out of bed. He dressed himself hastily and set off for the cottage of the Drascotts.

When he reached the place no one was stirring. The rain-washed earth looked fair and fresh in the early morning. The air was scented with elder-bloom. Each leaf and shrub and bending blade was hung with myriads of tiny drops, and gratefully drinking therefrom with multitudinous, invisible mouths. But Simon White was not much affected by the sweetness of the hour. If influenced at all, it was unawares. He walked round the house and threw some gravel against Martin's window. This signal, several times repeated, gained no response. Then he went back to the door and beat it with his knuckles in no gentle manner. Still there was utter silence within the house.

"I should think they must be sleeping for a wager here," he said impatiently. "Had I better break in a window, I wonder? Halloa, old Dick! What is the matter with you?"

"Dick" was a large white cat which now came tearing by him with a fearful, unearthly cry. Simon shivered a little at the appalling sound, then began walking back and forth before the house. Something lay in his path which he stooped to pick up. It was a blood-dabbled handkerchief, with "Martin Drascott" written in full upon the fabric. Simon began to think he would be certainly justified in breaking into the house, but that extreme measure was prevented

by the appearance of Martin and Charity, who were coming leisurely across a field skirting upon the river.

"Soh, neighbors! You are out early," croaked Simon White somewhat irritably.

"We were sent for to Lucy Burns at midnight. She had a shock or a fit, or something of the sort," explained Martin.

"At midnight?"

"Yes, exactly. I looked at the clock when we were starting."

"Oh, Martin," interposed Charity, "you must be mistaken. I noticed it was half-past one when we got to Lucy's."

"It is of no consequence," conceded Martin. "You are out early yourself, Simon. Is anything the matter?"

"That is what I am trying to find out. Old Dick, for one, thinks there is, or I'm no judge of cat-calling. Where is Ashur Tunstall?"

"In the house here. He had to stay all night on account of the rain."

"He must be a good sleeper, or I'd have turned him out before now. I was going by here last night about one o'clock and I heard a pistol-shot. It made me kind of uneasy some way. You don't know anything about it, I suppose?"

"No," from Martin and Charity, both with a startled look.

"Then this morning I found this," discovering the red-stained handkerchief. "Looks a little tragical, don't it? I suppose, Miss Charity," with one of his disagreeable laughs, "you didn't forget for a minute that you were not a rattlesnake, with Ashur Tunstall sleeping under your roof?"

Charity became as white as the dead. "Don't go in, Martin—don't go in!" she screamed in tones of utter terror.

And when the door was opened she tried to hold him back from entering. Simon White pushed past them both, and went straight to Ashur Tunstall's room. He knew the house well enough to guess accurately where the guest had slept.

Where he slept still, but it was the sleep that knows no waking. The lighting he dreaded had left him unscathed only that he might be overcome by a

more cruel agent. This was a murderer's work upon which Simon White, and close behind him Martin Drascott, looked, the latter with a livid face and trembling limbs. Charity had remained outside at first, but a strong fascination soon drew her also within. She crept to Martin's side and clutched his arm tremblingly.

"Come away, Martin," she said scarcely above her breath—"come away. They'll be saying next that we did it."

"No, not that—my God, not that! Where is Simon? He was here a minute ago."

"He slipped out just now. He will have us taken up for murder. I read it in his eyes. We shall be sent to prison, you and I that in all our lives have never done anything to hide our heads for. We shall be disgraced before all the town. Martin, we can't stay here—indeed we can't."

If he had not been so stunned, Martin had intelligence enough to know that to go away would be the worst possible course to pursue; but his brain-forces were thrown from their equilibrium, and that answering to the centripetal was temporarily paralyzed. Consequently, he was easily carried off by Charity's fright and pleadings. She put a quantity of provisions into a traveling-basket, and they set out together, with such consciousness of security perhaps as the ostrich has when her head is hidden under sand.

A mile farther up the river there was a notch in the ridge, through which they passed into a region of forests, with only a settler's cabin at long intervals. On they walked, keeping within shelter of the woods both for comfort and security. On, telling themselves that no mocking steam-spiced engine could be sent in pursuit through the wilds they traversed nor lightning messages discourse in advance tales of their flight.

The morning waned and hot noon came on. They were footsore and fagged, but dared allow themselves only a few moments for rest. Before their dry and meagre meal of biscuits and cheese was half eaten, Charity urged

with a scared, backward glance that they ought to be moving. Martin complied wearily, finishing his bread and cheese on the way. Secretly, he was beginning to regret this wild flight. To go back now, however, was not to be thought of, and he would not speak out his regrets lest Charity should fancy that he meant to upbraid her for urging him to the undertaking. He dared not think yet what the morrow was to bring. When their small stock of provisions was gone they would be almost like two babes in the woods for helplessness, but he could put off reflection upon that for some other time. Just now the ghastly object he had seen that morning, and the consciousness that Charity and himself were fugitives—from what?—came between him and all collected thought.

An hour or two before nightfall Charity was obliged, still with a scared, backward glance, to declare that she could go no farther. Martin discovered a deserted lumberman's camp, brought into it as good a collection of boughs as he could make with no axe for lopping them, and the two slept there that night.

With the early morning they were astir again, but their steps were lagging, for the yesterday's tramp had told upon their muscles, unused to such exercise. Then they had been able to find no spring of water near what Martin called, with a pathetic attempt at pleasantry, their "inn." After going on two or three hours and still finding no water, they came out into a cleared field with a cottage in sight, and a sweep and curb marking a well in front.

"Oh dear!" said Charity longingly, "it seems as if my mouth is parched to the very pit of my stomach."

"Wait in the grove yonder and I will bring you some water," replied Martin, taking a tin "dipper" from the basket.

Charity's heart was in her mouth—notwithstanding the anatomical inconsistency—while she watched him across the field. He had gone no more than halfway when fear overcame every other consideration, and she ran forward to call him back, but had the misfortune to make a misstep by which her ankle was

sprained. Martin, when he returned, found her limping about to test the injured member, and moaning at each step.

"I can't walk," she sobbed when he came up with her. "What shall we do now?"

Unpleasant as it was, they could only stay where they were. It might be possible to remain in the grove a day or two undiscovered, but the necessity for inaction was most disheartening. Charity had providently brought her knitting-work, which helped to keep her quiet, though that peaceful occupation and her face of despair sorted ill together. Martin found a hollow knot or socket from a dead tree, and with his pocket-knife set to work to fashion it into a drinking-cup, neatly carving some heads of wheat upon the outside as a finishing stroke. Despite these occupations, it was a tedious, anxious day. They talked little, but thought a great deal. The cause of their flight and to what it tended had not yet been spoken of between them, nor anything pertaining thereto; but when twilight was falling on this second day, Charity, looking over the ridge toward home, said with a slight quaver in her voice, "You don't think, Martin, we had best have stayed and taken what was sent, do you?"

Martin felt an appeal in every quavering word, and stoutly answered "No." If the doom of Ananias had been held distinctly before him, he would still have said the same. There are surely some deceptions, prompted by love, which are quite beyond the province of the father of lies. Charity's face showed visible relief.

"I was afraid you were blaming me because we came," she said.

"I should have no right to do that in any event. By coming with you I made the measure as much mine as yours. So, if it should turn out unfortunate—which I trust it may not—don't think of my blaming you, Charity."

She gave him a grateful look and resumed her knitting, which had lain idle during the conversation. Martin carefully shaved the lip of his cup to greater

smoothness, but was interrupted in his work by the sound of footsteps. Looking up hastily, he saw Simon White coming toward their retreat. Charity saw him at the same time, and smothered a cry by pressing one hand against her lips.

"I might have known he would find us out. They've offered a reward for us, and he hopes to get it," she said in a husky whisper.

Simon meanwhile was pushing on through the grove with a rustling of dead leaves and a snapping of dry twigs.

"So, neighbors, a pretty tramp you have been taking, just at the time when you were wanted most at home, too," he called as soon as he came within speaking distance.

"I suppose," replied Martin, with a desperate attempt at assurance, "that we are free to come and go as we like?"

"Free? Yes, I suppose so, but it looks a little queer, with the rich man of the family lying dead in your house, and you his heirs too, along with two or three of your cousins."

His heirs! They had not once thought of that.

"Well, well," Simon went on, "I expect you had your reasons for coming, and things did look a little ugly for you yesterday morning, I admit. There had been Charity saying how she hated her cousin; and then there was that pistol-crack at one o'clock; and Martin saying you went to Lucy Burns's at midnight, and Charity declaring it wasn't till half-past one; then the handkerchief with Martin's name; and that dead man whose death was going to make you rich. Yes, as I said, it did have an ugly look. But when Lucy Burns came to tell that her clock was a deal too fast; and a detective from the city that had been on track of an out-and-out desperado, caught him hiding up river a bit; and some of Ashur Tunstall's plunder was found on the chap; and he, seeing it was all up, made a clean breast of the murder, and owned that he spotted the

handkerchief to throw suspicion on some one else,—why then, neighbors, I began to think it was time for you to be coming home. And old Dick, he thought so too, I guess, for he kept standing up on two legs with his fore paws on the window-ledge, and crying as if he was that lonesome he didn't know what to do with himself. So, partly for Dick's sake, and partly because I thought maybe I'd had something to do with scaring you away, I set out to hunt you up. The funeral's put off till nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and if you don't mind riding a bit by night, I've a horse that will take us all back by midnight. Well, Martin—well, Miss Charity? Are you going along with me?"

"Dear me! I knew Dick would miss us. And we needn't have come, after all!" said Charity, sensibly relieved, but with a degree of shamefacedness too. "You'll never forgive me, I know, Martin, for leading you off on such a tom fool's chase."

"Please God, Charity, we'll be home in a few hours, and we'll have enough to do all our lives to thank Him that we can go home in peace, without wasting regrets because we came."

"I take it, though, that Shakespeare's *Love's Labor Lost* was nothing to your fear's labor lost—eh, Miss Charity?" quoth Simon with one of his grating laughs.

But really his manner was the worst thing about the man, and as he took our fugitives safely home, showing them much kindness on the way and afterward, it is fair to suppose that his heart was much less acrid than his speech.

Ashur Tunstall's Drascott property was divided among the Drascott heirs, Martin and Charity receiving enough to amply compensate them for all past anxieties. So justice was done in the end, though, as often happens, the agency permitted by Providence to bring it about was a thoroughly wicked one.

LOUISE S. DORR.

THE DANCING-SCHOOL IN TAVISTOCK SQUARE.

IN London, in order to "get on," one must be very great or famous, or one must dance. Unless a man is a very decided catch and an object to the "mammás," or is enough of a lion to make him fit for exhibition, dancing is about his only utility. The average London man of society thinks dancing a very slow amusement. He is either athletic and prefers hunting and yachting, or he is dissolute, and simple pleasures pall upon his jaded appetite. As a rule, too, the important young men do not dance. The greater a man is the more is he careful to abstain from anything which will make him entertaining. His dullness is always in proportion to his distinction. The same holds true with regard to conversation or to any other sort of contribution to the amusement of others. He only is agreeable and clever from whom fortune has withheld better gifts than talent or the power of pleasing. He only would be witty who is without solid advantages. A "talking man" is in danger of being snubbed, and nobody can help pitying the ridiculous fellows who sing at the afternoon "musicals."

To be sure, all young people dance. How would "golden youth" be possible if there were no ball-rooms? But when men get toward five-and-twenty, those who can afford not to dance desert the balls for the concert-saloons. Young noblemen and eldest sons will spend a few moments at the parties, and, as a great favor to the hostess, will walk through a quadrille with the prettiest girl in the room. But how can one who has at hand the *cancan* and the casinos find amusement in anything so puerile as the waltz? Who cares to talk to hum-drum cousins when one can drink bad champagne with painted women in a gilded café near the Haymarket? It is only cadets, clerks in the Treasury, youths with no particular expectations, who dance. Among diplomatists, attachés

waltz: a councilor or secretary may under protest. I knew one excessively light-headed envoy who would dance now and then, but who always took care to dance badly.

The talk of the young men concerning balls and parties is, however, to be taken with a considerable discount. They are "bores," and this tone the poorer young men catch from the more fortunate swells. A clerk in the Foreign Office, when I asked him his destination, said, "To this — ball." Of course, the young man was exceedingly glad to have got a card, but he shuffled off to "this — ball" with the air of a martyr.

Still, dancing young men are scarce enough to make ladies who give parties anxious to get them; and if one is going to a ball, though it may be more dignified to walk about *solus* and stare, it is certainly pleasanter to dance.

Accordingly, when a diplomatic appointment made me a resident of London, I determined to learn to dance. Cato learned Greek when he was eighty, and I was twenty-five before I could do the *deux temps*. I was reared in a pious household, in which dancing was thought to be wicked. After leaving college I acquired a notion of my own dignity quite inconsistent with so frivolous a pastime. (I give my experience in this matter at some length, because I know it will represent that of a great many others.) But, of course, I outgrew this dignity in time, and came to look upon that notion as only another and rather small sort of coxcomby. Between your frivolous and your philosophic coxcomb I much prefer the former, as the more amiable of the two. What possible relation had the conduct of my legs to the universe and the moral law? My fear of dancing was a symptom of that timidity and strength-destroying self-consciousness which possesses so many people of the present day. They are enamored of superiority, and they associate

certain external images with the fashionable types of greatness they admire. The philosophic young coxcomb would be willing to kick up his heels at home, or to skip through the Virginia Reel with his sisters and cousins. Why not, then, in public? He fears to be thought foolish. The coxcomb in question is fond enough of applause, and especially of the applause of ladies. If they told him that he danced well, he would soon discover that he liked dancing. It is the impression he makes upon others, then, of which he is thinking. This last is always an important consideration, but not at all an heroic one. Let not the philosopher ascribe the very commonplace fear of ridicule to a grand and indefinite sense of his own superior unfitness for the frivolous amusement.

Omne ignotum pro mirifico, says the proverb. I should have been taught to dance in order to learn that dancing is no very wonderful thing. A man who could put his arm round the waist of a pretty woman, and calmly trust himself with the guidance of his floating argosy of lace and tarletan about a ball-room, was formerly to me like a being from another sphere. I could not understand how that man felt. His *ego* was an exalted mystery. A few steps at Brookes's academy would have taught me that this man was but mortal, and might have cured me of my depressing sense of inferiority.

I once did attend the dancing-school of a little village in Western New York. This village was the seat of a very radical water-cure, in the chapel of which there was a service on Sundays and a dance on Tuesday evenings. The ladies were all in Bloomer costume, and as the institution was radical socially as well as in religion and politics, the cooks, laundresses and chambermaids were always asked to the balls. These were, in fact, the only healthy people present. Your vis-à-vis was usually a lady with an affection of the neck or a gentleman with a wet towel round his forehead. One gentleman, I remember, with a towel about his head and a neck awry, had a chair set for him which he occupied

while the side couples were dancing: when the time came he sprang up with great alacrity, gallantly and playfully flung out his right foot, and walked through the step in the most punctilious manner.

One's imagination was not fascinated by the felicity of whirling round the room one of these invalids in short clothes and trousers. Still, I did go to the village dancing-school with the intention of learning to waltz. But I found it was only the little girls who were pupils: their sisters merely came to look on and chat. I did not care to enact the directions of the master before all the smiling young society of Bunbury. The only pupil of riper age I ever saw at the school was Miss Carker, the lady doctress from the water-cure, who sometimes rode her horse man-fashion through the streets of the village. She was dressed at the time almost like a man, and her hair was parted on the side. She presented herself as a scholar, and the professor, who had never seen her before, was sorely puzzled where to put her. He did not like to ask her. There was a long continuous row of children standing at the time, the upper half of which were girls and the lower half boys. The professor wittily extricated himself by placing her just in the middle and letting her decide for herself.

In London I found it quite necessary that I should put myself under the care of some instructor, and I was commended to the academy of Mrs. Watson in Tavistock Square. Tavistock Square, the reader will remember, is situate in the dim regions of Bloomsbury, once an aristocratic quarter, but now quite given up to lodging-houses and the private dwellings of attorneys and merchants. Here lives on the first floor an economical widow, who supports a son at the university; a Spanish conspirator, Communist or exile of the Thiers government occupies the third; an American Senator, even, who is green or unambitious, may find his way with his family into the first. Upon the whole, it is a gloomy neighborhood. Just round the corner is Russell Square, the famous

abode of the Sedleys of *Vanity Fair*, whose residence Thackeray himself, on a walk through that part of the town, once pointed out to Mr. Hannay. All Bloomsbury has much the same look—the most unlovely part of London, or indeed of England. For my part, I believe I prefer Seven Dials.

Mrs. Watson must have weighed quite two hundred pounds. When a girl she might have been something less, but she was certainly never a sylph or a fairy. She was, however, a very good and agreeable person, and an excellent teacher. There were besides several nieces, rather pretty girls, too, who assisted her in the education of the young men.

It seemed to me an odd sort of profession for a young lady. Twelve hours out of the day and twelve months out of the year they were saying, "Take my right hand with your left, and put your right arm—" This latter instruction the preceptress did not finish in words, but the pupil seemed to comprehend his duty by intuition. "That is very well," said the lady. He was often told to hold her "a little more firmly," and to this advice, from my observation, he never seemed to be particularly averse.

These young ladies were very nice, and of course perfectly respectable, but they did not appear to me to be envied. Society is not kind to a poor girl in England. That her position here is different is due not to any superior charity or chivalry of ours, but to our luckier circumstances. Society in Europe assumes toward her that tone of scarcely concealed contempt which the strong and successful must inevitably hold toward the weak. The talk of the young men concerning her is, I think, not so respectful as in this country. Of course, where such a sentiment exists the dignity of the objects of it must be somewhat impaired. It is only the exceptional people who can resolutely hold their own sense of themselves against the mood of society. I think these young ladies were not so proud as American girls would have been. They would propose bets to the young men on the Oxford and Cambridge boat-races, saying that if

they lost the winners, of course, would not expect the debt to be paid.

These ladies, I say, assisted Mrs. Watson. She herself usually undertook the initiation of the patient. Mrs. Watson was not only large, but strong, resolute and conscientious. Moreover, she was not a person to put up with any indolence or false shame on the part of a pupil. I had for years been enamored of passivity. "I do not like to be moved," says Clough. That poet and much-musing philosopher always liked to feel himself at the centre of innumerable radii of possibilities, rather than as moving in any one line by which he was plainly and irrevocably committed. But Mrs. Watson was not a person to encourage any indecision of this kind. After a preliminary word or two she took me firmly by each hand and began jumping me back and forth, saying, "One, two, three, four," etc. Be it remembered that I was the only performer in the room, and that all the lady assistants and a pupil or two, who were waiting their turns, were looking on. Mrs. Watson, becoming satisfied with my proficiency in the piston movement, wished to see what I could do in a rotary way. She began sending me round the room by myself, spinning like a top. When I gave signs of running down, she struck me again on the arm and sent me round faster. Really, for a person with some pretensions to sobriety, this was pretty thorough treatment. I was sure the young assistants must be screaming with laughter, and I was not sorry when I passed into the hands of these milder and less muscular preceptresses.

I was very proud when I had learned the *deux temps*. I really thought myself a very accomplished young man. But Mrs. Watson said that it was quite necessary, absolutely indispensable, that I should learn the *trois temps*. I had got on very well with the *deux temps*, but what labors I underwent in the acquisition of the *trois temps*, and what giggling of the lady assistants I braved, and what screams of stifled laughter from a very jolly cousin of Mrs. Watson, who was visiting from the country, and

came in to look at us, I will not here relate. I was absolutely made to stand on one foot and hop. It was incredibly painful, but I bore it all, as children take medicine, because I thought it was good for me. The reader will fancy the bitterness of my feelings when I discovered that it was all in vain. The *trois temps* was not danced at all in London: the *deux temps* was universal.

There was no personage of the dancing-academy in Tavistock so interesting to me as its mistress, Mrs. Watson, whose gentle and dapper little husband played the violin. Mrs. Watson was rarely seen except on great and critical occasions. Her full habit of body and long service entitled her, she thought, to repose. But she would now and then walk with majesty and old-time elegance through a figure of a quadrille, taking hold of her petticoat with thumb and finger of each hand, and coquettishly fanning and flirting it. She did not often waltz or galop, but sometimes, in enforcing a lesson, she would commit herself to the undulations of the dance, and sail or swim about the room *sola*. She was as a rule a very good, kind and sensible woman, but she had a few fine antique graces which she would bring out when circumstances seemed to call for them. Among these was a very superb method of leaving the room which

she gave us occasionally. If the conversation turned upon fine society (I believe she thought me rather a man of fashion), and if she had seen my name in the *Post* that morning, she would treat me to one of these. "I bid you good-morning," she would say; and lifting her petticoat with thumb and finger, she executed a retreat backward with some six steps, and, laying her hand upon the door-knob, vanished elegantly.

Of the school in Tavistock Square, besides the accomplishments which I there gained and which I highly prize, I retain a little memento in the shape of Mrs. Watson's *Manual for Dancing*, a tiny book which now lies on my table. It contains, besides descriptions of quadrilles, polkas, galops, etc., much excellent advice upon general behavior which recalls the little institution quite vividly. Occasionally the little document becomes severe, almost sarcastic. "All skipping, hopping and violent motion should be restrained." Again we are told that *vis-à-vis* must not meet each other "with proud looks and averted glances," but "with a smile" and "a pleasant recognition." "True politeness is entirely compatible with a kind disposition. In our higher classes unreserved and agreeable manners prevail much more than in the middling ranks of society."

A COUNCILOR, JUDGE AND LEGISLATOR OF THE OLDEN TIME.

ON the 3d of July, 1686, not quite four years after the arrival of Penn, a bricklayer from the island of Jamaica, named Samuel Richardson, bought five thousand eight hundred and eighty acres of land in Pennsylvania, and two large lots on the north side of High street (now Market) in the city of Philadelphia, for three hundred and forty pounds. He had probably been but a short time a resident of Jamaica, since the certificate

he brought with him from the Friends' meeting at Spanish Town, to the effect "y^e he and his wife hath walked amongst us as becomes Truth," was only given "after consideration thereof and Enquiry made." Of his previous life we know nothing, unless it be the following incident narrated in Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers*: In the year 1670 a squad of soldiers arrested George Whitehead, John Scott and Samuel Richardson at a

meeting of Friends at the Peel in London, and after detaining them about three hours in a guard-room, took them before two justices, and charged Richardson with having laid violent hands upon one of their muskets. "This was utterly false, and denied by him, for he was standing, peaceably as he said, with his Hands in his Pockets." One of the justices asked him, "Will you promise to come no more at meeting?" *S. R.*: "I can promise no such thing." *Justice*: "Will you pay your 5s.?" *Richardson*: "I do not know that I owe thee 5s." A fine of that amount was nevertheless imposed. The sturdy independence and passive combativeness manifested upon this occasion formed, as we shall hereafter see, one of the most prominent characteristics of the emigrant from Jamaica; and there are some other circumstances which support the conclusion that he was the person thus commemorated. Driven, as we may safely suppose, from England to the West Indies, and thence to Pennsylvania, by the persecution which followed his sect, he had now experienced the hardest buffetings of adverse fortune, and soon began to bask in the sunshine of a quiet but secure prosperity. Surrounded by men of his own creed, he threw greatly, and rapidly passed into the successive stages of a merchant and a gentleman. In January, 1689-90, he bought from Penn another lot on High street for the purpose of erecting quays and wharves, and he now owned all the ground on the north side of that street between Second street and the Delaware River.

In January, 1688, William Bradford, the celebrated pioneer printer, issued proposals for the publication of a large "house Bible" by subscription. It was an undertaking of momentous magnitude. No similar attempt had yet been made in America; and in order that the cautious burghers of the new city should have no solicitude concerning the unusually large advances required, he gives notice "that Samuell Richardson and Samuell Carpenter of Philadelphia are appointed to take care and be assistant in the laying out of the Subscription

Money, and to see that it be employed to the use intended." A single copy of this circular, found in the binding of an old book, has been preserved.

In 1688, Richardson was elected a member of the Provincial Council, a body which, with the governor or his deputy, then possessed the executive authority, and which, in its intercourse with the Assembly, was always excessively dictatorial and often disposed to encroach. Quarrels between these two branches of the government were frequent and bitter, and doubtless indicated the gradual growth of two parties differing in views and interests, one of which favored the Proprietary and the other the people. Soon after taking his seat he became embroiled in a controversy that loses none of its interest from the quaint and plain language in which it is recorded, and which may have had its origin in the fact that he was then a justice of the peace and judge of the county court, a position which he certainly held a few years later. The Council had ordered a case depending in that court to be withdrawn, with the intention of hearing and determining it themselves, and Richardson endeavored in vain to have this action rescinded. At the meeting of the 25th of December, 1688, a debate arose concerning these proceedings, and the deputy governor, John Blackwell, called attention to some remarks previously made by Richardson which reflected upon the resolution of the Council, telling him that it was unbecoming and ought not to be permitted, and "Reproving him as haveing taken too great liberty to Carry it vnbeseeingly and very provokeinly." He especially resented "ye said Samⁿ Richardson's former declaring at several times y^t he did not owne ye Gover^r to be Gover^r." Richardson replied with some warmth that "he would Stand by it and make it good—that W^m Penn could not make a Gover^r;" and this opinion, despite the almost unanimous dissent of the members present, he maintained with determination, until at length the governor moved that he be ordered to withdraw. "I will not withdraw. I was not brought

hither by thee, and I will not goe out by thy order. I was sent by ye people, and thou hast no power to put me out," was the defiant answer. The governor then said that he could not suffer Penn's authority to be so questioned and himself so contemned, and, being justified by the concurrence of all the Council except Arthur Cook, who "would be vnderstood to think and speak modestly," he succeeded in having his motion adopted. Thereupon Richardson "went forth, declaring he Cared not whether ever he sat there more againe." After his departure it was resolved that his words and carriage had been "vnworthy and vnbecoming;" that he ought to acknowledge his offence, and promise more respect and heed for the future, before being again permitted to act with them; and that he be called inside and admonished; "but he was gone away."

A few weeks after this occurrence the governor informed the Council that he had made preparations to issue a writ for the election of members in the places of Richardson and John Eckley, and also presented a paper charging Thomas Lloyd—who had recently been chosen one of their number, and who, as keeper of the Great Seal, had refused to let it be used in some project then in contemplation—with various crimes, misdemeanors and offences. At this meeting Joseph Growdon, a member who had been absent before, moved that Richardson be admitted to his seat, but was informed by the governor that he had been excluded because of his misbehavior. On the 3d of February, 1689, during the proceedings, Richardson entered the Council-room and sat down at the table. In reply to a question, he stated that he had come to discharge his duty as a member. This bold movement was extremely embarrassing to his opponents, and for a time they displayed hesitation and uncertainty. Argument and indignation were alike futile, since, unaccompanied by force, they were insufficient to effect his removal; but the happy thought finally occurred to the governor to adjourn the Council until the afternoon, and station an officer at the door

to prevent another intrusion. This plan was adopted and successfully carried into execution. Upon reassembling, Growdon contended that the Council had no right to exclude a member who had been duly chosen by the people; and this led to an earnest and extended debate, in which, the secretary says, "many intemperate Speeches and passages happen'd, fitt to be had in oblivion." Ere a week had elapsed the governor presented a charge against Growdon, but the fact that three others, though somewhat hesitatingly, raised their voices in favor of admitting all the members to their seats, seemed to indicate that his strength was waning.

The election under the new writ was held on the 8th of February, 1689, and the people of the county showed the drift of their sympathies by re-electing Richardson. The Assembly also interfered in the controversy, and sent a delegation to the governor to complain that they were abused through the exclusion of some of the members of Council. They were rather bluntly informed that the proceedings of the Council did not concern them. In the midst of the conversation upon this and kindred topics, Lloyd, Eckley and Richardson entered the chamber and said they had come to pay their respects to the governor and perform their duties. A resort to the tactics which had been found available on the previous occasion became necessary, and the meeting was declared adjourned; "upon which several of ye members of ye Council departed. But divers remayned, and a great deel of confused noyse and clamor was expressed at and without the doore of ye Gover's roome, where ye Council had sate, w^{ch} occasioned persons (passing by in the streets) to stand still to heare; which ye Gover' observing desired ye sayd Tho. Lloyd would forbear such Lowd talking, telling him he must not suffer such doings, but would take a course to suppress it and shutt ye Doore." The crisis had now approached, and soon afterward Penn recalled Blackwell, authorized the Council to choose a president and act as his deputy them-

selves, and poured oil upon the troubled waters in this wise: "Salute me to ye people in Genⁿ. Pray send for J. Simcock, A. Cook, John Eckley and Sam^l Carpenter, and Lett them dispose T. L. & Sa. Richardson to that Complying temper that may tend to that loveing & serious accord y^t become such a Govern^t."

After the departure of Blackwell the Council elected Lloyd their president. Richardson resumed his place for the remainder of his term, and in 1695 was returned for a further period of two years. During this time Colonel Fletcher made a demand upon the authorities of Pennsylvania for her quota of men to defend the more northern provinces against the Indians and the French, and Richardson was one of a committee of twelve, two from each county, appointed to reply to this requisition. They reported in favor of raising five hundred pounds, upon the understanding that it "should not be dipt in blood," but be used to "feed the hungrie & cloath the naked."

He was a judge of the county court and justice of the peace in 1692 and 1704, and for the greater part—probably the whole—of the intervening period. In the historic contest with George Keith, the leader of a schism which caused a wide breach among those early Friends in Pennsylvania, he bore a conspicuous part. A crew of river-pirates, headed by a man named Babbit, stole a sloop from a wharf in Philadelphia and committed a number of depredations on the Delaware. Three of the magistrates, all of whom were Quakers, issued a warrant for their arrest, and Peter Boss, with some others to assist, went out in a boat and effected their capture. Although, as the chronicler informs us, Boss and his party had "neither gun, sword or spear," it is fair to presume they did not succeed without the use of some force. This gave Keith an opportunity of which he was by no means loath to take advantage, and he soon afterward published a circular entitled an "Appeal," wherein he twitted his quondam associates with their inconsistency in acting as magistrates and en-

couraging fighting and warfare. Five of the justices, one of whom was Richardson, ordered the arrest of the printers, William Bradford and John McComb, and the authors, Keith and Thomas Budd, and the latter were tried, convicted and fined five pounds each. These proceedings being bruited abroad and "making a great noise," the six justices, including the five above referred to and Anthony Morris, published a manifesto giving the reasons for their action. Keith, they say, had publicly reviled Thomas Lloyd, the president of the Council, by calling him an impudent man and saying his name "would stink," and had dared to stigmatize the members of Council and the justices as impudent rascals. These things they had patiently endured, as well as his gross revilings of their religious society, but in his recent comments upon the arrest of Babbit he not only encouraged sedition and breach of the peace, but aimed a blow at the Proprietary government, since if Quakers could not act in judicial capacities the bench must remain vacant. Such conduct required their intervention, as well to check him as to discourage others. The Friends' yearly meeting, held at Burlington on the 7th of July, 1692, disowned Keith, and their testimony against him Richardson and many others signed.

Robert Quarry, judge of the court of admiralty, received his appointment from the Crown. He seems to have been personally objectionable, and his authority, being beyond the control of the Proprietary, was not submitted to even at that early day without evidences of discontent and some opposition. An affair occurring in the year 1698 led to a conflict of jurisdiction between him and the provincial judges, in which he obtained an easy triumph; but his success appears only to have been satisfactory when it had culminated in their personal humiliation. John Adams imported a quantity of goods, which, for want of a certificate, were seized and given into the custody of the marshal of the admiralty court, and although he afterward complied with all the neces-

sary legal forms, Quarry refused to deliver them. The governor would not interfere, but Anthony Morris, one of the judges of the county court, issued a writ of replevin, in obedience to which the sheriff put Adams in possession of his property. Thereupon, Quarry wrote to England complaining of what he considered to be an infringement by the Proprietary government upon his jurisdiction. On the 27th of July, 1698, Morris, Richardson and James Fox presented to the governor and Council a written vindication of the action of the county court, saying it was their duty to grant the replevin upon the plaintiff giving bond, as he had done, and adding that they had good grounds for believing the sheriff to be as proper a person to secure the property "to be forthcoming in Specie, as by the replevin he is Comanded, as that they should remain in the hands of Robert Webb, who is no Proper officer, as wee Know of, to Keep the Same." More than a year afterward, Penn, who had recently arrived in the Province on his second visit, called the attention of the Council to the subject, and to the great resentment felt by the superior powers in England at the support said to be given in Pennsylvania to piracy and illegal trade. The next day Morris surrendered the bond and the inventory of the goods, and resigned his commission. To his statement that he had for many years served as a justice to his own great loss and detriment, and that in granting the writ he had done what he believed to be right, Penn replied that his signing the replevin was a "verie indeliberate, rash and unwarrantable act." His cup of humility had not yet, however, been drained. Quarry required his attendance again before the Council, and said the goods had been forcibly taken from the marshal, and "what came of y^m the s^d Anthonie best knew;" that he could not plead ignorance, "having been so long a Justice y^t hee became verie insolent;" and that the security having refused payment, and it being unreasonable to burden the king with the costs of a suit, he demanded that the "s^d An-

thonie" should be compelled to refund their value. Morris could only reply "y^t it lookt very hard y^t any justice should suffer for an error in judgment; and further added that if it were to do again, he wold not do it."

David Lloyd, the attorney in the case, when arguing had been shown the letters-patent from the king to the marshal, with the broad seal of the high court of admiralty attached. He said, "What is this? Do you think to scare us w^t a great box and a little Babie? 'Tis true, fine pictures please children, but wee are not to be frightened at such a rate." For the use of these words he was expelled from his seat in the Council, and for permitting them to be uttered without rebuke the three judges, Morris, Richardson and Fox, were summoned to the presence of the governor and reprimanded. Edward Shippen, being absent in New England, escaped the latter punishment.

Richardson was elected a member of the Assembly for the years 1692, '93, '94, '96, '97, '98, 1700, '01, '02, '03, '06, '07, '09. He probably found the leaders of that body more congenial associates than had been the members of the Council, and, from the fact that he was sent with very unusual frequency to confer with the different governors in regard to disputed legislation, it may be presumed that he was a fair representative of the views entertained by the majority. Though doubtless identified in opinion with David Lloyd, he does not appear to have been so obnoxious to the Proprietary party as many of his colleagues, since James Logan, writing to Penn in 1704, regrets his absence that year, and on another occasion says that the delegation from Philadelphia county, consisting of David Lloyd, Joseph Wilcox, Griffith Jones, Joshua Carpenter, Francis Rawle, John Roberts, Robert Jones and Samuel Richardson, were "all bad but the last."

On the 20th of October, 1703, a dispute arose concerning the power of the Assembly over its own adjournment—a question long and warmly debated before—which illustrates in a rather amusing way the futile attempts frequently

made by the governors and their Councils to exercise control. A messenger having demanded the attendance of the whole House of Representatives forthwith to consult about adjournment, they, being engaged in closing the business of the session, sent Joseph Growdon, Isaac Norris, Joseph Wilcox, Nicholas Waln and Samuel Richardson to inform the Council that they had concluded to adjourn until the first day of the next Third month. The president of the Council objected to the time, and denied their right to determine it, and an argument having ensued without convincing either party, the delegation withdrew. The Council then unanimously resolved to prorogue the Assembly immediately, and to two members of the latter body, who came a few hours afterward with the information of its adjournment to the day fixed, the president stated "that ye Council had Prorogued ye Assembly to ye said first day of ye said Third month, and desired ye said Members to acquaint ye house of ye same." The order is solemnly recorded in the minutes as follows: "Accordingly ye Assembly is hereby prorogued." To prorogue them until the day to which they themselves had already adjourned was certainly an ingenious method of ensuring their compliance.

On the 10th of December, 1706, the Assembly sent Richardson and Joshua Hoopes on a message to the governor, who, upon their return, reported that his secretary, James Logan, had affronted them, asking one of them "whether he was not ashamed to look him, the said James Logan, in the Face." The wrath of the Assembly was kindled immediately. They directed Logan to be placed in custody, that he might answer at the bar of the House, and sent word to the governor that since he had promised them free access to his person, his own honor was involved; that they resented the abuse as a breach of privilege; and that they expected full satisfaction and the prevention of similar indignities for the future. The governor sent for Logan, who explained, that "all that past was a jocular expression or two to S.

Richardson, *who used always to take a great freedom that way himself*, & that he believed he never resented it as an affront;" and Richardson, being summoned, declared that he was not at all offended.

For many years after his arrival in Pennsylvania, Richardson lived upon a plantation of five hundred acres near Germantown, and probably superintended the cultivation of such portions of it as were cleared. There he had horses, cattle and sheep. The Friends' records tell us that several grandchildren were born in his house, and from the account-book of Francis Daniel Pastorius we learn that when they grew older they were sent to school at the moderate rate of fourpence per week. On the 29th of April, 1703, however, Elliner, his wife, died, and some time afterward, probably in the early part of the year 1705, he removed to the city. He married again, and lived in a house somewhere near the intersection of Third and Chestnut streets, which contained a front room and kitchen on the first floor, two chambers on the second floor, and a garret.

In the same year he was unanimously elected one of the aldermen of the city, and this position he held thereafter until his death. In December of that year he, Griffith Jones and John Jones, by order of the Town Council, bought a set of brass weights for the sum of twelve pounds twelve shillings; and the poverty of the new city may be inferred from the fact that they gave their individual notes, and took in exchange an obligation of the corporation, which, though often presented for settlement, was not finally disposed of until five years afterward. In May, 1710, the Town Council determined to build a new market-house for the use of the butchers, and they raised the necessary funds by individual subscriptions of money and goods. Richardson was among the fourteen heaviest subscribers at five pounds each, and after its completion in August, 1713, was appointed one of the clerks of the market to collect the rents, etc. on a commission of ten per cent. The first moneys received were applied to the payment of

an old indebtedness to Edward Shippen for funds used "in Treating our present Governor at his first arrival." The meeting of the Town Council on the 1st of October, 1717, was the last he attended.

He died June 10, 1719, at an advanced age, and left a large estate. Like many others of the early Friends, he was a slaveholder, and among the rest of his property were the following negroes: viz., Angola, Jack, Jack's wife, and Diana. His wardrobe consisted of a new coat with plate buttons, cloth coat and breeches, loose cloth coat and drugget waistcoat, old cloak, old large coat and "Round robbin," two fustian frocks and breeches, two flannel waistcoats, three pair of old stockings, two hats, linen shirts, leather waistcoat and breeches, six neckcloths, three handkerchiefs, one pair of new and two pair of old shoes.

He had four children. Joseph, the only son, married in 1696 Elizabeth, daughter of John Bevan, and from about

the year 1713 lived at Olethgo on the Perkiomen Creek, in Providence township, Philadelphia (now Montgomery) county. This marriage was preceded by a carefully drawn settlement, in which the father of the groom entailed upon him the plantation of five hundred acres near Germantown, and the father of the bride gave her a marriage portion of two hundred pounds. Of the three daughters, Mary, the eldest, married William Hudson, one of the wealthiest of the pioneer merchants of Philadelphia, mayor of the city in 1725, and a relative of Henry Hudson, the navigator; Ann married Edward Lane of Providence township, Philadelphia county, and after his death Edmund Cartledge of Conestoga in Lancaster county; and Elizabeth married Abraham Bickley, also a wealthy merchant of Philadelphia. Among their descendants are many of the most noted families of the city and of the eastern counties of Pennsylvania.

SAMUEL W. PENNYPACKER.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

A BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND.

EIGHT years ago a little book (now long since out of print) was published in Paris, called *The New Guide of the Conversation in Portuguese and English*. It purported to consist of "a choice of familiar dialogues, clean of gallicisms and despoiled phrases," which "was missing yet to studious portuguese and brazilian Youth." It was one of those books which ought not to be willingly let die; but the truth is, it was so extremely rich a contribution to philology that every copy was hastily picked up, and the edition disappeared from the book-stalls. There had previously, the author tells us, been books enough designed for the same purpose, but they had only taught their readers to "speak

very bad any of the mentioned idioms;" whereas, "we did put," says the writer, "a great variety own expressions to english and portuguese idioms; without to attach us selves (as make some others) almost at a literal translation." The whole preface of this interesting work is deliciously self-complacent, but we must content ourselves with quoting its conclusion, which runs as follows: "The *Works* which we were conferring for this labour, fond use us for nothing; but those that were publishing to Portugal, or out, they were almost all composed for some foreign, or for some national little acquainted in the spirit of both languages. It was resulting from that corelessness to rest these *Works* fill of imperfections, and anomalies of style; in

spite of the infinite typographical faults which some times, invert the sense of the periods. It increase not to contain any of these *works* the figured pronunciation of the english words, nor the prosodical accent in the portuguese: indispensable object whom wish to speak the english and portuguese languages correctly."

Once or twice we have remarked the citation, by some amateur, of a little batch of phrases taken from this wonderful *Guide*; but they were only gems picked at random, and as the original work contains more than one hundred and eighty closely-printed pages, there are thousands of jewels left for us to select from without appropriating any that have ever been culled. First in order come sundry conversational phrases, such as—

Let us go to respire the air.
The coachman have fixed himself in the seat.
I know there a thousand insurmountable difficultier.
At what o'clock is to get up?
I have pains on to conceive me.

When the student has mastered about thirty pages of these choice phrases, he is advanced to "dialogues," a few specimens of which we will append, beginning with the conversation entitled

For to Write.

It is to day courier day's; i have a letter to write.
At which does you write?
I go to answer to —. They have bring the letters?
i was expected a letter from —.
Is not that? look one is that.

It is for me, but I know not the writing.
This letter is arrears.
It shall stay to the post. Bring me the inkstand, put in some ink. This pens are good for notting: where is the penknife? During i finish that letter, do me the goodness to scal this packet; it is by my cousin.
Have you put the date? This letter is not dated.
I have not signed. How is the day of month?
The two, the three, the four, etc.
Fold that letter; put it the address. The courier is it arrived?
They begin to distribute the leiters already.
That is some letter to me?
No, sir.
Go to bear they letter to the post.

Should any of our fashionable tailors ever be struck by the peculiarly elegant English used by some Portuguese or Brazilian customer, they may know where it was acquired by referring to the "little book" and to the following pattern dialogue:

With the Tailor.

Can you do me a coat?
Yes, sir.
Take my measure.
What cloth will you do to?
From a stuff what be of season.
Have you the paterns?
Choice in them.
How much wants the ells for coat, waist coat and breeches?
Six ells.
It is too many.
What will you to double the coat?
From something of duration. I believe to you that.
You shall be satisfied.
When do you bring me my coat?

The rather that be possible.
I want it for sunday.
Bring you my coat?
Yes, sir, there is it.
You have me done to expect too.
I did can't to come rabout.
It don't are finished?
The lining war not sewd.
Will you try it?
Let us see who it is done.
I think that you may be satisfied of it.
It seems me very long.
It is so that do one's now.

Button me.
It pinches me too much upon stomach.
That a coat go too well, it must that he be just.
The sleeves have not them great deal wideness?
No, sir, they are well.
The pantaloons is to narrow.
It is the fashion.
Where is the remains from the cloth?
It is any thing from rest.
Have you done your account?
No, sir, i don't have had the time for that.
Bring it me to morrow.

If cheerful conversation be a boon to the sick-room, there ought to be much remedial virtue in the following specimen of a conversation designed for the use of those intending

For to Visit a Sick.

How have you passed the night?
Very bad. I have not slept; i have had the fever during all night. I fell some pain every where body.

Live me see your tongue. Have you pain to the heart?

Yes, sir, some times.
Are you altered?
Yes, I have thursty often.
Let me feel your pulse.
It is some fever.
Do you think my illness dangerous?

Your stat have nothing from troublesome.
It must to sent to the apothecary: i go to write the prescription.
What is composed the medicine what i have to take?
Rhubarb, and tartar cream, etc.

You shall take a spoonful of this potion hour by hour.
It must to diet one's self to day.

What i may to eat?

You can take a broth.

Can i to get up my self?

Yes, during a hour or two.

Let me have another thing to do?

Take care to hold you warme ly, and in two or three days you shall be cured.

The pupil having by this time acquired a choice stock of phrases, with a select and well-weeded vocabulary, is now ready to practice the epistolary style after the best models. It is a little singular to find Madame de Sévigné and Madame de Maintenon taken as specimens of famous English letter-writers: however, this trifle apart, the earnest student cannot do better than "give his days and nights" to the following exquisite models:

Madam of Maintenon to her Brother.

I have show to the King what you had write me in their accident; he have received as you may desire. He leave the scarf to day, and he is thank God, in good health.

Here is the answer of M. Pelletier, which you send your letter, for Mylord, which will not to receive no body. He show a admirable wisdom and moderation, and every one is admiration of see him where he is; never was been a choice more approved. We shall see on the prosperity shall be spoil him.

Rejoice you, my dear friend, but innocently. Think of the other live, and prepare as to pass there with most confidence that we may do.

Madam of Sevigné at their Daughter.

I write you every day: it is a jay which give me most favourable at all who beg me some letters. They will to have them for to appear before you, and me i don't ask better. That shall be given by M. D—. I don't know as he is called; but at last it is a honest man, what seems me to have spririt, and that me have seen here together.

Not the least original feature of this little treatise, which, as the author modestly says, is specially "adapted to the usual precisions of the life," is its fund of entertaining anecdotes, so ingeniously worded as to entirely confuse the point. Everybody, for example, has heard the story of the French writer who "wrote only for the American market:" this joke is presented by our matchless *Guide* in the following intelligent and embellished shape:

A man one's was presented at a magistrate which had a considerable library. "What you make?" beg him the magistrate. "I do some books," he was answered. "But any of your books i did not seen

its.—I believe it is so, was answered the author; i make nothing for Paris. From a of my works is imprinted, i send the edition for America; i don't compose what to colonies."

But lack of space warns us to close our citations from this source, and we do so with quoting two or three "idiotisms and proverbs," which the reader can translate into more commonplace English at his pleasure:

Idiotisms and Proverbs.

To come back at their muttons.

More he has, more he wish to have.

There is not any ruler without a exception.

Inimitable as is the jumble of English and Portuguese constructions in this amusing little treatise, the enormous self-satisfaction of its author is equally ludicrous. Never was linguist in better humor over his success. It is only, indeed, after perusing specimens of the book itself that the *naïveté* of the introduction is fully appreciated, and then its beaming self-conceit might make even a hypochondriac laugh.

L. M. G.

VICTOR EMMANUEL AND LA ROSINA.

THE readers of these pages will perhaps have had their attention called to the circumstance that the courtly *Almanach de Gotha* mentions this year, for the first time, the fact of the marriage of the king of Italy to Rosina, countess of Mirafiore. The insertion of this statement in those very courtier-like pages produced an effect at Rome not unlike that of a thunder-clap on a bright summer day. It told nobody anything he did not know before. But why did the notice appear *now* for the first time? And why and at whose instigation was it inserted? It was very evident that the managers of that publication could not have suddenly become awake to the fact that the king of Italy had, to use the vulgar and uncourtly phrase, "made an honest woman" of "La Rosina" many a long year ago. No. The courtly and secular *Almanach* must clearly have been *inspired* from some source. Public opinion at once jumped to the conclusion that the "inspiration" emanated from the Quirinal; and that is still the general opinion in Rome. But I have very

strong reason to believe that public opinion, as will *sometimes* happen to be the fact, is at fault on this point. No doubt in this case, as in some others, "a man's enemies are those of his own household." But I suspect that the enemy who has done this thing was not one so closely of his own household or so "near the throne" as the lady in question herself. It may be remarked, however, that whoever communicated the statement to the *Almanach de Gotha* made a blunder of some importance in one respect. It is stated in that usually correct publication that the king of Italy married Rosina, countess of Mirafiore, "morganatically." The *Almanach de Gotha* has been in the habit for so many years of talking about the morganatic marriages of the princes of the German empire that it has probably come to consider any marriage of a royal personage with a person not of royal blood, and not recognized as sharing the throne with her husband, as a "morganatic" marriage. But this species of contract is not known in Italy at all. The marriage of the king is a complete, perfect and regular marriage as far as the Church and the religious scruples and conscience are concerned. It is not a marriage at all as far as the civil laws of the kingdom and the legitimization of children are concerned. Things were in this condition, remaining as they had been for many years, and as most people supposed that they would remain till the end, when all the gossip and the speculation respecting the insertion in the *Almanach de Gotha*, which had given such bitter offence to the younger branches of the royal family, was suddenly intensified a hundred-fold by the report that it was the king's purpose to complete his union with "La Rosina" by the civil contract. Now, the consequence of this step, if it were taken, would be to make "La Rosina" essentially and formally, and to all intents and purposes, queen of Italy. As on the one hand no morganatic marriage exists in Italy as in Germany, so on the other there is no royal marriage act as in England. The king can marry whom he pleases, and if the marriage is a good one in the eye

of the law, the person so married will become the queen of Italy. But though the theory of the matter is perfectly plain and simple, the practice in the present case would be found to be surrounded by difficulties of a very thorny nature. The law of Italy requires that the civil ceremony which constitutes a legal marriage must be performed before, and witnessed and registered by, a certain civil functionary—in ordinary cases the syndic, or, as we should say, the mayor. But it is specially provided in the Italian code that the civil officer before whom a marriage of the sovereign must take place is the president of the senate. Now, the present president of the senate is the marchese Torrearsa, a wealthy and important Sicilian nobleman, whom no feeling of servile courtly compliance would induce to do, or to contribute to the doing, anything that he considered to be injurious or indecorous for Italy. The president of the senate would doubtless have no power to refuse to act in the manner pointed out by the statute in the case of a marriage of the sovereign, but he could resign his functions rather than be called upon to exercise them in that manner. Those who know him well have no doubt that the marchese Torrearsa would embrace that alternative rather than be a party to the marriage in question. And the general impression is that no senator could be found to succeed as president who would not act in a similar manner. These are the difficulties on one side of the question. But the other side is by no means free from them. The result of the law, which enacts that no persons are legally married who have been so by the Church alone, has been that a vast number of couples who have been living as man and wife, and who have been married by the priest, and not otherwise, are not married at all, and their children are illegitimate. Now, in order to remedy this state of things a bill has been introduced, and is now before the house, making it penal on priests to perform the marriage ceremony between persons not previously married by civil contract, and on parties causing themselves to be so married; and fur-

ther providing that such persons as have hitherto considered themselves as married by the religious ceremony only may, by passing through the formality of the civil ceremony within an appointed time, regularize their union and legitimize their offspring; and commanding all parties so circumstanced to take advantage of this provision. Now, should the king not comply with the invitation thus given, he will be in the position of an open breaker of the law; which is awkward. It may be mentioned that no marriage can in any case legitimize the children of the king and the countess of Mirafiore, because they were born during the lifetime of the late queen. But—and this is a bit of gossip which has only been whispered here in a few ears, and of which I by no means guarantee the truth—it is said that the countess of Mirafiore may be expected shortly to present her husband with a child who *would* be legitimized by such a civil contract as we have been speaking of. And should this little bit of court news be true, it is very easy to understand how very unpleasantly it must complicate matters. The notion of a ceremony which would render "La Rosina" queen of Italy is, as may be imagined, more than distasteful to the princes and their youthful wives. Nay, the amount of recognition which has been accorded by the insertion of the fact of the religious marriage in the *Almanach de Gotha* has been the cause of much anger and heartburning "*animis cœlestibus*." And it may be imagined what would be felt and said if a legitimate child and possible heir to the crown of Italy were to be expected from the marriage!

In the mean time, Rome is full of the gossip which the unpleasant state of things in the royal household arising from these circumstances gives occasion to. The princess Margaret is highly and very deservedly popular among her future subjects and among the foreign residents in Rome. Her beauty, affability and grace of person and manner render her a universal favorite. It is to be feared, however, that this word "universal" may have to be qualified by one

exception. It can hardly be supposed that there is much love lost under the circumstances between Prince Humbert's wife and the countess of Mirafiore. The other day, at the theatre, the princess, though she had gone strictly *incog*, was recognized and warmly applauded. But there was some reason to think that "La Rosina" intended to make her appearance that same night, and considerable anxiety was felt by those to whom such a *contretemps* would have proved extremely disagreeable respecting the possible consequences of such a rencontre. It is said the princess would infallibly have left the house, and that the elder lady would as infallibly have been hissed and hooted by the people. Fortunately, on this, as on so many other occasions, it seemed as if discretion had been felt to be "the better part of valor," for the countess of Mirafiore did not make her appearance.

Many stories are told, by no means in a malicious spirit, of the pretty princess's love of finery and magnificence in dress. She used to wear rings over her gloves, but having discovered, by some of those infiltrations of truth that sometimes reach even royal ears, that such a practice was decidedly *mauvais genre*, she does so no longer. At the gala reception on New Year's Day she wore a superb white velvet train, trimmed with a gorgeous gold stuff that had been sent to her from Russia by the princess Bariatska. And very magnificent it was. But the princess had intended to wear the gold tissue entire as a train. This, however, Worth, the English women's tailor at Paris, beneath whose despotism all Europe and America (and probably the princesses of Dahomey too, if one could get at the fact) submissively bow, did not approve of. So, quietly observing that the princess would look like a priest in his vestments if she wore the gorgeous brocade as she had proposed doing, he without more ado cut it up into trimmings, and arranged the dress in his own fashion. The princess, it is said, was by no means pleased with this very *sans façon* proceeding of the autocrat of fashion. But of course she did not dare to complain.

Who knows but she might have had a crease in the body of her next Parisian dress had she done so? T. A. T.

THE MUSICAL SEASON.

THE second of the Thomas concerts offered us a novelty in the shape of Raff's *Lenore* symphony. From the manner in which the work was presented to the public, it challenges criticism from two widely different stand-points. Judged by musical standards, it is worthy of the fame of the composer, already favorably known by his *Im Walde* symphony and several interesting trios and sonatas. Raff, although never strictly confining himself to traditional forms in the treatment of his subjects or the number of his movements, does not find it necessary to avail himself of noisy dissonances and long preludes that apparently lead nowhere. He is fertile in happy melodic subjects, ingenious in his treatment of them, and a thorough master of orchestral effect. Despite an occasional leaning toward older models, notably Schumann, his works possess enough beauty and originality to stamp him as one of the most important of living composers.

The cant of criticism assumes many forms. In its worst phase it parades an array of minute details which needlessly mystify the general reader. To convey any ideas interesting to the musician it were necessary to adopt Schumann's plan while criticising the "Episode d'une Vie d'Artiste" by Berlioz, and give the passages note for note as they can be reduced from the score. Any other method would be dealing in empty phrases void of meaning either to the musician or the mere music-lover. Besides this, first impressions of a musical work which has been conceived on a grand scale generally stand in need of subsequent correction. It is not as with a landscape, in which, though there be passing lights and ever-changing cloud-effects, the chief details can be leisurely studied after the first surprise is over; nor as with a painting or statue, where the sober second thought of the beholder often follows so closely on the heels of the first impression as to seem inseparable from it. And as to another point. In sending forth the symphony as the *Lenore*, the composer has entered the field of so-called "programme music." Bürger's ballad has found many translators, but in this version it is conveyed in a language whose greatest charm is its indefiniteness. How much or

how little Raff may have intended to suggest can hardly be known, and we will cheerfully assume that he is too conscious a musician to attempt to overstep the limitations of his art. Whether the symphony was intended to tell the simple story of the ballad, or to reproduce its effect on Raff's imagination, the link in the chain of associations is, in either case, a different one. The extent to which music can be used to serve such purposes depends upon the passing mood of the listener as well as the genius of the composer. The subject of descriptive music has given rise to innumerable æsthetic conundrums which we shall neither state nor attempt to solve. Suffice it to say that when a composer is not content to awaken simple emotions, and would do more than steep his audience in pure delight, he finds it absolutely necessary to resort to letterpress to convey his meaning. There is a conventional language of flowers, but it has nothing to do with the pleasure we derive from beholding the rose in all its glory, or the modest, lowly violet. Lovely melodies and harmonies, peculiar instrumental combinations, certain progressions, possess a beauty all their own, and a suggestiveness that is both indefinite and unlimited unless a text underlies them. In the words of Henry Giles, "The direct relation of music is not to ideas, but to emotions. Music in the works of its greatest masters is more marvelous, more mysterious than poetry."

The *Leonora* overture (No. 3) was also on the programme. It was said of a certain great man that wherever he sat was the head of the table. Does it not seem thus with the works of Beethoven? Do they not arouse both performer and listener to a feeling of reverence for the genius who could write *Fidelio* and the *Ninth Symphony*? The Raff symphony, confessedly a genial and interesting work, had been offered as the *pièce de résistance*, but when the evening was over we could not help feeling that the Beethoven overture had furnished the climax of enjoyment. After that there was a perilous descent to a say-nothing *Serenade* by Volkmann, in which Mr. Lübeck's violoncello showed to advantage, and then, to close the concert, the stormy *Tannhäuser* overture, which would have been more acceptable with a larger force of violins.

— The Wieniawski-Maurel concerts offered a strange medley of ill-assorted selections, and served to illustrate some of the vagaries

of programme-makers. There was an evident desire to please all tastes; and, as a result, every listener must have found some one thing that bored him. Those who had come for the sake of hearing Beethoven's delicious violin *romanza* in F, or the Bach *adagio* and *fugue*, were surely not edified by variations on "Willie, We have Missed You" or "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning."

Mr. Maurel's selections were, for the greater part, confined to Rossini, Donizetti and Verdi. Once, and once only, did he favor us with something of another order, and that was when, on being recalled, he sang Schumann's "Widmung" with so much intelligence and feeling that we could not help wishing for more of the same sort. He has a superb, fresh voice and an excellent style.

Mr. Wieniawski's visit to the United States closes with his present concert tour. We learn that he leaves for Brussels to succeed to the position of *Vieuxtemps*, the Nestor of Belgian violinists. In bowing, intonation, phrasing, execution and expression Wieniawski is simply a master, and is undoubtedly one of the greatest violinists who have yet visited this country. He accomplishes the most difficult *bravura* passages with an ease and certainty that seems to rob them of half their marvelousness. In the *Chaconne* and the Bach *fugue* there are requirements of a higher order to which, in our opinion at least, he is fully equal. Although they bristle with difficulties before which the deftest player of *Nel cor più* and *Carnival* variations may well stand aghast, they demand something more than the mere executant. How gladly we would dispense with some of the once brilliant trifles that so often burden our concert-programmes! Real artists might be employed with better work, and thus even effect a healthy change in the repertory of the impatient amateurs who are tempted to emulate them.

The Bach *fugue* was in this case something more than a revival. To the larger portion of the audience it was an absolute novelty. To write such works for the violin would, at first blush, seem to be making too great a demand upon the resources of that instrument. But with a sure hand Bach wrote his *Suites* over a century ago, and now, when much that was written for the violin since his time has begun to pall, and players look about for novelties with which to win new honors, they go back to father Bach to find works that test

all their powers. Whether Joachim won his first spurs by his playing of the *Chaconne* we are unable to state, but feel assured that it has brought him more honor from discerning audiences than any other composition in his repertory.

We owe thanks to Wieniawski for having given us the *Chaconne* and others of Bach's works in far better style than they were ever before heard in this country. In this he has done a real service to art—one which, with his sincere admirers, will go far to atone for his having made many of his selections with reference to a much lower standard. We trust that his playing of the compositions before alluded to may awaken an interest in Bach's works for the violin. Artists and very clever amateurs will find them a rich mine, offering much food for study, and certain to give breadth and refinement to their style.

—Mr. J. H. Bonawitz, already well known as a brilliant pianist, has an opera *in petto*. For a libretto he has drawn on Schiller's *Bride of Messina*. A recent private performance of the work afforded so much pleasure as to excite a hope that it may be produced in public, and we are glad to learn that this desire will probably be gratified.

UNPURPLED PARIS.

A CITY of narrow streets and limited boulevards, of grisettes, cheapness, brightness and gayety; a city not half so fair as now, and yet the loveliest in the world,—such was Paris as I first beheld it twenty years ago.

A city solemn and wellnigh as silent as the grave, gloomy beneath a glowing August sun, its streets thronged with stunned-looking groups of men with white, set faces, all speechless under the stroke of a great disaster,—such was Paris when I quitted it in 1870, two days after the battle of Wörth.

And now of the Paris of to-day, with blackened ruins that stand where once the proudest edifices of the world's queen city reared their stately heads. The Tuileries especially, like Macbeth's hand, is "a sorry sight." It must have been fired at the corner nearest the Rue Rivoli, as the flames seem to have been checked at the corner of the quay, and the large pavilion at that end is apparently unharmed. Down the Rue de Rivoli, halfway to the Place du Carrousel, swept the cruel fire, seemingly with mad intent to destroy the Louvre and its art-treasures; and why it did not do so, or how it was ever ex-

tinguished, is a mystery to me, especially as another attempt had been made to fire the Louvre just opposite to the Palais Royal, where, however, the flames seem to have been extinguished before they had time to spread. Some part of the façade of the palace, fronting on the garden, is still standing, and the sheltered columns and hollow windows look strangely like the vestiges of ancient buildings we see at Rome. The *débris* on the end nearest the Rue de Rivoli has been cleared away, but the rest of the ruin is still standing, and here and there some vestige of painted ceiling or frescoed wall recalls the glories of the past. The balcony on the front of the Pavillon de Flore, where the emperor and empress used to show themselves to the people on great occasions, and from which the birth of the prince imperial was announced, is still in its place, and through the empty casement behind it are visible the walls of the throne-room glittering with tarnished gilding, and with the blackened side-branches for lights in their accustomed places—a ghastly mockery of the splendors and festivities of the past. The work of reconstruction has been begun on the side fronting the Rue de Rivoli, but if, as has sometimes been said, governments in Paris last for twenty years, methinks the next change of government will find the Tuileries still unfinished, so few are the workmen employed and so slowly do they go about their business.

The Column of the Place Vendôme looks as though some colossal spider had spun a web of planks around it, after which the whole had been topped with a wooden extinguisher. Three years have elapsed since the work of rebuilding it was begun, and it is not more than one-third finished as yet; so we may fairly allow the three workmen who seem to form the entire available force employed upon it six years more to finish the work.

At the Hôtel de Ville the work of reconstruction is proceeding with rather more spirit, though the hollow skeleton of that once peerless building still stares into the sunshine, and seems to mock at the puny efforts of the swarming laborers. It is strange that so superb an edifice should wear so little of its ancient grandeur in its ruin; but, after all, a burned house is but a skeleton, and that is not a lovely sight—not even that of Mary Stuart or La Belle Gabrielle.

The very thorough process of clearing away the rubbish which is gone through with

in all burned buildings in France makes the sense of nakedness and utter destruction still more oppressive. This is particularly the case with the last of the many injuries which the fire-fiend has lately inflicted on Paris—the destroyed opera-house. The interior has been clean swept away by the combined efforts of the flames and the *déblayeurs*, so that literally nothing is left of the hall where once the world's most famous artists represented the greatest works of modern composers—where royalty was fêted by the Empire, and where beauty and fashion found their chosen throne. Over the entrance-door there still remains the canopy of glass and iron that used to shelter the richly-attired belles when they alighted from their carriages, and the words "*Entrée aux Loges*," etc. are still legible on the wall beside the doorway; but within—nothing! Meanwhile, the new opera-house is in process of construction at a rate which threatens to rival in rapidity the works of the Vendôme Column and the Tuileries. Over three years ago the exterior of the great building was completed, and now we are told that another year will be necessary in order to finish the interior.

The Bibliothèque National and the Palais Royal have both been rebuilt, and are, externally at least, entirely finished. Neither of these was wholly destroyed, however, nor were the long arcades of the Palais Royal even injured, save by a stray bullet or fire-brand. Here and there one sees a pane drilled with a clean hole by a bullet, and I was rather amused at the persistency with which the proprietor of one of the shops so distinguishedly denied that the Commune had thus marked his property. "A stone, madame—only a stone, I assure you," he declared.

One of the oddest of the minor changes brought about by the new state of things is visible at the Théâtre de la Gaité. The crimson velvet curtains which shade the proscenium boxes were originally embroidered with golden bees, the emblem of the Empire. When I visited the theatre the other evening I saw with astonishment that the bees had suffered a republican change into something wild and strange, and upon close inspection discovered that each had been turned into a sort of nondescript flower by the simple expedient of working a third wing in the guise of petal on the back, and by planting a curved stem, with one leaf attached to it, in the place where the sting ought to be.

Of all the changes wrought by the war and the Commune, the saddest is that which has passed over the Bois de Boulogne. The lovely park that furnished pastime and pleasure to so many is nearly half destroyed. As far as the lake the serried rows of well-grown trees have been replaced by scrubby bushes and straggling twigs. In fact, the whole place looks like some of the dwarfish woods overgrown with brushwood that one passes through in the sandy regions of New Jersey. I was surprised too to see how small this celebrated park really was. Like a fashionable belle of our own day, the Bois de Boulogne, when thus thoroughly disrobed, has not only lost most of its charms, but much of its apparent size as well. The lake, however, with its cascades and islets, is as lovely as ever, and around and beyond it cluster the trees in uninjured beauty and undiminished luxuriance. To use another simile, the Bois looks to-day very much like those large colored advertisements of Hair Restorers which show a head, bald, with a few straggling hairs on it, on one side, and adorned with a full suit of flowing locks on the other. The houses along the Avenue Uhrich (once the Avenue de l'Impératrice) have all been rebuilt, and the turf looks soft and green under the faint golden sunshine of this lovely winter weather, mild as April, tender and mist-veiled as October. One misses sadly the dashing equipages and gorgeous costumes of that gay and brilliant court, *tapa-gense* as its own toilettes, which once made so much noise and filled up so vast a space in the social history of the world. Whither have they fled, that gay and reckless crowd—princesses with as many adventures in their history as in that of La Belle Hélène; marquises with pretty faces and piquant toilettes; dukes and duchesses by the score, cocottes and cocodettes by the hundred? A sort of bourgeois, not to say republican, simplicity is settling down on all things in Paris. People go about in the quietest of dresses and with the most unobtrusive of manners. The wild eccentricities in dry goods and jewelry have disappeared from the windows. Ladies no longer pile thirty-six yards of silk on their backs in the guise of one costume, nor do they carry little lobsters, clocks, spiders, crayfish or snails suspended to their ears for earrings. Trimmed dresses are making their last ineffectual attempt at a stand. We are coming back to plain skirts, to rich, heavy materials, to good taste and simplicity, once

more. The American colony of course still cling wildly to the ruffles and puffs, the loopings and hunchings and trimmings of the over-dressed period, but even they will be forced to give way after a while.

Another change which I have remarked is the comparative absence of soldiers and sergents-de-ville in the streets. In old days the former swarmed in every street, and the latter were to be met with at every corner. Now you may walk for hours without ever seeing a specimen of either. Then, too, the pretty curly-tailed spitz dogs, that used to abound in every shop and at the heels of every passer-by, have all disappeared—eaten up, most probably, during the siege—and they have been replaced by an ugly race of English bull-terriers with flat heads, projecting jaws and savage eyes. Gone too are the superb Angora cats, big and soft and silky and long-haired as an old-fashioned muff, with tails like a moderate-sized boa. Were they too eaten? I fear so. One of the race still exists in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and his mistress told me of the infinite trouble she had had to preserve his life during the siege, till she at last succeeded in training him to run and hide whenever anybody opened the shop-door.

And such is Paris to-day. Can you imagine it? Paris without a ball-room for official fêtes—Paris without a grand opera-house, without a court, without an emperor, its demimonde shrinking into obscurity, its gay dresses toned down in color and shorn of their frills—Paris scarred with ruins, shadowed with sad memories of defeat, troubled with aspirations for revenge! Yet withal it is Paris still, ever fairest and most fascinating of all cities of the known earth, lovelier in her ruins than other cities in their pride, gayer in her gloom than other cities in their gladness. L. H. H.

NOTES.

THE humors of the restaurant are endless. Not long since a gentleman dining at a famous eating-house complained to the waiter that the latter had kept him waiting fully half an hour for a glass of cognac. "That's true," says John with ineffable coolness, "but then, you know, while you have been waiting your brandy has been getting older!" The gentleman was so struck with the impudence of the answer that he drank the spirits without reply, and moved toward the door. "But you haven't paid: wait a mo-

ment for your bill," cries the knight of the napkin. "Hardly," replies the gentleman, who by this time had recovered his ability to make a repartee. "If I waited for that, you would keep me here till to-morrow;" and thereupon vanished through the open door. But not much more profitable a customer than this practical joker was the conscientious philanthropist who was dining with a friend, when the latter discovered an error of thirty cents in the bill brought by the boy at the end of the repast. "Call the proprietor," cries the scrupulous guest with much indignation. "But it's thirty cents in our favor!" explains his companion. "Ah hem! Well, then, we had better not dispute the account," says the pacified citizen, "for it would only result in having the poor waiter turned out of his place." This kindly reflection settled the case without further attempt at correction. If we may close our note with a simple pun, it shall be with a new turn neatly given to an old subject. Mr. M—— was not long ago passing before a beer-garden, on the door of which a placard was hanging with the words inscribed: "Closed to-day on account of the funeral of the proprietor." "Well," cries M——, recoiling, "you will never catch me patronizing that place again!" "Why so?" inquires his companion. "Because," replies M——, with much gravity, "they have just put the beer-seller in his own bier."

IN these days of revenue discussions perhaps some of our Congressional financiers may borrow a hint from a deputy in the French Assembly, who, being a husband, and therewith also a father of seven children, thinks of demanding that a capitation-tax be placed on bachelors. Starting with the mournful assertion that there are in his country at least two million men who are not married, and are yet arrived at man's estate, he proposes that these dilatory or reluctant members of society shall annually pay eight dollars a head for their privilege of single blessedness. This tax would produce a revenue of about sixteen million dollars. Now, the question that will arise in the reader's mind is as to when this culpable state of celibacy begins. You obviously can hardly tax a young man of twenty-odd on the ground that he does not marry, when the poor fellow might be only too glad to do so. On

the other hand, it is equally clear that the line must be drawn somewhere. With a commendable moderation, and even with a degree of mercy, the French deputy fixes the age of thirty-five as the one beyond which a disposition to celibacy may be suspected as already confirmed. There could be many arguments *pro* and *con* regarding the justice of drawing the line at five-and-thirty—and in fact the question may be confidently commended to the notice of debating societies of mixed academies—but meanwhile it would at least give an official date for taxable bachelorhood.

PUNCH's desponding interrogatory, "What will become of the missuses?" might be echoed with feeling by a Mrs. W——, to whom a chambermaid presented herself the other day in response to an advertisement. The applicant was attractive in mien, but answered the usual catchism with a certain mysterious reluctance, and even an effort at evasiveness. Put to the test, she finally confessed that she had left seven places during the past twelvemonth. "Seven places in a year!" cries the astonished Mrs. W——: "why, you must be somewhat difficult to suit!" "Oh no, ma'am," was the frank response. "I'm not hard to please at all, but I've been looking for a place with an old couple with property who would consider me like a daughter!" It was unfortunate that Mrs. W—— could not come up to the terms of this simple requirement.

MECHANICAL leeches for medical purposes are amongst the astonishing inventions of modern days, but they are rather surpassed in audacity by the "artificial oysters" for which a patent has been asked in a European country on the ground of their utility at all seasons. The inventor constructs his oysters of a peculiar jelly, joined with tapioca, salt and water; and to add to the general illusion he places them in genuine oyster-shells, which are sedulously glued along their edges. It is really astonishing with what painful labors ingenuity will eagerly burden itself in the effort to imitate, particularly if the imitable object is sufficiently abundant, perfect in its way and cheap to render the task of successfully counterfeiting it and competing with it in the market both an unnecessary and a difficult one.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Life of Charles Dickens. By John Forster. Vol. III. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

There is as little in this volume as in the former ones of the social gossip and details which we might have expected to find in the biography of a man as intimate as Dickens was with the most eminent of his brother authors and wits, and one who was so vivacious in his temperament and social in his habits. The omission is accounted for by Mr. Forster, partly on the somewhat singular ground that, with his friends, Dickens was "only one of the pleasantest of companions, with whom one forgot that he had ever written anything," and partly by the plea of limited space, which had to be devoted to the complete portraiture—as far as possible self-portraiture—of the subject, leaving aside whatever would have contributed nothing to the design except in the way of "lively illustration." No picture, we may admit, could be more definite and clear than that which the work presents to us of Dickens's personality; but whether, if the lines had lost some of their sharpness under a less rigid treatment, the softened outlines and fuller shading might not have enticed the eye to a more lingering study, and left upon the mind a deeper and truer as well as more agreeable impression, may still be questioned. As it is, we are kept almost continually under the spell of that extraordinary tension which seems to have characterized every exertion of Dickens's intellectual faculties and every effort of his inflexible will, but which must surely have been relaxed in his hours of social intercourse, or he could never have been "the pleasantest of companions." That he was an admirable letter-writer—a fact of which this volume affords fresh but less abundant proof than could have been wished—must be ascribed not only to the vividness of his observation, his power of graphic description and the animation of his fancy, but also to the absence of that strain under which so much of his regular literary labor was accomplished, and which did more to mar it with exaggeration than any lack of control over his imagination. The passages in the earlier part of this volume in which he de-

picts the various things and people that attracted his attention or awakened his sympathy in his visits to the Continent, especially during three summer sojourns at Boulogne, are in his happiest vein, full of sparkle and whim, of keen insight and generous feeling, without the disproportion and excess that so often resulted from the painful elaboration he bestowed on every fancy or conception in his later novels. He has, for example, with some swift and vivid touches immortalized his landlord at Boulogne, M. Beaucourt, in whom pride of property displayed itself as the most romantic and disinterested of sentiments, leading him to catch at every suggestion of an improvement in château or grounds like an artist receiving a hint from a friendly connoisseur, not suffering the tenant for whose convenience the work was done to bear any portion of the expense; and who, when an allusion was made to losses he had sustained through acts of benevolence, answered with the deprecating murmur, "Ah, Monsieur Dickens, thank you, don't speak of it," while he backed himself down the avenue with his cap in his hand, "as if he were going to back himself straight into the evening star, without the ceremony of dying first." Many passages of a soberer tint are not less effective, while there is an occasional mention of incidents and scenes, of meetings and talks, which makes us wish that we too might sometimes have been allowed to forget that Dickens "had ever written anything" for publication.

Yet it must be admitted that in no record of an author's life did the fact of authorship require to be made more prominent than in the biography of Dickens. The immense and ever-extending popularity of his writings, and their direct influence on public sentiment, and in some cases on measures of public utility, heightened his sense of their importance, and intensified the ardor with which he labored in the preparation of them; while he drew the material for them from his own experience and his own nature more largely than any novelist of similar fertility has ever done. They are, it is true, all pictures of the world and of life, but pictures so peculiar in tone and coloring

that we are often less struck by the reality of the object than by the force and singularity of the medium through which it is presented. It might be asserted with some plausibility that the idiosyncrasy of Dickens was the reverse of an artistic one. It overmastered his perceptive powers, keen as these were, casting a shadow that obscured or disturbed what a more limpid nature of inferior gifts would have reflected clearly. On the other hand, it is to this intense individuality that the biography owes its exceeding interest, which seldom flags throughout the present volume. As the years go on the ardor remains unabated, the tenacity of purpose is even more persistent, the struggle against obstacles more determined. Fresh tasks are undertaken where reform seems to be most needed. The labors and fatigues of a public reader are superimposed on those of the author. Thus unsparing of himself, Dickens is exacting in his claims on others. Ever prompt and active in his sympathies, grateful for any kindness or any help that may smooth his way, he cannot endure any obstructions, active or passive, any indifference that might tend to paralyze his energy. Here no doubt is the key to that act of his life which has received, perhaps merited, the most censure—his separation from his wife. Mr. Forster has treated this passage with becoming delicacy; but while he leaves unveiled the details that would merely gratify curiosity, he reveals enough of the deeper causes that furnish the real solution. With more of patient endurance and less of strenuous endeavor, Dickens could not have performed an equal amount of work, but a larger proportion of it might have been worthy of his genius, and the spring would not have snapped so suddenly and soon. The very order and regularity of his habits made the strain more constant and severe. There was nothing fitful in his energy, no interval of dissipation or of lassitude. The flame burnt steadily, and consumed him all the more quickly.

The critical estimate of his writings, so far as it differs from the popular verdict, is not likely to be affected by the chapter in which Mr. Forster has discussed the subject. This is, indeed, the weakest part of the book, and disfigured by a bad taste almost incredible in a writer of such experience. Far from refuting the views set forth by Mr. Lewes, this biography will, we be-

lieve, have the effect of confirming them. But in doing so it will redeem the character of Dickens from a suspicion which the caricature and the false pathos frequent in his novels had affixed to it. These, as we can now see, sprang not from a conscious straining after effect or a wanton degradation of powers, but from an intensity of vision that magnified the nearest or most salient objects, a vividness of sensations which Mr. Lewes hardly goes too far in terming "hallucination," and finally the tension under which his faculties were so constantly exercised. A lack of fidelity and of harmony was the inevitable result; but there was no want of the sincerity and the manliness which, whatever its defects, formed the basis of his character.

Personal Recollections, from Early Life to Old Age, of Mary Somerville. With Selections from her Correspondence. By her daughter, Martha Somerville. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

One takes up this book with the expectation of being instructed, and with a resolute determination not to be bored. What can we expect to find in the history of a woman distinguished as an intellectual phenomenon, and that in a purely scientific department, but much to excite admiration and respect, with nothing to entertain or amuse? But one lays the book down with a sense indeed of having been made to think, and of having learned something worth learning, but chiefly of having been interested and delighted throughout. It might have been readily pardoned to a woman like Mrs. Somerville had she made her aspirations, efforts and achievements the main subject of her recollections; but it is not so: the great intellectual labors and successes of her life are simply recorded with but slight comment, and with the surpassing humility that belongs only to great minds. Born in 1780, and reared in a quiet seaport-town in Scotland, Mary Fairfax received the scantiest imaginable portion of what people now-a-days are pleased to term education. At ten years of age she was sent to school for a year, at the expiration of which she could neither read, write, nor even spell decently well. But her life at Burntisland was an education of another sort than that given by books, and, as the best possible preparation for the studies of her later years, she learned to observe natural facts, and to record them intelligently.

She grew up at a time when it was thought a disgraceful eccentricity for a woman to study anything so recondite as Latin or the mathematics. Yet from the moment when she caught sight of an algebraical problem on the back of a magazine of fashion, and knew instinctively that this was something she wanted to study, she persevered in the face of constant opposition and discouragement. With the one exception of her uncle and future father-in-law, Dr. Somerville, every one either blamed or ridiculed her. She accidentally overheard a remark made by Nasmyth the painter to the Ladies Douglas about perspective, and from it learned that Euclid was the book that would help her; but she adds: "As to going to a bookseller and asking for Euclid, the thing was impossible; but *I never lost sight of an object which had interested me from the first.*" "Not one of my acquaintances or relations," she writes, "knew anything of science or natural history, nor, had they done so, should I have had the courage to ask any of them a question, for I should have been laughed at. I was often very sad and forlorn—not a hand held out to help me." But while her great talent was fluttering uneasily in its cage she was leading the life of other young ladies, learning how to make very fine pastry and how to paint very pretty pictures, practicing four or five hours a day on the piano, and going constantly to the theatre. At twenty-four she married her cousin, Mr. Greig, the Russian consul for Great Britain: he took her to London, to a lonely little house. She was alone most of the time, and continued her mathematical studies under great disadvantages; for although Mr. Greig offered no active opposition to them, he was entirely unsympathizing, as he had a very low opinion of the capacity of women, and had neither knowledge of nor interest in science. This ill-assorted union was terminated after three years by Mr. Greig's death, and the widow returned to her father's house with two little boys, one an infant. She was much occupied with the care of her children, and her health was bad; nevertheless, she was free to pursue her studies, in which she had made progress, and did so regardless of the censure of her relations. Mr. Wallace, professor of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, furnished her with a list of works for a course of mathematical and astronomical science, including the highest branches. "I was thirty-three years of

age," she tells us, "when I bought this excellent little library. I could hardly believe that I possessed such a treasure when I looked back on the day that I first saw the mysterious word 'Algebra,' and the long course of years in which I had persevered almost without hope. It taught me never to despair." During the period of her widowhood she became acquainted with Henry Brougham, who had so remarkable an influence on her after-life, and with many other distinguished men.

In 1812 she married her cousin, Dr. William Somerville; and the first incident recorded of their life together is significant of their congeniality: they began to study mineralogy together in Edinburgh, where they at first settled. At this period Mrs. Somerville was a frequent guest at Abbotsford, and tells us that when the authorship of the Waverley Novels was being discussed very warmly, her little boy said, "I knew all these stories long ago, for Mr. Scott writes on the dinner-table, and when he has finished he puts the green cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining-room; and *when he goes out Charlie Scott and I read the stories.*"

In 1816, Dr. Somerville was appointed to a medical position which took them to London. There they at once made many acquaintances of the kind she most affected—among the first that of Sir John Herschel, a friendship which lasted through life. They went to Paris, where they met La Place, Arago and Cuvier; and spent the winter of 1817 in Italy, meeting Canova and Thorwaldsen, and also Sir Roderick Murchison, "who at that time hardly knew one stone from another—had been an officer of dragoons, a keen fox-hunter:" it was through his wife's tastes that he became a geologist. Mrs. Somerville was now incorporated into scientific society, and lived in familiar intercourse with such men as Wollaston, Dr. Young, Sir John Herschel, Sir Edward Parry (for whose third Arctic voyage she put up a quantity of orange marmalade, and was rewarded by having an island named after her in the icy regions), Babbage and many others, besides all the best literary people and artists. The year 1827 was an era in Mrs. Somerville's life. Lord Brougham requested her to write a popular account of La Place's *Mécanique Céleste*, to be published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, saying that if she would not do it no one else could, the book being known to not above twenty people

in England, "its very name to not more than a hundred." This makes one realize how far in advance not only of her sex, but of her day, Mrs. Somerville was. She hesitated with characteristic modesty, doubting, she said, her own self-acquired knowledge, but finally agreed to make the attempt, on condition that if she failed the manuscript should be burned. Meanwhile, the matter was a profound secret. Thus suddenly was the course of her life determined. Yet she thrust aside none of her daily duties and occupations, but accomplished her task by means of her wonderful power of abstraction and perseverance, within three years after its beginning. When the book appeared scientific men of every nation vied with one another in testifying their admiration for her work. Honors poured in thick and fast: the highest of them all, in her estimation, was the adoption of her work as a text-book at Cambridge. A pension of two hundred pounds, afterward increased to three hundred, was the more acceptable as the Somervilles at this time lost the greater part of their fortune.

About 1838, Mrs. Somerville went abroad to obtain a warmer climate for her husband, and the rest of her life was spent in Italy, with occasional visits to other parts of the Continent and to England. The record of the next thirty years is one of steady and ever-successful labor, of undimmed domestic happiness, spent in beautiful places with delightful people; and about it all was the perfume of fame, whose fumes, as Byron tells us, are "frankincense to human thought."

The perfect serenity of atmosphere throughout the work is delightful, and so too is the reality of all the descriptions of people and places. Wherever she went her place was accorded her ungrudgingly, and she always met with admiration and recognition from men of science. In 1849 her *Physical Geography* appeared, and was greeted with unqualified approval. Humboldt laid his homage at her feet, saying, "the author of the ill-considered *Cosmos* should be the first to do honor to Mary Somerville's *Physical Geography*." The nobility of her nature seemed to raise her above jealousy or meanness, or exciting them in others: she made many friends, and lost none.

In 1861 the first cloud came in the death of her husband, with whom she had lived so happily for almost fifty years: in 1865 she lost her son, Woronzow Greig, with whom

her relations had been most tender. The same year she sent to England her last manuscript for publication, *Molecular Microscopic Science*—a book which she thought she had made a great mistake in writing, her bent being toward mathematics.

To the last, honors crowded upon her. In 1869 the Victoria Medal was awarded to her *Physical Geography*, and the first gold medal struck by the Geographical Society at Florence was bestowed upon her in the same year. Her mind never lost its flexibility and plasticity: she was ever learning, ever growing. She had no prejudices or pettinesses: she was in sympathy with great thoughts, from whatever quarter they came, and united with her intellectual grasp tolerance for those who differed from her. The last sorrow of her life was the death of a pet bird which for eight years had perched on her arm while she studied. Mrs. Somerville died in sleep in November, 1872, at the age of ninety-two years.

Books Received.

The Ancient City: A Study on the Religion, Laws and Institutions of Greece and Rome. By Fustel de Coulanges. Translated from the latest French edition by Willard Small. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

A Dictionary of Medical Science. By Robley Dunglison, M.D., LL.D. A new edition, enlarged and revised. By Richard J. Dunglison, M.D. Philadelphia: Henry C. Lea.

Art-Culture. A Hand-book of Art Selections from Ruskin. Arranged by Rev. W. H. Platt for the use of Schools and Colleges. New York: John Wiley & Son.

Our Common Insects: A Popular Account of the Insects of our Fields, Forests, Gardens and Houses. By A. S. Packard, Jr. Salem: Naturalists' Agency.

Summer Etchings in Colorado. By Eliza Greator. Introduction by Grace Greenwood. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education. No. 5. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

The Young Magdalen and Other Poems. By Francis S. Smith. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Verses. By H. H., author of "Bits of Talk" and "Bits of Travel." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Zomarat: A Romance of Spain. By Frank Cowan. Pittsburg: Published by the Author.

Ten-Minute Talks on All Sorts of Topics. By Elihu Burritt. Boston: Lee & Shepard.